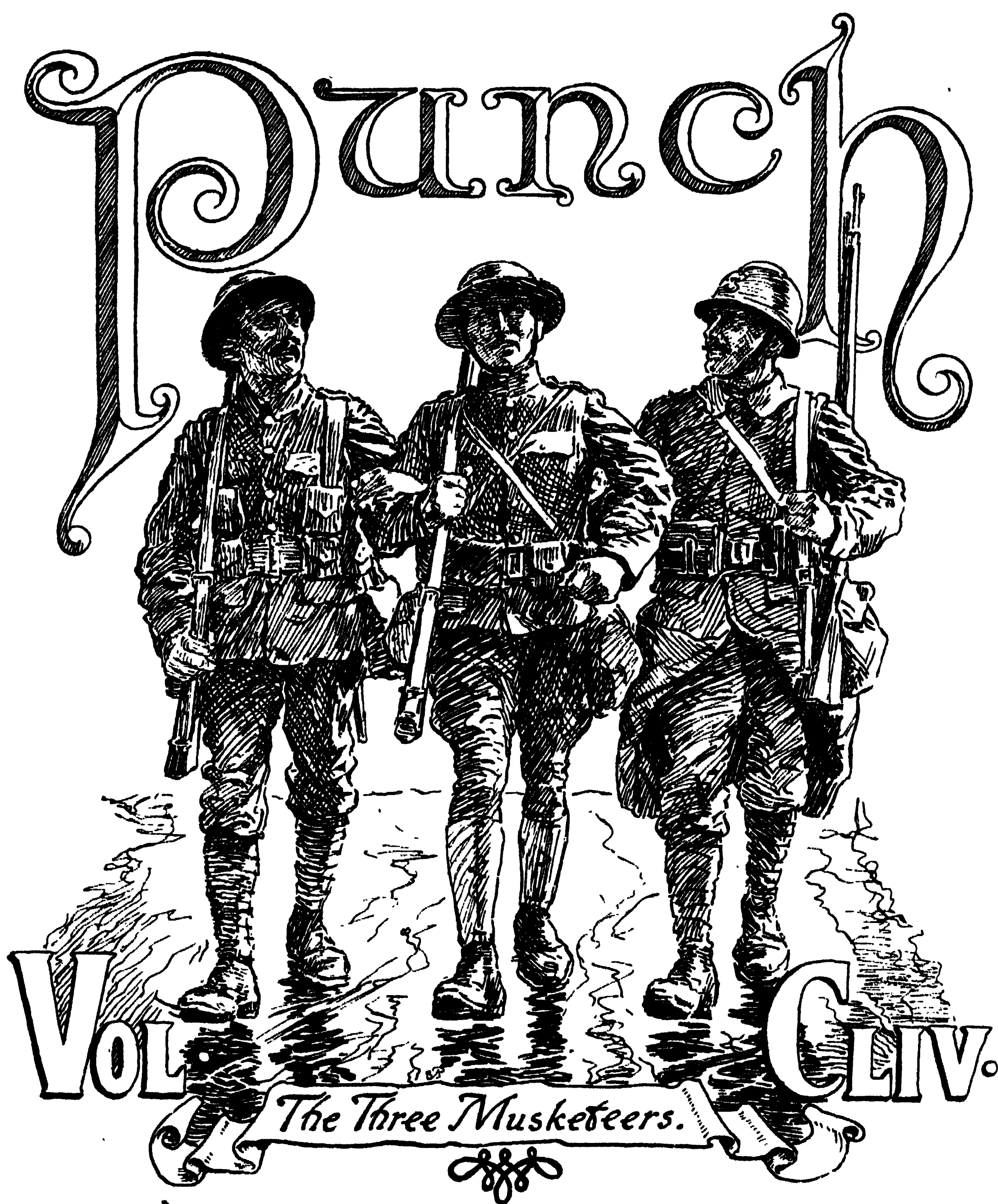
PUNCH

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A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING.

A FAIRY went a-marketing—
  She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
  Upon a golden dish;
All day she sat in wonderment
  And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
  And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing—
  She bought a coloured bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
  That ever she had heard;
She sat beside its painted cage
  And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
  And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—
  She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
  And lined with thistledown;
She wore it all the afternoon
  With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
  To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—
  She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
  To keep her tiny house;
All day she kept its busy feet
  Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
  Thanked it, and let it go. R. F.

"The dancers . . . fairly brought down the house with their artistic footwork."
Provincial Paper.

Not "the light fantastic."

"SHEER PROFITEERING.

Chickens weighing 32lb. realised anything from 10s. 6d. to 12s.—The Chairman remarked that these exorbitant prices for poultry lessened the amount of meat available for poor people."
Western Morning News.

In the West Country where they raise these gigantic fowls such prices may be excessive, but to Londoners they seem miraculously moderate

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT do we ask for? And what do we stand for?" asks an evening paper leader. We do not profess to have the detective instinct unduly developed, but we think the answer must be, "Butter."

* * *

"I do not boast," said the KAISER in a recent address to his troops. Then who started the scandal?

* * *

A young man of twenty-one has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for burglaries at the house of his mother. The growing tendency of the State to interfere with family life is becoming intolerable.

* * *

We hear that there will be a great boom in matrimony after the War. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to note that severe measures are being taken against wife-hoarders.

* * *

Owing to the fact that so many of our grown-ups are now engaged on munitions, children in pantomimes are this year much younger.

* * *

A German steamer has sunk a lightship off the coast of Sweden. The purpose of the accident has not yet been ascertained.

* * *

It is reported that the University of Heidelberg has decided to show its profound contempt for American Kultur by forbidding all reference to "unser Chaplin."

* * *

Not long ago a leader from *The Times* was used by a Surrey clergyman as a sermon, and last week Bishop WELLDON wrote the leader in *The Daily Mail*. It is not known who had the better bargain, but there is still a good deal of bitter feeling between the Surrey congregation and the Carmelites.

* * *

There are brighter days in store for journalists, it seems. A gentleman writes to *The Evening News* to say that he finds newspapers excellent for lighting fires.

* * *

A man fined one pound for giving a false air-raid warning said he did it to get his sister out of a public-house. Owing to the match famine he was unable to carry out his original idea of setting the place on fire.

* * *

"I will take no profit from anything produced for any Government during the War," HENRY FORD is reported to have said. He is vastly mistaken if he thinks he can ride rough-shod over our War Office like that.

A correspondent of *The Daily Express* reports the discovery that Tuesday is much the finest day of the week. Sir DOUGLAS HAIG is being communicated with.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that, as an answer to the Irish-Americans' declaration of allegiance to the Allied cause, M. DE VALERA has threatened to put an embargo on the export of policemen to New York.

* * *

At Poplar last week the authorities commandeered cheese at one large store and took it to another shop. We understand that it went quietly.

WAR CHANGE.

BEFORE the War his chief characteristics were gentleness and a soft solicitude.

With his eyes searching my very soul, his whole being alert to respond to my desire, "What is your pleasure, Madam?" he would ask.

In that distant past, seeing him there inscrutable behind the bacon machine, I have fondly imagined that one day I would answer his question, and, leading him gently away from his sides of bacon and his drums of cheese and out beneath the portcullis of rabbits into the sunlight, I would show him, in flights of fancy, all that is my pleasure, and ask him, was it his, wrapped in obsequious dignity, to stand and serve.

You see, I wondered. But now—now I shall never ask that question.

I begin with an ingratiating smile. "Can you let me have——" I say.

He interrupts me and his voice is hard and cold. "No butter, no bacon *and* no tea," he says.

There is consciousness of power in his voice and I seem to wilt under the glance of contempt with which he dismisses me.

"No tea," he repeats, turning the knife in the wound.

"I thought you might possibly spare me——" I dare to begin to suggest.

"Ten to-morrow prompt," he interrupts authoritatively. "And wait outside. You'll find a queue there." The note of triumph rings in his voice.

He watches me as I creep out of the shop, says "Well?" over his shoulder to the next customer, and lovingly flicks the dust from the imitation stacks of tea.

So now I am answered, and it seems that I alone among all his suppliants am capable of a sympathetic understanding.

After years of unnatural obligeance (no, I know there isn't, but there ought to be) can one wonder that he wallows in an orgy of impolite refusal?

I seem to see him there all these years chained, as he felt, to a vast consuming appetite, ministering to insatiability. He saw us all as mouths, greedy and clamorous, eating into his life and who knows what high adventurous dreams. And he, counter-bound and stifling in his own politeness, could do no more than helpfully supply what these maws demanded.

Suddenly to find himself able, with little pecuniary loss, to speak his mind! What if he shows at times the temper of a tyrant? Who would not abandon himself to such a situation?

And there is another side to him since his release. At times he warms to a very geniality of wrath. He expands. He holds forth. He tells me how I'd never *believe*, and wouldn't *credit*, and could scarcely *imagine* the subterfuges to which the general public will descend in an endeavour to evade a wise grocer's liberal rationing. He waxes wroth over a spoilt, an overfed and self-indulgent nation.

So now I shall never ask him what is his pleasure. For I know.

But—I wonder—will he ever again ask *me* the old question?

A Fatherland Poet was busy of late
In making the KAISER a new Hymn of Hate;
Perhaps, ere its echoes have time to grow dim,
The Huns may be learning a new Hate of Him.

"It is nevertheless true that our attack . . . failed because its objects, whatever they might have been, were not achieved."
North Mail.

Mr. BELLOC must look to his laurels.

"If he [M. Caillaux] is innocent, he has had the most confoundedly bad luck! A previous Joseph hardly had worse when somebody else put a silver cup into the mouth of his sack."—*Truth.*

"What is Truth?" said poor little BENJAMIN.

"Ravenna, which had no importance from a commercial, naval, or military point of view, and which had been spared by the Gothas, the Vandals, and the French sack of 1512, had suffered badly from an Austrian bombardment a few hours after Italy had entered the war."
Liverpool Paper.

We hope the Gothas will not make up for their previous clemency.

Extract from a letter received by a Vicar:—

"You will no doubt agree that, in view of the fact that His Lordship the Bishop will preside as Chairman of the Lecture, which I intend to give at the Victoria Hall on Monday, it will be necessary to use every effort to fill the Hall."

Fortunately the Bishop had a sense of humour, and said, "Send it to *Punch*."



AN EASY CONUNDRUM.

First Watcher on the Rhine. "THESE ACCURSED BRITISH, OUR SO PEACEFUL AND CULTURED MANNHEIM TO BOMB!"

Second ditto. "WHAT DEVIL TAUGHT THEM THIS FRIGHTFULNESS?"

WILFRID'S WAY.

Wilfrid is just a horse—only just. He has the soul of a cow and the manners of a mule. He is not even good to look upon, and his pre-war occupation must have been something very civilian indeed. However, he got into the Army with the first rush and has been there ever since. He is a regular old soldier by this time, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to settle down again between the shafts of his growler, or whatever it was, when he is at last discharged on the cessation of hostilities. For one thing, he has contracted some loose habits which will be against him, and picked up so many artful dodges that he has forgotten the feeling of work. No respectable Jehu will tolerate for a moment his practice of stopping to drink at every wayside water-trough, nor indulge him in his manner of evading fatigue by going sick whenever a long journey is toward; moreover he will be apt to disorganise a busy city street by throwing himself flat on the ground whenever a motor car misses fire or an electric fuse bursts, for he will certainly take it for a bomb or something.

Soon after joining the Army his mind began to work along egotistical lines, and his character, previously amiable and plastic, took a turn for the worse. He made the mistake of arguing from the particular to the general. Thus he soon decided that all officers carry biscuits, some furtively for their own selfish ends, and others openly for the delectation of friendly horses, with the result that he got into the habit of buttonholing every one within reach, in order to investigate his possibilities.

His method is simple. Snuffling and blowing all over the victim's person until the goods are located, he then concentrates his nose upon the hiding-place with a good assurance that the biscuits will be produced. If you have none he takes it out of your buttons.

One day the A.D.V.S. inspected the lines when he was in a bad temper, and quite inadvertently some trifling misuse of Government property got disclosed. He immediately seized upon this as the text for a proper strafe, and waxed so passionate that he failed to notice Wilfrid close behind him evincing strong investigatory symptoms. Then the A.D.V.S. took one pace backwards, and it happened. There was a swift tearing sound, his gas-helmet satchel was rent asunder, and Wilfrid switched away with a mouthful of biscuits, while a large flask toppled heavily to the ground.

But his interventions are not always so happy. During the first few months of his military career he actually ranked as an officer's charger, because there was one in the battalion who, entitled to a horse, was yet no horseman, and considered himself well enough fixed with Wilfrid. Then it was that he contracted the drink habit. Not altogether a stranger to thirst himself, this officer viewed with sympathy Wilfrid's attraction to water-troughs, and it soon became quite understood that they dallied with every one they came to, while the officer smoked cigarettes and Wilfrid quaffed. This went on daily for some time until, as the direct consequence of such an abuse of privilege, the incident occurred which brought down his head in sorrow to the ranks.

A battalion parade had been ordered, and the C.O., discovering at the eleventh hour that none of his own horses was available, was forced to make a quick choice from those still in the lines. Wilfrid, trying to buttonhole him as he passed, attracted attention and was chosen.

On the parade ground the battalion waited, the men fidgetting and the Second-in-command comparing watches with the Adjutant. At last the C.O. hove in sight, riding vigorously because he was late, and making clicking noises with the roof of his mouth; but, disdaining such expedients, Wilfrid moved along at a trot of his own invention, designed to express reluctance and to discourage haste by inflicting extreme discomfort upon the rider. However, they progressed, and presently the Second-in-command called the battalion to attention, while the Adjutant rode forward to report all correct.

Then it was noticed there was something wrong. Instead of halting in front of the battalion, according to the C.O.'s very evident intention, they carried straight on, and the pace suddenly became faster—indeed it was Wilfrid now who strove to hurry, and the C.O., purple in the face and producing other noises more articulate but not so horsemanlike, who endeavoured in vain to pull him up. The pace increased to a spanking trot. Then all at once those of the spectators who knew Wilfrid's way awoke to the situation, and several mounted officers left their posts and spurred after him in pursuit. Observing his line of sight they noticed a stagnant pond at the other side of the ground, and to this was Wilfrid obviously bent. Nay, worse. Hearing the thud of hooves behind and, thinking himself to be one of a party now, he broke into an excited gallop which brought him to the edge of the pond a length ahead of the nearest rescuer. The C.O. by this time had also awakened to the significance of the situation, but too late. Wilfrid took the water with a splash and in a trice was belly-deep. The rescue party reined up on the bank, foiled but fascinated.

First of all Wilfrid sucked long and deep of the noisome beverage, keenly appreciating its vast quantity, and then, neighing with pleasure, he began to mark time with all his feet, stirring up the mud and making the water foam and fly. Next, he decided for a plunge. The first shock disposed of the Colonel, who disappeared for a moment before arising, apoplectic and trailing weeds, like some camouflaged Venus. Wading ashore, he mounted another horse and hurried home. Wilfrid had a good dip, threshed his way to land, shook himself thoroughly and trotted jauntily off in the direction of the lines, while the Second-in-command went back to dismiss the parade.

Wilfrid has been a pack-horse ever since.



Countryman. "LOOK 'ERE, MISTER, YOUR THREE-MINUTE CORF-CURE AIN'T DONE ME A BIT O' GOOD."

Quack. "AIN'T IT? WELL, I RECKON YOURS AIN'T A THREE-MINUTE COUGH."

"SITUATIONS WANTED.

As Companion to Christian gentleman. At present with titled one."

Church Family Newspaper.

One for the House of Lords.



An Outsider's mental picture of the meaning of the newspaper phrase, "A sensation was caused in Society circles."

TO A WAR-TIME PLUM-PUDDING.

Prince of all puddings, one time redolent
Of Orient spices magically blent
With peel that was a poignant memory
Of terraced orchards sloping to the sea;
Fulfilled of currants fresh from Zante's crates,
Raisins of Seville and delicious dates
From groves that ancient Tigris sprawls upon,
And figs that grew on cedared Lebanon;
Whose generous girth proclaimed, concealed within,
Almonds of Jordan whiter than the skin
Of moon-faced houris fresh from Paradise,
And half-a-pint of brandy of great price—
Oh, I have loved thee, Pudding, and my joy
Was to walk into thee, a care-free boy,
While sobbing parents bade me give it best,
Saying no human ostrich could digest
So many or such helpings; sisters wept,
Fearing the worst; but I, unheeding, leapt
Hard on thy unbreached flank, crying, "On! Sir Duff,
And cursed be he who cannot hold enough!"
Age could not dim my ardour; skilled it not
How monstrous thou emergedst from the pot,
Or if thy heart were dour as driven lead—
I simply took my spoon and laid thee dead.
And all through Maida Vale my fame went forth,
And sporting uncles living in the North
Gathered about the festive board to view
The struggle, laying bets of five to two
That all my steam was gone, my footwork slow,
And fourteen rounds were more than I could go.
Alas! alas! I little thought I should
See U-boats do what Nature never could;
That I who once leapt blithely to the attack
Should, like a pallid schoolgirl, hang me back,
Running dank digits through my troubled hair,
And roll my eyes and mutter, "Give me air!"
After three helpings—I who in my day
Had scarcely paused till thou wast stowed away.
The reason? Ah! it is not hard to guess:
Thou art no more plum-pudding, but a mess
Of prunes and treacle; thy false curves conceal
Ground rice and grated carrots and the meal
That thrifty Scots devour. They bore thee in
With holly stuck in thy deceptive skin
And set thee down, unfit for man or brute,
A stodge, a fraud, a Hunnish "substitute."
I gazed upon thee with a practised eye,
Prepared to pluck an easy victory;
We closed, and in one hideous trice I knew
That Whipcord Smith had met his Waterloo.
And they who gathered to the historic feast,
Deeming me good for thirteen rounds at least,
Talked of foul play and called the thing absurd
When I was going groggy in the third,
And heaped abuse on my defeated head
As I was being lifted into bed.
Enough, since I am called upon to make
This bitter sacrifice for England's sake.
But some day, when the hateful strife is o'er,
Thou shalt be for it, pudding, as of yore;
Fruited and spiced and sugared thou shalt come,
And all of forty inches round the tum,
And I will do thee in, even to the utmost crumb.

Algol.

FREE MEALS.

WHEN WILLIAM had not crossed the Rhine
And food could still be found,
How often did we all decline,
If someone asked us out to dine,
Upon the smallest ground!
Because his talk was imbecile,
Because his face was plain,
One used to miss the loveliest meal
And not get asked again.

Less oft to-day do men endow
Their famished friends with food;
Free dinners are free dinners now,
And to refuse, as all allow,
Is rather mad than rude;
While prudent folk, with frank delight,
Both indigent and rich,
When asked "to come and dine some night,"
Make answer, "Thank you; *which?*"

My old friend Hubert, like some bee,
From host to host doth flit
For dinner, lunch and even tea
(I do believe he'd breakfast free
If he could manage it);
Till, having drained all other flowers
And reached an anxious point,
He flies to Streatham and devours
His Aunt Jane's Sunday joint.

In olden days he only knew
Those in the social swim,
But now he takes a broader view
And feeds with all (though very few
Have ever fed with him);
Only, I think, he has a doubt,
Only the world looks gray,
When different people ask him out
To dinner on one day.

And surely thus shall strife conclude
When rations get so small
That peers with peasantry have chewed
And men are glad to take their food
With anyone at all;
Though, at the worst, I don't expect
The War will thus be done·
A starving world would still object
To eating with the Hun. A. P. H.

THE MUD LARKS.

No one, with the exception of the Bosch, has a higher admiration for the scrapping abilities of the Scot than I have, but in matters musical we do not hear ear to ear. It is not that I have no soul; I have. I fairly throb with it. I rise in the mornings trilling trifles of MONCKTON and croon myself to sleep o' nights with snatches of NOVELLO.

I do not wish to boast, but to hear me pick the "Moonlight Sonata" out of a piano with one hand (the other strapped behind my back) is an unforgettable experience.

I would not yield to PADEREWSKI himself on the comb, bones or Jew's-harp, and I could give A. GABRIEL a run for his money on the coach-horn. But these bagpipes!

It is not so much the execution of the bagpiper that I object to as his restricted repertoire. He can only play one noise. It is quite useless a Scot explaining to me that this is the "Lament of Sandy Macpherson" and that the "Dirge of Hamish MacNish;" it all sounds the same to me.

The brigade of infantry that is camped in front of my dug-out ("Mon Repos") is a Scots brigade. Not temporary Scots from the Highlands of Commissioner Street, Jo'burg, and Hastings Street, Vancouver (about whom I have nothing to say), but real *pukka*, law-abiding, kirk-going, God-fearing, bayonet-pushing Gaels, bred among the crags of the Grampians and reared on thistles and illicit whuskey. And every second man in this brigade is a confirmed bagpiper.

They have massed pipes for breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner; pipes-solos before, during and after drinks. If one of them goes across the road to borrow a box of matches a piper goes with him raising Cain. Their Officers' Mess is situated just behind "Mon Repos," so we live in the orchestra stalls, so to speak, and hear all there is to be heard.

One evening, while Sandy Macpherson's (or Hamish MacNish's) troubles were being very poignantly aired next door, Albert Edward came to the conclusion that the limit had been reached. "They've been killing the pig steadily for ten days and nights now," said he; "something's got to be done about it."

"I'm with you," said I; "but what are we two against a whole brigade? If they were to catch you pushing an impious pin into one of their sacred joy-bags there'd be another Second Lieutenant missing."

"Desist and let me think," said Albert Edward, and for the next hour he lay on his bed rolling and groaning—the usual signs that his so-called brain is active.

The following morning he rode over to the squadron, returning later with the Mess gramophone and a certain record. There are records and records, but for high velocity, armour-piercing and range this one bangs Banagher. It is a gem out of that "sparkling galaxy of melody, mirth and talent" (Press Agent speaking), "*I Don't Think,*" which scintillates nightly at the Frivolity Theatre.

"When the Humming-birds are singing" is the title thereof, and Miss Birdie de Maie renders it—renders it as she alone can, in a voice like a file chafing corrugated iron.

We started the birds humming at 4 P.M., and let it rip steadily until 11.15 P.M., only stopping to change needles.

Albert Edward's batman unleashed the hubbub again at six next morning; my batman relieved him at eight, and so on throughout the day in two-hour shifts. At night the line guards carried on. The following morning, as our batmen threatened to report sick, we crimed a trooper for "dumb insolence" and made him expiate his sin by tending the gramophone. O'Dwyer, of one the neighbouring ammunition columns, came over in the afternoon to complain that his mules couldn't get a wink of sleep and were muttering among themselves; but we gave him a bottle of whiskey and he went away quietly.

Monk of the other column called an hour later to ask if we wanted to draw shell-fire; but we bought him off with a snaffle bit and a bottle of hair lotion.

The whole neighbourhood grew restive. Somebody under cover of the dark took a pot at the gramophone with a revolver and winged it in the trumpet. Even the placid observation balloon which floats above our camp grew nasty and dropped binoculars and sextants on us. We built a protective breastwork of sand-bags about it and carried on. As for ourselves we didn't mind the racket in the least, having taken the precaution of corking our ears with gunners' wax.

Then one evening we discovered a Highland bomber worming up a drain on his stomach towards our instrument. Cornered, he excused himself on the plea that it was a form of Swedish exercise he always took at twilight for the benefit of his digestion. An ingenious explanation, but it hardly covered the live Mills bomb he was endeavouring to conceal in a fold of his kilt. We drove him away with a barrage of peg-mallets; but secretly we were very elated, for it was clear that the strain was telling on the hardy Scot.

As a precautionary measure we now surrounded the gramophone with a barbed wire entanglement, and so we carried on.

Next day we saw a score of kiltie officers grouped outside their Mess, heads together, apparently in earnest consultation. Every now and again they would turn and glare darkly in our direction.

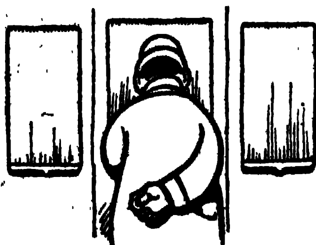
"The white chiefs hold heap big palaver over yonder," Albert Edward remarked. "They're tossing up now to decide who shall come over and beard us. The braw bairn with the astrakhan knees has lost; he's cooking



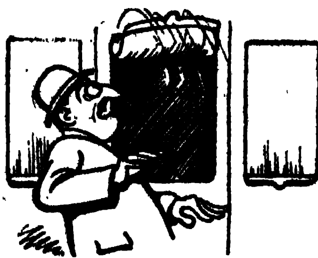














THE SPRING BLINDS.



Little Girl (to aunt, who is staying in the house on a visit). "ARE YOU GOING OUT, AUNTIE? YOU'VE GOT A HOLE IN YOUR VEIL."
Aunt. "HAVE I? I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHANGE IT NOW."
Little Girl. "OH, WELL, IT'S NOT A VERY BIG ONE—AND, AFTER ALL, I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE WILL KNOW YOU'RE MY AUNT."

his bonnet and asking his pals if he's got his sporran on straight. Behold he approacheth, stepping delicately. I leave it to you, partner."

I lay in the grass and waited for the deputation. The gramophone, safe behind its sandbags and wire, was doing business as usual, Miss Birdie yowling away like a wild cat on hot cinders. The deputation picked his way round the horse lines, nodded to me and sat down on the oil-drum we keep for the accommodation of guests. He nervously opened the ball by remarking that the weather was fine.

I did not agree with him, but refused to argue. That baffled him for some seconds, but he recovered by maintaining that it was any way finer than it had been in 1915. After that outburst he seemed at a loss for a topic of conversation, and sat scratching his ear as if he expected to get inspiration out of it as a conjurer gets rabbits.

"Ye seem verra partial to music?" he ventured presently.

"Passionately," said I.

"Ah—hem! Ye seem verra partial to that one selection," he continued.

"Passionately devoted to it," said I. "Lovely little thing; I adore its sentiment, tempo, tremolo and timbre, its fortissimo and allegro. Just listen to the part that's coming now—

"When the humming birds are singing
And the old church bells are ringing
We'll canoodle, we'll canoodle 'neath the moon.
Down in Alabama
You'll be my starry-eyed charmer;
On my white-haired kitten's grave we'll sit and spoon, spoon, spoo-oo-oon.

Nifty bit of allegro work that—eh, what?"

He nodded politely. "Ay—of courrse, sairtainly; but—er—er—don't ye find it grows a wee monotonous in time?"

"Never," I retorted stoutly. "Not in the least. No more than you find the Lament or Dirge of Sandy Macpherson or Hamish MacNish monotonous."

He cocked his ears suddenly and stared at me. Then his chubby face split slowly from ear to ear in the widest grin I ever saw, and up went both his hands.

"Kamerad!" said he. PATLANDER.

Intelligent Anticipation.

From the "Ladies' Letter" of *The East Anglian Daily Times* of Monday, December 24th:—

"London, Sunday Night.
"Christmas is over, and those lucky ones who were favoured with holidays have in many instances returned to their labours . . ."

Horace to the Pacifist.

"Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
Dissentientis condicionibus
Foedis et exemplo trahentis
Perniciem veniens in ævum."
Carm. III. 5.

'Twas this that Regulus foresaw
What time he spurned the foul disgrace
Of Peace whose precedent would draw
Destruction on an unborn race.
Conington's Translation.



TO ALL AT HOME.



[Owing to the dearth of taxi-cabs the habit, hitherto confined to station porters, hotel boys and commissionaires, of annexing one while it is still occupied is spreading to the general public.]

LIEUTENANT WEYMOUTH-MILLS AND MISS SMYTHE-HOSKINS, WHO HAVE BEEN DINING AT THE CARLTON, ARE DETERMINED TO GET TO THE GAIETY THEATRE, EVEN IF THEY HAVE FIRST TO TRAVERSE THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS OF KILBURN.

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

IT would not matter about meeting Houlton every now and then in the street, the train or a lunching-place, if I had not chanced to run across him a few summers ago in Venice; nor would it matter about having run across him a few summers ago in Venice if I did not now chance to meet him every now and then in London. But after the recent Italian reverse, the concatenation is getting rather deadly.

The trouble is that our acquaintanceship is of strictly Venetian origin. It was of the slightest even then, consisting chiefly in Houlton and his wife, after breakfast, asking me the way to some church or palace, and in my answers—by virtue of which I acquired in their eyes, all unwarranted, an authority amounting to inspiration. It used to amuse me to think how easily such reputations can be acquired: "To have been there before" is almost the golden rule; but it doesn't amuse me any longer. I meet Houlton too often.

Before the Italian *débâcle* we merely used to pass the time of day, or nod, or ask each other when the War would be over and shake our heads sapiently, with inscrutable smiles, in reply, and get disentangled as quickly as possible. But since the Germans reinforced the Austrians and assailed the Friulian plain there is no getting rid of Houlton like that. He buttonholed me on the very next day and began the new campaign by remarking mournfully, in subdued tones, almost as though we were in the room below the body, that we should never meet on the Giudecca again. It was there that we had first met, in a *pension* kept, I regret to say, by a German's widow (I regret, of course, not that she was a widow, but that she was a German at all), and it is there, no doubt—but "under entirely new management"—that he had been hoping to meet me once more. But with the onset of the Huns that hope seemed to be extinguished. Houlton had already surrendered Venice; not only was her fall a foregone conclusion, but her total destruction too. He had been in his last gondola, eaten his last scampi, fed his last pigeon under the camera's eye.

Such is the authority with which, as I have said, he has invested me that the expression of the fact that I personally intended to take a much less gloomy view immediately restored his buoyancy.

"Then you do really think," he concluded a long series of Venetian reminiscences—"you do really think my wife and I may venture to look forward to another holiday there? That is wonderful. You have no idea how you have cheered me."

Next day he cornered me again and wanted to know if I knew whether all the Tintorettos (he hesitated between Tintorettos and Tintoretti and finally rested on Tintorettos) had been taken away and concealed in places of safety. A man at the Bank had told him that that was so; but he could not feel any confidence about it until he had my corroboration. Again I sent him away with a mind at ease.

At our next meeting, in the rain, in Threadneedle Street, he stopped me to recall the Armenian monastery on the island on the way to the Lido.

"If the enemy gets Venice," he asked, "will those Armenians be massacred too?"

"Surely," I said, "there would not be such an atrocity as that. It is the

Turks who massacre Armenians, not the Germans or Austrians."

"But they're all Allies," he replied, dwelling fondly on the worst.

"True," I said, "but I am prepared to bet—supposing, which I doubt, that Venice falls—that that little colony of scholars is spared."

He went away with tears of gratitude in his eyes, as though it were my personal exercise of clemency that had done it, and I had the feeling that he would catch an earlier train home that evening to bear the glad news.

The next time, so far as I can remember, was at BIRCH'S, and he came over to my table to ask if I thought VERROCCHIO'S statue of COLLEONI was all right. After the bomb which had fallen some weeks before on the Ospedale close by, the Italians surely would have wished to move it. But the fear troubled him that it might be too heavy to move.

I agreed that it would be heavy, but, since the statue had been brought there and set up, obviously it could be taken down and removed. That which man has done man can do; and so on.

This struck him as a novel idea, and he was again enormously relieved.

"After all," I said, "there is no reason to suppose the Italians any less keen about preserving their treasures than other nations are."

He thanked me warmly and withdrew.

Last week I met him again, full of fresh forebodings about our Venice's fate. By "our Venice" he meant his and mine. The advantages gained by the enemy here and there on the Italian line had depressed him anew. The evening before, he said, Mrs. Houlton and he had spent two melancholy but delightful hours looking through their Venetian photographs and re-living their happy Venetian fortnight. How tragic to think that never would they see those beautiful things again—the Doges' Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's, the Campanile.

Again I reassured him, and he told me of the joy that would be Mrs. Houlton's on hearing my words. But his pleasure will be of very short duration, and the bore will recommence; for Houlton is one of those people whose minds move in circles. Meanwhile I am, oddly enough, beginning really to want to meet him again in Venice. I know of a secluded, dark and very deep part of the Grand Canal which was absolutely made for him.

"Our Prisoners in Turkey," says a headline. At this season we would sooner have read of "turkey in our Prisoners."



Orderly Sergeant. "LIGHTS OUT, THERE."
Voice from the Hut. "IT'S THE MOON, SERGINT."
Orderly Sergeant. "I DON'T GIVE A D——N WHAT IT IS. PUT IT OUT!"

Our Submarine Fliers.

"AIRCRAFT FLY 400 FEET BELOW LEVEL OF DEAD SEA."
Heading in Provincial Paper.

"It was a picturesque throng. From the outskirts of Jerusalem the Jaffa road was crowded with people who flocked westward to greet the conquering general. The predominance of the tarbrush in the streets added to the brightness of the scene."
Daily Express.

That is not its usual effect.

From a review of an anthology for soldiers:—

"Within some 20 pages the fighting man is offered W. E. Henley's most familiar poem, 'Jim Bludso,' etc."—*Times.*

We hope the compiler has also included something from JOHN HAY'S "In Hospital."

How to Save Matches.

"He stopped and re-lit his cigarette with great light in his eyes."—*Scottish Paper.*

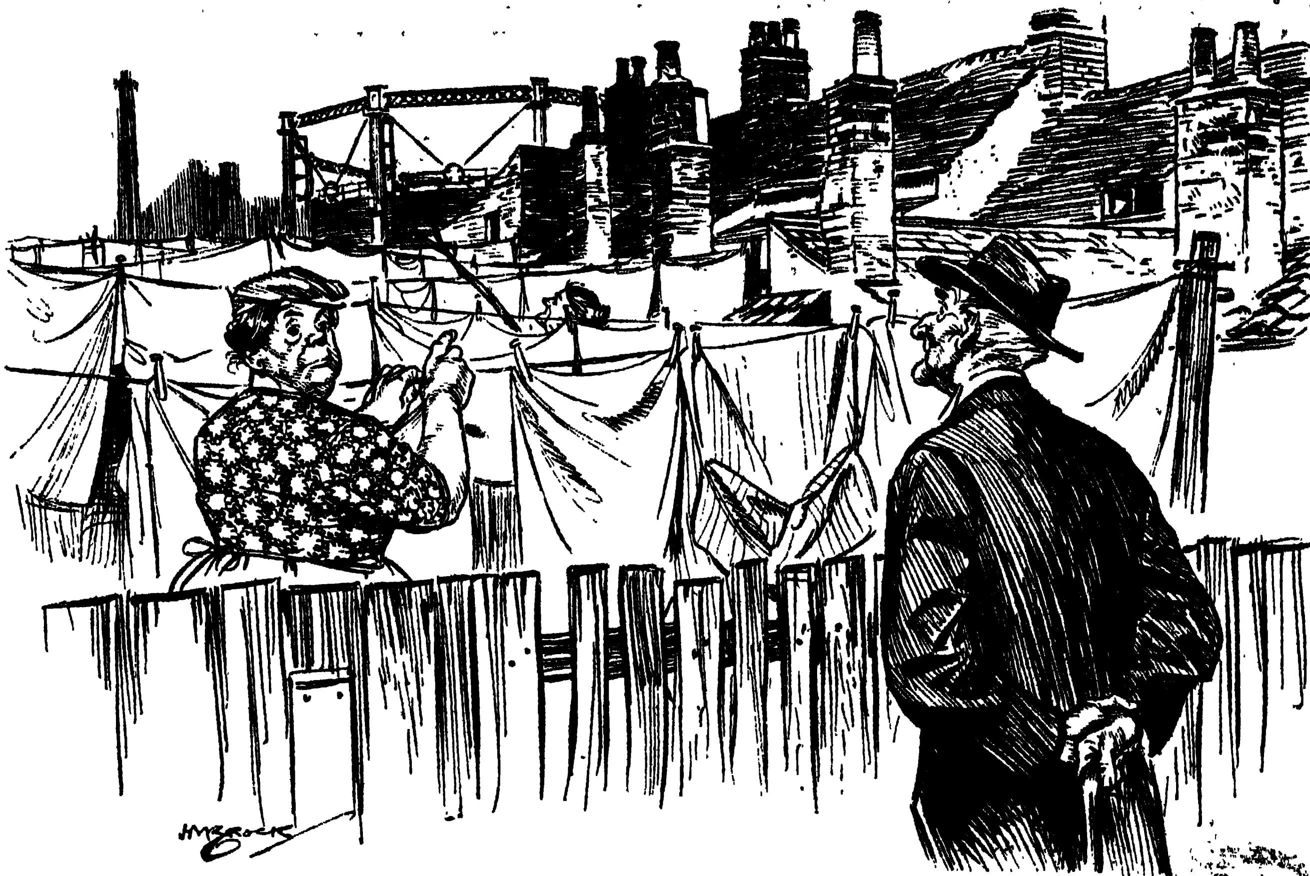
"Did Mr. —— ever pause to think of the hidden sympathy, the fine sentiment, attached to a pair of socks knitted by a woman for 'an unknown soldier.' I understand factories cannot cope with the demand for these articles."
Montreal Weekly Star.

The writer certainly ought not to have given the show away.

The London Correspondent of *The Deseret News*, published at Salt Lake City, signs himself as follows:—

"HAYDEN CHURCH.
apaM, mfwy wyp wyp wyp ypyp."

It is not clear whether this is merely natural exuberance or whether a Welsh strain in the writer is indicated.



Genial Old Gentleman. "WASHING-DAY, I PRESUME?"
Lady. "HO NO, SIR. WE'RE EXPECTIN' OF A HAIR-RAID AND WE'RE ALL A-GOIN' TO SURRENDER."

THE LONE HAND.

SHE took her tide and she passed the Bar with the first o' the morning light;
She dipped her flag to the coast patrol at the coming down of the night;
She has left the lights of the friendly shore and the smell of the English land,
And she's somewhere South o' the Fastnet now—
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,
Playing her own lone hand.

She's ugly and squat as a ship can be, she was new when the Ark was new,
But she takes her chance and she runs her risk as well as the best may do;
And it's little she heeds the lurking death and little she gets of fame,
Out yonder South o' the Fastnet now—
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,
Playing her own lone game.

She has played it once, she has played it twice, she has played it times a score;
Her luck and her pluck are the two trump cards that have won her the game before;
And life is the stake where the tin fish run and Death is the dealer's game,
Out yonder South o' the Fastnet now—
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,
Playing her own lone game. C. F. S.

"DORTY DODDLES."

How Dorty Doddles as a name for a person originated is not quite clear. The best and most probable account of the incident is this. It happened in the reign of the third female tyrant of the nursery, on a New Year's Day a good many years ago. The third tyrant had been behaving very riotously, having even gone so far as to refuse to put on her nightgown; had slapped her Prime Minister, the nurse, on the cheek—not a violent slap, but an unmistakable one, and had then careered round the nursery without a vestige of clothing. The nurse had appealed in vain to the tyrant's better feelings, and the two preceding tyrants, who had each in turn been deprived of their tyrannical privileges by the advent of a successor, had then joined forces with number three, and the nurse had assured them all that their parents had far too many naughty daughters.

This saying had been rapturously received and they had all shouted, "Naughty daughters," in chorus as loudly and as well as they could. In the case of the reigning tyrant this had gone no further than shouting "Dorty Doddles" at the top of her voice. When later on her male parent had come in to tuck her up in bed he found to his surprise that a new demand was made upon him. He was asked insistently to tell her "all about Dorty Doddles." He assumed that these mystic words were the name of a person, and told his story accordingly, and this is how it ran:—

"Dorty Doddles was a little girl of extraordinary goodness and kindness who lived by herself in a little cottage near a wood. She had once had a mother, but her mother had gone out one day and had never come back. Every

day Dorty Doddles sought for her mother, and every day she sought in vain. But she was a brave little girl and continued her search in spite of all disappointments.

"One morning Dorty Doddles set out quite early on her quest. She had not gone very far when she found herself walking along a path that was new to her, but she stepped boldly on in spite of a feeling that some adventure was about to happen. Suddenly two huge St. Bernard dogs came bounding along to meet her. Dorty Doddles held up her hand and the dogs stopped and wagged their tails. 'We are not really dogs,' said one of them, 'but we are a King and Queen who have been changed into this shape by the wiles of a wicked magician, and we cannot be restored to our true selves until a little girl has blown a blast on the silver bugle that hangs above the castle gateway. 'That will I do,' said Dorty Doddles, and they all walked on very happily together.

"They had not gone much further when, lo and behold, two white pussy-cats with bushy tails came leaping along the path, and Dorty Doddles again held up her hand, and the cats stopped. 'We are not really cats,' said one of them, 'but we are a Prince and Princess who have been enchanted by a wicked magician, and we cannot be changed back until a little girl blows a blast on the silver bugle that hangs above the castle gateway.'

"So these two joined the procession and all walked on together.

"Soon afterwards two large blue birds came sailing through the air towards them and announced themselves as a Duke and Duchess who had fallen into the power of the wicked magician and were unable to cast off their plumage until a blast had been blown on the silver trumpet.

"At last they arrived at the castle gateway and there, lo and behold, high up above the great arch hung the silver bugle on a golden hook. 'Alas', said Dorty Doddles, 'I can never reach it.' But the birds soon eased her mind. They seized her by her leather belt, flapped their great wings and soared into the air with her until she was able to take the bugle from its hook. Then she put it to her lips and blew a resounding note, and the birds came down gently and placed her again upon the earth. When she looked round, dogs, cats and birds had vanished, and in their place stood a King and Queen, robed in purple, a Prince and Princess of unmatchable beauty, and a Duke and Duchess of considerable dignity. All were very happy and invited Dorty Doddles to stay with them for many years. But Dorty Doddles could not accept this invitation since she had to look for her mother. So she went home quietly, taking with her a casket of diamonds and rubies and the silver bugle which had done such wonderful things."

Such was the opening chapter of the story—singularly inapposite to the occasion—of Dorty Doddles. R. C. L.



Special Constable Binks (reading). "'ON DRAWING YOUR TRUNCHEON BRING IT SMARTLY ACROSS YOUR OPPONENT'S KNEES OR SHINS. IF THIS HAS NOT THE DESIRED EFFECT RAISE THE TRUNCHEON SMARTLY AND STRIKE YOUR ADVERSARY ON THE POINT OF THE JAW. THEN SECURE HIM AND REPORT TO YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER——'"

His Friend. "FROM A CASUAL PERUSAL OF THE RULES IT SEEMS TO ME YOUR OPPONENT HAS TO BE A CONSENTING PARTY."

Taking no Risks.

"On December 31st, at 11 a.m., we shall hope to hold a Midnight Service."—*Parish Magazine.*

"Amsterdam.—From January 1 the weekly fat ration in Germany will be reduced from 90 to 70 grammes, allowing for special rations for the sick, &c. The Berlin papers calculate that this means at most 65.5 grammes per head of the population."

WILLIAM will have to get a smaller helmet.

"M. Clemenceau's decision to prosecute M. Caillaux for high treason opens perhaps the bitterest and most serious political conflict in the history of the Fourth Republic."—*Manchester Guardian.*

With so many republics cropping up daily on all sides—Russia, Finland, Ukraine, Siberia, the Bashkirs, and the Amur—our contemporary may be excused for assuming that our French friends have improved the opportunity by overthrowing their Third Republic and setting up a Fourth.

AT THE PLAY.

"Aladdin."

One should approach the discussion of a Drury Lane Hardy Annual with the reverence due to a British Institution. If it doesn't satisfy you, you must look for the fault in yourself or your environment—advancing years, imperfect digestion, the Duration or what not. I must try to let this thought govern my attitude in regard to *Aladdin*.

Frankly, I found it on the dull side, with little of mechanical novelty, no new thrill of situation, and scarcely a single fresh wheeze. I remember only one attempt to tell a funny story; it was about a dog and a Daddy—and it was old and not very good for children to hear. There were some passable songs, but there was hardly any good singing; and the dances were not so brilliant as to justify the introduction of dummies in ridicule of the art of another Hall of Mirth. The chief source of spontaneous laughter was primeval; it was the merry *Widow Twankay's* habit of taking up, with studied inadvertence, a sitting posture on the unresilient floor.

Excellent work was done by the scene-painters and the schemers of colour; but the beauty of the set pieces was nearly always damaged by the intervention of some grotesque figure that let it down. The device of contrast, so admirable when employed intelligently—as between the dignity of the *Slave of the Lamp* and the buffoonery of the *Slave of the Ring*—was here merely abused. By the way, you may have wondered why it was that the two *Slaves*, each practically omnipotent in the original, should have been so distinct in their methods, why the *Slave of the Lamp* could raise a palace for *Aladdin* with a wave of his hand, while the other had to busy himself, with such masterly futility, over the contemptibly practical details of planks and scaffolding. The explanation is easy. The scene-shifters, though very fleet at their job, were not fabulous wizards; and something had to be done at the front to keep us quiet while the great labour battalion was putting up its dome behind the scene.

The authorship of the text is ascribed to Messrs. F. Anstey, Frank Dix and Arthur Collins. I can only guess what share was taken by each; but I seemed to recognise Mr. Anstey's hand in the diction of the genie of the lamp, in the Gilbertian humour of the *Emperor of China*, and in that general freedom from inconsequence which is the mark of the logical mind. For myself, I could have desired a little more irresponsibility. The solitary advantage that you get from assisting at the performance of a thread-bare theme is that you have no difficulty, as with a Revue, in following the plot, and can afford to have any number of distractions. Yet in a Revue they give you all sorts of side-shows totally unrelated to the main issue (if any), and here there was very little diversion that did not arise out of the tale and its traditional distortions.

In the dialogue we had some clever making of bricks without much straw; but very few topical chances were taken. Still, I hope that the many officers in the audience gathered from the allusions to butter and margarine that we are bearing our terrible trials at home with a fortitude worthy of the race.

Miss Madge Titheradge was a very



SLAVE AND SUPER-SLAVE.

Slave of the Ring . . Mr. Will Evans.
Slave of the Lamp . . Mr. Caleb Porter.

gallant and clean-limbed *Aladdin*. Mr. Stanley Lupino, as the *Widow Twankay*, bore the brunt of the attack with remorseless humour. The fact that his wounds were mostly behind is no reflection on his indomitable courage. Mr. Will Evans, as the *Slave of the Ring*, was more reticent, but there was much eloquence in his face. The *Abanazar* of Mr. Robert Hale was a joyous rogue; and Mr. Harry Claff made an admirable *Emperor of China*, with a nice sense of the absurdities of Opera.

I don't know what became of the Harlequinade, as I left after the National Anthem, and it hadn't occurred by then, though we were well on into the fifth hour. I never can understand why we should be given so much more for our money (not mine, I ought to say) at Drury Lane Pantomime than at any other exhibition. Perhaps the children, whose show it's supposed to be, mistake quantity for quality. But to me, who come somewhere between the two childhoods, it seemed that there was scarcely a single scene which would not have been the better for rationing.

And this brings me back to my introduction. If there is fault to find I must believe that it lies with me and the peevishness of middle age.

O. S.

BALLADE OF THE INCOMPETENT BALLADIST.

When first I started out to rhyme
Above a score of years ago,
The Ballade's sweet recurrent chime,
Its alternating ebb and flow,
I thought extremely *comme-il-faut*,
And strove the instrument to handle;
But now for doggerel bards I know
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

If steeped in roguery and crime,
As Villon was, or schooled by woe,
You may upon this ladder climb
To an immortal afterglow;
But if your life be staid and slow,
Unruffled by the breath of scandal,
This is a fruitless field to hoe—
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

It isn't played in pantomime;
The Georgians label it "old clo',"
And leading prophets of our time,
Like Mr. Wells and "Captain Coe,"
And votaries of *l'Art Nouveau*,
And wearers of the bare-foot sandal,
Would probably endorse the *mot*—
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

Envoy.

Prince, though the gods on you bestow
A gift denied to Goth and Vandal,
Yet for the eagle as the crow
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

From a company report:—

"Directors' fees, £631 12s. 11d."

We suppose this large sum represents what is technically known as "an over-riding commission."

"The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Irish Convention was held to-day in the Regent House, Trinity College."
Dublin Evening Mail.

We knew it had been sitting a long time, but——

Extract from letter received by a firm of house-furnishers:—

"Also if you feel quite sure our fleet is strong enough to keep the Germans out, I should like a comfortable Couch, second-hand would do quite well, mahogany frame. . . ."



Artist (to Tommy, home on leave, acting as model for picture to be entitled "Going over the Top"). "Ah dinna ken what it is. It doesna seem realistic enough. Have we forgotten anything?"

Tommy. "Don't think so, guv'nor, on'y the tot o' rum yer didn't serve aht."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As a War Correspondent Mr. G. Ward Price has two great merits: he gets his effects without indulging in flowery language, and he does not congratulate himself upon making his way into places where he had no right to be. His book, *The Story of the Salonica Army* (Hodder and Stoughton), will once and for all (let us, at any rate, hope) stop the tongues of those who twaddle that our troops in Macedonia are having a picnic. "If it were a picnic," Mr. Price says, "one can only say that people out there keep extraordinarily quiet about the good time they are supposed to be having, and show praiseworthy self-sacrifice in trying to get away from it and back to the Western front." Ignoring the natural difficulties of the country, the lack of railways, of decent roads and of practically all the necessities of quick campaigning, our arm-chair critics have spoken of the Salonica Army as if it had nothing to do but amuse itself. Actually, in spite of everything, flies, Bulgars, mosquitoes, malaria, our men have done marvellously well, and have grasped every opportunity that has come their way. When one remembers that for a long time the Greeks were an uncertain quantity and might at any moment have attacked us from behind, one does not wonder at the care with which General Sarrail had to plan every move. As to the original undertaking of the Salonica Expedition, Mr. Price states the reasons for and against, and leaves his readers to settle the question for themselves. But when I remember how often the All-highest has stated that he was going to hurl the Allied troops into the sea, I fancy they must be a considerable stumbling-block in the way of Teutonic ambitions. And for my own part I salute gratefully those Allied armies who have performed a thankless task with so great efficiency and courage and reticence, and also thank Mr. Price for having given us just the book for which those of us who want to know before we criticise were waiting.

Military experts will tell you that this is a "Q." war, meaning thereby that the Quartermaster-General's department is the one which matters. "Intelligence," however, is not without interest, and as to that some say one thing and some say another, but all are agreed that it is very mysterious and alluring. Mr. Max Pemberton makes the most of it in his ruthlessly exciting story, *Her Wedding Night* (Jenkins). It would require some expert Secret Servant to tell us whether there is any truth at the back of it or not; I should say that there is at least a little, notwithstanding that people begin whipping out pistols on page 3 of it. Of the other stories in the book, "The Lady of the Waxen Flower," which deals with Intelligence nearer "the field," is no less exciting, but is much less convincing. Those who are in the field themselves, or have ever been there, will notice one or two details in which the author has gone wrong. The other six stories touch upon current

affairs in France, but have nothing to do with Intelligence. In none of them does Mr. PEMBERTON fail to do himself justice. It may be said that he never attains great artistic heights, but he always shows himself to be an expert, indeed an "old soldier," in his business of telling a good story well. In "Armies of the Night" he reminds the reader, delicately but clearly, of the pain which France in particular has suffered since August, 1914; in "O'Flannagan's Submarine" he maintains a delightful vivacity, of which I, though I count myself amongst his admirers, never thought him capable.

One of the most delightful volumes of its kind that have come my way for a great while is ALICE MEYNELL'S new book of essays, *Hearts of Controversy* (BURNS AND OATES). "Delightful" is the only word for it, full, that is, of a deep and quiet enjoyment that repeats itself afterwards in memory, as at the recollection of something treasured from the lips of a friend. All Mrs. MEYNELL'S essays have this companionable quality of good talk; only in talk, however good, one must needs be up and speaking; and here I am more than content to sit and listen. She has a half-dozen of themes, all bookish—DICKENS as a man of letters, an appreciation of TENNYSON, the art of the BRONTËS. Well-worn subjects, you observe, do not alarm one who has always something fresh and personal to contribute to their discussion. I wish I had space to quote. Perhaps I myself got most pleasure from the paper on DICKENS. Here Mrs. MEYNELL'S detailed knowledge of her author was such as to put me out of countenance How came I, for example, to forget that perfect but strangely un-Dickensian phrase about the *Tite Barnacle*, who "died with his drawn salary in his hand," which is here cited as an example of the master's wit? . . . It is superfluous at this time to praise Mrs. MEYNELL'S prose. Throughout this little book you have it at its best, clear as fresh-running water, instinct with an ordered beauty that comes not from an effortless facility, but by the conquest of that just perceptible friction (which she herself twice speaks about here) as of "water to the oar, or air to the pinion," which is the true "movement of vitality." In short, *Hearts of Controversy* is a book that, having read once, I look forward to reading often again. "What did Mrs. MEYNELL say?" I shall ask, and take it from an honourable shelf to refresh my memory. A happy prospect.



Profiteer. "THAT'S JUST LIKE THOSE MUSICIANS. I HIRED HIM BY THE HOUR, AND SEE HOW SLOWLY HE PLAYS."

I have always wondered what the *Index Expurgatorius* is really like. Some deny its very existence, while others assert positively that it contains the name of every modern novelist except Father HUGH BENSON and the author of *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. If that is so, FLORENCE BARCLAY'S latest effort, *The White Ladies of Worcester* (PUTNAM), can hardly fail to be proscribed. I hasten to assure the many admirers of Mrs. BARCLAY'S works that it is solely in the interests of fiction and without malice or uncharitableness that she libels the Holy Roman Church. But that the libel is there I must in the interests of history, not to say ecclesiasticism, insist. It is barely possible that a thirteenth-century Bishop of Worcester, sufficiently in advance of his time to quote SHAKSPEARE, would assist a pious Crusader to break into a convent and woo the Mother-Superior, his one-time *fiancée*. But credulity boggles at the discovery that a complacent Pontiff cheerfully issues a bull or a rescript or an absolution or whatever it is that Pontiffs do issue, releasing the lady from her vows on the ground that she had embarked on the conventual life under a misapprehension as to her lover's connubial arrangements. For Mrs. BARCLAY'S constant admirers these large demands on the imagination will doubtless have no terrors; and I may safely prophesy a popular acclaim for her latest exploration into the deeps of romantic emotionalism.

The peace-loving, logical and fair-minded German author of *J'Accuse* has returned in the first volume of *The Crime* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) to a task which one feels he bitterly dislikes, but yet to which he realises that he is called. When Germany recovers from her madness of Prussianism one of the few things left her to rejoice in will be this—that the most ruthless of all the exposures of her sin comes from a German hand. The writer here retraverses the ground of his previous work in the light of the production of the German apologists, particularly HELFFERICH and BETHMANN-HOLLWEG himself; and with a remorselessness that would seem to render further reply impossible exhibits the innumerable paltry omissions, corruptions, mutual contradictions and stark fabrications that appear in their attempts to bolster up a hopeless case. If there is still anyone in this country who doubts that Germany and Austria did deliberately seek war and ensue it, whilst all the Entente countries with almost incredible forbearance strove for peace, it is his duty to read here and be convinced. All the old legends, such as the Anglo-Belgian conspiracy, the early Russian mobilisation and the unlimited English assurances of support, are here annihilated beyond intelligent resuscitation, while, on the other hand, a challenging mass of coherent evidence is hurled at the Prussian apologists. This is not a book to while away a pleasant hour or two. It is long, necessarily somewhat reiterative, and, though most excellently translated, by no means easy to read. But it will stand for centuries.

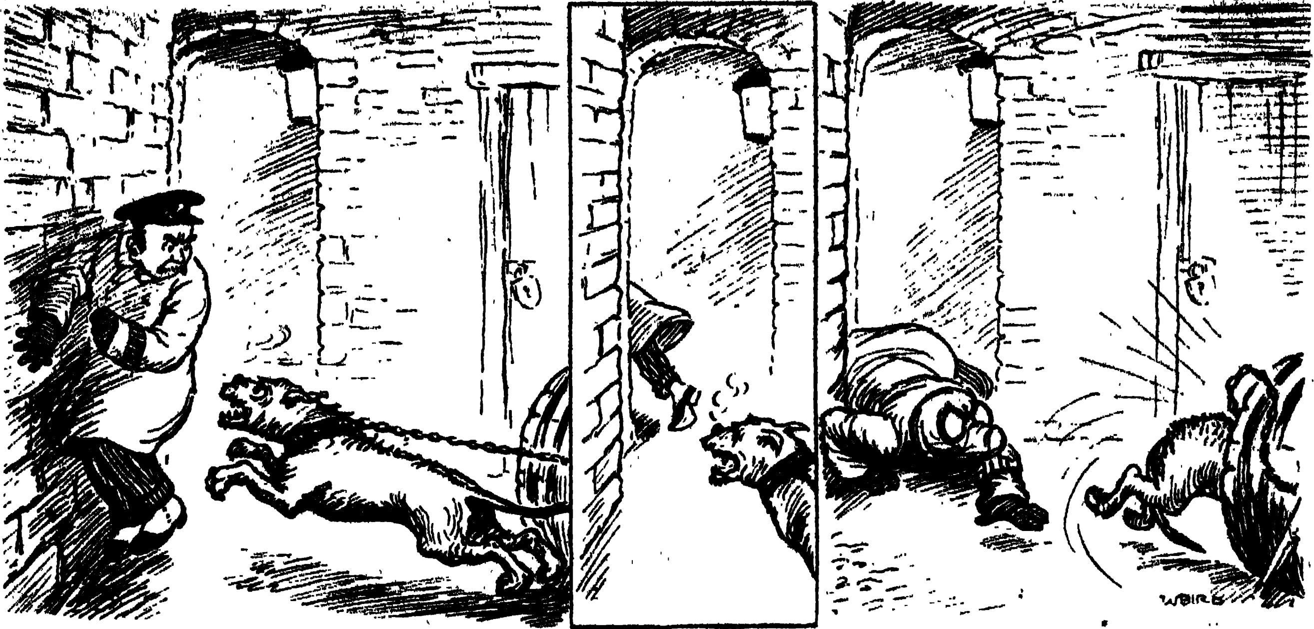
More Cannibalism in England.

Extract from a private letter:—

"Mother seems well but very worried about servants and food. The latter is very scarce in Tadworth and though we have a possible 'widow and boy' in prospect they are still uncertain."

"The world's output of oil was 46,000,000 barrels in 1916, of which 300,000,000 were produced in the United States."—*Financial Mail.*

We have often wondered what was the final destination of the widow's cruse.



RECULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER.

The Special Constable, the fierce dog and the gas mask.

CHARIVARIA.

The Kaiser, it is understood, has issued a statement to the effect that, though the earthquake which destroyed Guatemala city was due to natural causes, it must not be presumed that he had been left entirely unconsulted in the matter.

* * *

Sir Arthur Yapp's mid-day speeches have greatly reduced food consumption. Workers everywhere have gladly gone without their dinners in order to disagree with him.

* * *

Heavy catches of sprats are now being landed, says the Board of Agriculture. All that is needed is some device for preventing them from turning into haddocks or whiting on the way to market.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that Mr. H. G. Wells has been summoned for ink-hoarding.

* * *

We understand that the recent violent agitation of the seismograph had nothing to do with *The Evening News'* report that grocers in some parts were actually asking customers if they could do with a few pounds of sugar.

* * *

We are in a position to deny the cruel rumour that the School of Camouflage is about to commandeer the Albert Memorial.

* * *

The Leipzig *Neueste Nachrichten* declares that Mr. Lloyd George will soon be dangling from the gallows "already prepared for him." It is thought that they must have been reading a back number of *The Spectator*.

* * *

A London dairyman has been fined five pounds for washing milk bottles in a horse-trough. His plea that he did not know it was bad for the horses was ignored.

* * *

Turkey, it appears, has sent an urgent appeal to Berlin for funds. Since General Allenby's advance, they point out, so much has been swallowed up in running expenses.

* * *

"We laughed at M. Pichon's speech," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*. If Germany can get a laugh out of anything in these days she is surely entitled to it.

* * *

The 1918 Overture by Count Czernin: "Come to my Brest."

* * *

A member of a London firm has told a morning paper representative that in one year he caught forty thousand mice. This just shows what can be done by dogged determination and a mousetrap, and we leave it to the Kaiser to explain how he hopes to defeat a nation of men like that.

* * *

Farmers in the West of Ireland complain that they have no bad potatoes with which to feed the pigs.

* * *

A French postman, convicted of stealing seventeen thousand pounds from registered letters, has been released under the First Offenders Act. The German Crown Prince is reported to be greatly heartened by this clemency.

* * *

A London munition girl has won a prize for the nearest estimate of the Imperial revenue for the December quarter. The statement that she sent the total of the family's earnings by mistake is attributed to envy.

* * *

We understand that the man who on January 1st entered a London post-office and asked if it was illegal to keep a cheese without a licence is still at large.

* * *

The United States Government has decided to take the finger-prints of all German subjects. Our own system of dealing with "hidden hand" prints will not be studiously followed.

* * *

"Standard boots are coming," says *The Daily Mail*. Our astute contemporary continues to keep its ear to the ground.

* * *

An awkward situation has been created between the Food Production Department and the Food Controller by a Bishops Stortford hen, who has laid an egg containing three yolks and weighing four ounces. The former department wishes to compliment her, while the latter threatens a prosecution for hoarding.

BRITISH GOTHS AND GERMAN GOTHAS.

[On the threatened commandeering of the British Museum for the Air Board; with a note to the Mother of Parliaments.]

"Where shall we stow our Ministry of Air?"—
Thus spake our Masters, plunged in contemplation;
"We want a building which the Town could spare
As doing no good service to the nation;
So that if Fritz, beneath the moon's bright sphere,
Should choose it as a proper mark to shatter,
Provided that he missed Lord Rothermere,
It wouldn't really matter.

"Though the Savoy would fit us like a glove;
Though Ritz and Carlton, Claridge's and Berkeley
Are each the very place in which to shove
Our personnel, both militant and clerkly;
We would not give the public needless pain
Or wantonly deject their gastric juices,
Turning to warlike ends a hallowed fane
Designed for holier uses."

And so the Expert Mind surveys the list
Of less important structures and engages,
As rubbish-space that never would be missed,
The garner of the wonders of the ages;
And in the shrine that Art had made her own—
Her wealth consigned to cellars, swathed in wrappers—
Shall sound the cackle, over tea and scone,
Of giddy glad-eyed flappers.

Well, if they count it just a lumber-store
For stuffy relics of the dead *antico;*
If all that heritage of ancient lore
Seems small beside the claims of Mumm and Clicquot;
I know a House of Curios, dull and trite,
Far more adapted to a general clearing;
Mummy of Parliaments! I would I might
Have done the commandeering. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Herr von Kühlmann, disguised as a labourer. Count Czernin, disguised as a working man.*)

Kühlmann (*aside*). I wonder who this fellow is? Very thoughtless of Trotsky to have had him shown into this room. No matter; I must play my part and keep up the illusion. (*Aloud*) Good morning, comrade; peace be with you.

Czernin (*aside*). Who can this miserable fellow be? They ought to have told me he was here. However, in for a penny in for a pound. (*Aloud*) Good morning, brother; peace be with you, and may the Proletariat triumph!

K. That is what I always say. Yes, let its triumph be swift and complete.

C. We are evidently well met. Your sentiments are exactly mine. We want a democratic peace, and mean to have it. If only Kühlmann could be brought to see matters as I see them!

K. You must not mistrust Kühlmann. I know him well, and can vouch for his sincerity; but I am not at all sure of Czernin.

C. Do not be rash in your judgment. I know Czernin through and through, and am certain he is one of us to the last drop of his blood.

K. That being so, let us shake hands upon it.

[*He jumps up, and as he does so his scratch wig and his false beard drop off. Czernin stoops to pick them up, and his wig and beard also drop off. They look at one another in astonishment.*

K. Marvellous! Those eyes! That nose! That mouth! That haughty air. To think that I should find my Czernin here!

C. I too am struck with wonder at discovering my colleague Kühlmann beneath the beard of a labourer. I was entirely deceived. But we must see to it that these things do not drop off again.

K. I agree. We must be more careful.

C. If Trotsky saw us now he would think we had given the show away, for he is already a little suspicious. But if we can only keep up the pretence that we are sound social democrats we shall get everything we like out of him.

K. All we have got to do is to lure him on with vague talk, and before he knows where he is he will find that we have got the whole of Russia in our pockets.

C. Tell me—have you been able to induce your All-Highest to consent to march through Petrograd in the disguise of a peasant? That would indeed be a great stroke. *My* august one is quite ready, but he refuses to go unless yours accompanies him.

K. I own I have had some difficulty there. My Imperial fellow could not get his mind away from the plan of parading through Petrograd in shining armour on a milk-white steed. You know what he is when he once gets a notion into his head; but I hope I have made him see reason. At any rate his dress is quite ready. When he puts it on he will look the born image of Tolstoi.

C. Capital! Keep on hammering at him until he consents.

K. At present he is very busy composing sermons which he means to deliver in the cathedral of St. Isaac. He says he has converted the Russian God into a firm ally of the German Empire.

C. Ah, well, I suppose he must be humoured. But tell me—do you really think that these proceedings of ours will bring us nearer to peace?

K. Of course they will not. France and England are still to be overcome, and we all forget America. When I mention that my Emperor laughs; but it is no laughing matter.

C. How like your Emperor that is. He drove us all into the War, and now he cannot or will not get us out of it. But peace we must have in one way or another or we shall all be irretrievably ruined.

K. That is what I always tell him, but it has little effect upon him. And now let us go and meet Trotsky.

[*They resume their wigs and beards, look at themselves in the glass and leave the room.*

"A party of ten Germans, who were captured in an armed lunch at one of the outlying Fiji islands."—*Evening Paper.*

The poor fellows were evidently reduced to their iron rations.

On the question of commandeering the British Museum *The Daily News* writes:—

"With the exercise of proper care it will take months to remove the exhibits from volunteer guides."

We have evidently been much mistaken in these seemingly harmless people.

"The gravity of this problem is focussed in the effect upon prices of paper counters used as real money. If one thousand counters of paper are equal to one piece of gold, whilst the thousand and one particles are as money given the same verbal denomination of value, the price of an ordinarily £1 article becomes £1,000, except in so far as modified by quantity, quality and quick turnover, in relation to the said article, as well as by computed exchanges and the frequency of turnover of the credits employed by those who either directly or through representatives make the exchange computation."—*Daily Paper.*

Now we know why eggs are sixpence each in the winter.



THE LATEST AIR-RAID.

Scene—*Luxurious Restaurant of Capacious and Eligible Hotel.*

First Indispensable. "I SEE THERE'S BEEN SOME TALK OF COMMANDEERING THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR THE AIR BOARD."

Second Ditto. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT? THEY MIGHT HAVE TAKEN A PLACE THAT REALLY MATTERS—LIKE THIS."

A CHILD OF NATURE.

STUDENTS of character declare that our brave youths will never return to their pre-war civilian occupations.

Take Jacob. Jacob's past life was at first shrouded in mystery; but later, in confidential moods, he would sometimes partially lift the veil and disclose a picturesque panorama, from which racecourse, police, magistrate and prison would stand out in bold relief. The really important features of his career remained hidden.

Jacob's success was mainly due to his physical presence and to his unique code of honour. Loosely built, unkempt, he was wont to shamble through the transport-lines with a hang-dog expression on his heavy sunken face and with guilt writ large upon him. Military policemen would arrest him instinctively and formulate a charge later at random. Though theoretically unfair, results usually justified the proceeding. The odds were always heavily against him. Jacob fully realised this, and would make a clean breast of whatever was required. He knew that no serious curtailment of liberty would result.

As to honesty, Jacob clung bravely to the moral rule never to steal from a friend without due warning. Any occasional lapse was entirely due to his sporting instinct. It tickled him vastly to stand refreshment to an unsuspecting acquaintance with the proceeds from that gentleman's purse; but he invariably returned the purse on leaving the canteen. He was not so generous to strangers from other camps. He regarded these as his lawful prey. He would inveigle them to a neighbouring copse, introduce his "crown and anchor" plant and wring them dry. Nine times out of ten he could manage this by some cunning artifice. On the tenth time, if the prospect were unfavourable, he would calmly collect all the stakes, pocket his little black japanned box and stroll away with injured dignity, leaving his dupes frozen with astonishment.

When Jacob voluntarily arrived—soon after the partial cessation of horse-racing—he was put to drill with the other recruits. Drilling was perhaps his greatest triumph. He would take up a position near some youthful *ingénu*, threaten him with instant extinction if he failed to give him his cue, and, with one hand thrust deep into his tunic pocket, stand dismally awaiting a certain fiasco. Often, when the squad marched briskly off in response to a command, Jacob would be left behind deep in thought. Subsequently he would endeavour to explain in hoarse super-cockney accents that he was stone-deaf in the right ear, and "veriardoervearing" in the left. Should the R.S.M. come to the assistance of the bewildered subaltern, Jacob would incline his left ear close to the dignitary's mouth, at the same time vigorously indicating the other ear with his thumb.



"MY DEAR, I WISH YOU'D CUT DOWN YOUR MILLINERY BILLS. THEY USE UP SUCH A LOT OF PAPER."

So Jacob was removed to another sphere more intellectual in character. He became a Sanitary Expert; and he remained in this exclusive section until it leaked out that he paid a weekly sum to his fellow-artists in lieu of active co-operation in their work. The question then arose whether it would be advisable to permit Jacob to continue to practise his own idea of efficiency or to introduce the military conception of labour to his notice. The Colonel finally compromised by placing him in charge of the Camp Baths, and for three complete weeks Jacob worked carefully and unobtrusively. In fact all would have been quiet and peaceful had not the Major chanced to wander round the lines on C Company's bath night. He found a long queue of men lined up outside the door of the bath-chamber in perfect order, each man paying twopence to the janitor. Jacob, with splendid memories shining from his eyes, was, in the intervals of transferring coppers from his hands to his pockets, invoking C Company in his best book-making style to roll up and have their money ready. As this had been in full swing for three weeks it was felt to be advisable to remove Jacob to the splendid isolation of the Rifle Range.

Here, except for a tendency, when signalling the score, to take into consideration the financial opportunities of a marker, Jacob improved wonderfully, and was in due course granted six days' leave. On the third morning of his vacation Jacob paid a purely friendly and unofficial visit to the O.C. Depôt, lamented the insidious temptations and camouflaged pitfalls of a great city, borrowed seven shillings with extreme delicacy, and took the next train back to camp.

When the R.S.M. inspected the men's quarters at 3.15 P.M. he found Jacob asleep in bed and indignantly rolled him out. Jacob breathed a sigh of martyrdom, waved a long arm in the R.S.M.'s face, and grunted that he was not really there at all but away on leave.

After about a year's service Jacob developed ennui. Racing had become a national duty. His deafness had become acute. He felt that he had done his bit. So he relinquished his uniform.

I met Jacob a few days ago in London. He looked very down on his luck. In the intervals of wiring flowers together, however, he grinned cheerfully at me and shook hands with warmth. I thought that his open-air training had unsettled him and brought him down to this level. A corner of the *Police Gazette* peeped from his pocket. I gave him five shillings for a straggling button-hole of Michaelmas daisies. Jacob's face lit up. "Back Royal Ruby both ways," he whispered, "for old times' sake."

Preparing for Reprisals?

"Wanted, Devil Teasing Machine, 900 r.p.m.; state price, particulars."

Manchester Guardian.

"LADY wishes to hire small Piano (no children)."—*Folkestone Herald.*

Not even a Baby Grand.



Private Sloggins (to German officer who has demanded an escort of equal rank). "THAT'S WOT WE'VE 'ALTED FOR. DUGGY 'AIG'S COMIN' OVER SPECIAL. I SEED 'IM MYSELF THIS MORNIN' AN' ARRANGED IT."

THE DESERTERS.

WHERE are the maids that used to lay my table
And cook my meals and (sometimes) scrub the floor?
Florrie and Maud and Emily and Mabel,
All, all are gone to prosecute the War;
In reeking vaults and mountain dells
They tend their sheep and fill their shells,
While my wife answers all the bells
And no one shines my Sam Browne any more.

Where is Elizabeth, whose eyes were argent?
How like a home *her* hospital must be.
Winnie's a "Waac," and bound to be a Sergeant,
Judging from how she dominated me
(Only I hope she never stoops
To talk like that to lady troops);
And Maud, who dropped so many soups—
What does she do with bombs and T.N.T.?

Our car stands starving in the dusty garage,
But Mabel drives a whacking Limousine;
And when they sprinkle us with bits of barrage
We know that much of it was made by Jean;
Our income slowly disappears,
While they get more than Brigadiers—
No wonder now the agent sneers,
"You *can't* get girls to come to Turnham Green."

Do they look back and hope that we are happy,
With no one left to fuss about our food;
And when some foreman is extremely snappy
Recall with tears my courtlier attitude?
Rather, I ween, with mirthful hoots
They think of Master cleaning boots,
And thank their stars, the little brutes,
They bear no more the yoke of housemaid-hood.

And what will happen when the Bosch goes under,
And all these women fling their swords away?
Will the dear maids come back to us, I wonder?
Shall I be able to afford their pay?
And will they want Munition rates?
Ah, who can read the ruthless Fates?
Meanwhile we wash the dirty plates
And do our whack as willingly as they. A. P. H.

More Secret Diplomacy.

"The armistice shall begin at twelve noon on December 17, 1197, and shall last until twelve noon January 14, 1918."
Birmingham Daily Post.

Much would have been saved if this had been published by RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

From an article by Miss CORELLI:—

"Like a glorious ship that has lain too long in dry dock, it must be cleansed of weed and barnacle and launched unhindered into the open sea."—*Nash's Magazine.*

That dry dock must want a bit of overhauling too.

"Perhaps the casual observer will be a little disappointed on seeing and hearing Kaledin. Certainly no stranger on first seeing him would be at all likely to say, 'Voila, a Napoleon.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Perhaps not; but with so may half-baked linguists about we can't be sure of anything.

UNOFFICIAL LETTERS.

I have been privileged to see an examination paper, set for the subalterns of a certain Battalion, on "Military Correspondence." The first three questions do not intrigue me greatly, but Questions 4 and 5 are a different matter. Here I feel that I can be of help to my fellow-subalterns. For these two questions deal with a point of etiquette whose importance at this critical time cannot be over-estimated.

"*Question* 4.—Write an unofficial letter asking your Colonel to dinner.

Question 5.—Ditto to your Brigadier."

Now it is obvious that if either of these questions is to be answered satisfactorily it will not be enough just to give one sample letter. The manner of your invitation will depend on many things, as, for instance, (1) your position in the Regiment; (2) *why* you want the Colonel to come to dinner with you; (3) what you've got for dinner—and so on. Another point to be considered is whether you propose to have the Colonel and the General to dinner on the same night. To some extent this simplifies matters. One writes—at least this is how I always used to do it—one writes to the General, mentioning that the Colonel is coming too and apologising for him as rather a bore, and one writes to the Colonel, mentioning that the General is coming too and apologising for him as still more of a bore, and one puts the letters into the wrong envelopes and forgets to stamp either. Unfortunately one can only do this once. It is not enough therefore for the real lover of etiquette, who must be master of every occasion as it arises. Let us then postpone our meeting with the Brigadier and consider how best to deal with the Colonel of our Battalion.

I have said that the first point to consider is your position in the Regiment; obviously the newly-gazetted cadet of eighteen will not be in the same position as the elderly gentleman who has kept his one star through years of strife, and can still remember the day when he took the Colonel on his knee and bade him listen to the tick-tick. At the same time it is only fair to suppose that the latter class of subaltern, whether at school or Varsity, as Editor or Member of Parliament, has learnt to write some sort of a letter adequate to convey even the intricate idea that he wishes the company of another gentleman to dinner with him. It is therefore to the younger subaltern not so well versed in the affairs of the world that I propose to offer my advice.

Letters to Colonels, then, may be divided into the following classes:—(1) *The Earnest*; (2) *The Formal*; (3) *The Friendly*. According to *why* you want the Colonel to come to dinner, to some extent according to what you have to offer him, you will base your decision as to which of these styles you will use.

I.—The Earnest.

Dear Colonel,—As one who is interested in the welfare of the Regiment I have long felt that there are certain matters which I should like to talk over with you in a more friendly manner than is possible between us on the parade ground. After nearly two months' residence with you the impressions which I have formed of the general tone and bearing of the Battalion must be of a certain value. I do not wish to suggest for a moment that my knowledge of army matters is to be compared with your own; rather do I wish to suggest that this very familiarity of yours with military life must blind you to a good deal which is most striking to the newcomer. My impressions, then, are at your service, and I for my part shall be willing to listen to, and consider carefully, your comments upon them. It seems to me that this interchange of thought can best take place (as they say) "across the walnuts and the wine." I have, as it so happens, just laid in a pound of walnuts, while my aunt last week sent me a bottle of ginger wine as yet unopened. Will you therefore give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday next at seven o'clock? In case you may wish to prepare yourself with a few notes, I may say that the following are among the subjects which I hope to raise:—

(1) The uses of an Adjutant.

(2) The language of company commanders.

(3) Ragging in the Mess.

(4) Tact in our senior officers.

Looking forward to the pleasure of your company,

I am, Yours cordially.

P.S.—A verbal answer on the parade ground will suffice.

II.—The Formal.

O.C. Nth Blankshires.

Paras 1-5 Domestic Orders by Mrs. Muffet, commanding No. 9, Terrapin Terrace, Shrimpton-on-Sea, dated 2/1/18 aaa Begins aaa Consommé Turtle Tablets two, Soles Dover four, Turkey small one, Omelette jam large one, Bollinger bottle one aaa ends aaa.

For your information and necessary action. H. Brown-Smith, 2/Lt.

III.—The Familiar.

Dear old Col.,—Are you for Night Ops on Thursday? I don't think I shall go, it's so beastly cold. Come and have a bit of dinner instead at "The Sailors' Arms;" there's something rather special in the way of petticoats behind the bar, which—however mum's the word. *Nous verrons ce que nous verrons*, as our gallant Allies say. Henry is coming too if he can, but he is orderly corporal this week and may find it difficult to slip away. This is quite between ourselves, of course. He is a cheery soul; I fancy you met him in the orderly-room last week, but he was not at his best then.

Well, cheerio till Thursday.

Yours ever, Bertie.

With these letters before him the young subaltern should have no difficulty in asking his Colonel to dinner; with his General, however, he must strike a different note. In this case the only wear is humility.

Brigadier-General Jones.

Honoured Sir,—I trust you will pardon my temerity in addressing you, but I am hoping that you will be gracious enough to grant me an unusual favour. A few relations and very old friends of mine—Sir John Jellicoe, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir William Robertson, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and President Wilson—are dining with me on Saturday. They are all most anxious to have the honour of meeting you, and, if you would condescend to come, my uncle (Mr. Lloyd George) will drive his car round to call for you at about eight o'clock.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant.

It is to be hoped now that the subaltern will be able, not only to get full marks in his examination paper, but also to meet with assurance the many problems of etiquette which confront the young soldier. Should he, however, still be appalled by the difficulties which lie in the way of a gentleman who wants to ask another gentleman to dinner, my advice to him is simple. Don't ask him. A. A. M.

Fashions on the Land.

"Wanted, old white shirts for scarecrows; 4d. each and pay postage."—*The Bazaar.*

"The King has awarded the Albert Medal to Doreen Ashburnham, aged 11, and Anthony Farrer, aged 8, residing at Coivinchan, Lake Vancouver, in recognition of the great bravery displayed by the children when attacked by a conger, measuring 7ft."—*Southport Visiter.*

According to other papers the creature was a cougar, but in matters of spelling *The Southport Visiter*—witness its own title—was always original.



"WHAT'S THAT, MUMMY?" "SSH, DEAR—THAT'S A STAFF OFFICER." "I WANT IT."

QUEUE-MANIA.

THE suspicion that all was not well with Old Dobson came first to me on the day when I met him hurrying home with a small packet of sugar.

"Waited in a queue forty-five minutes for this," he said.

"Did you? Sickening," said I.

"Oh, I don't know about that. It's not unamusing. There's a certain *camaraderie* about a queue. I rather like it."

I looked at him suspiciously, but he appeared to be quite serious, and indeed my experience of him was that he had never intentionally made a joke.

About a week later I was greatly surprised to see Dobson, of all people, in the queue outside the pit of our local music-hall. The doors were just opened, but when he arrived at the barrier he wriggled out of the crush and made off down the street.

"Hullo," I said, overtaking him, "why didn't you go into the Empire?"

"I haven't been into a music-hall for twenty years," said Dobson.

"Then why——?"

He looked round to see that we were not overheard and then took my arm confidentially.

"The fact is, I simply can't resist a queue," he said.

Three days ago I looked out of my window and to my surprise saw Dobson's head appearing above the fence which protects my villa residence from the road. He was standing on the pathway, and as I watched I saw that every minute or so he moved along a pace or two.

I went out in the garden and looked over the fence.

"Oh, that you?" said he. "Thought I'd come round for a chat and a smoke. But I must take my turn, of course, like every one else. Oh, I beg your pardon," he put in suddenly, as he took off his hat to an imaginary lady in front of him; "I fear I have trodden on your heel. Yes, very seasonable weather, isn't it? I hope you were not inconvenienced by the air-raid last night?"

While he prattled on thus I went out at the gate and along the path to him.

"Dobby," I said, "as you are an old friend I have made arrangements for you to come in at once in front of all these people."

"I couldn't hear of it," said Dobson stoutly. "It wouldn't be cricket. No, I'll take my turn."

It was twenty minutes before I welcomed him at the door.

"I shan't keep him long," he called over his shoulder as he entered the house.

He was perfectly normal on all other subjects, but I could not persuade him to stay more than a quarter of an hour.

"I must make room for the next man," he said. "It would never do for me of all people—— You know I'm writing a book on Queue Etiquette. I shall call it *Tips for Queues*, I think. Good-bye."

That was a week ago. Yesterday I saw him standing patiently on the pavement of the main road. It is impossible to say for certain what was his objective. The Geological and Archæological Museum was only a short distance away, but surely even Dobson would never——

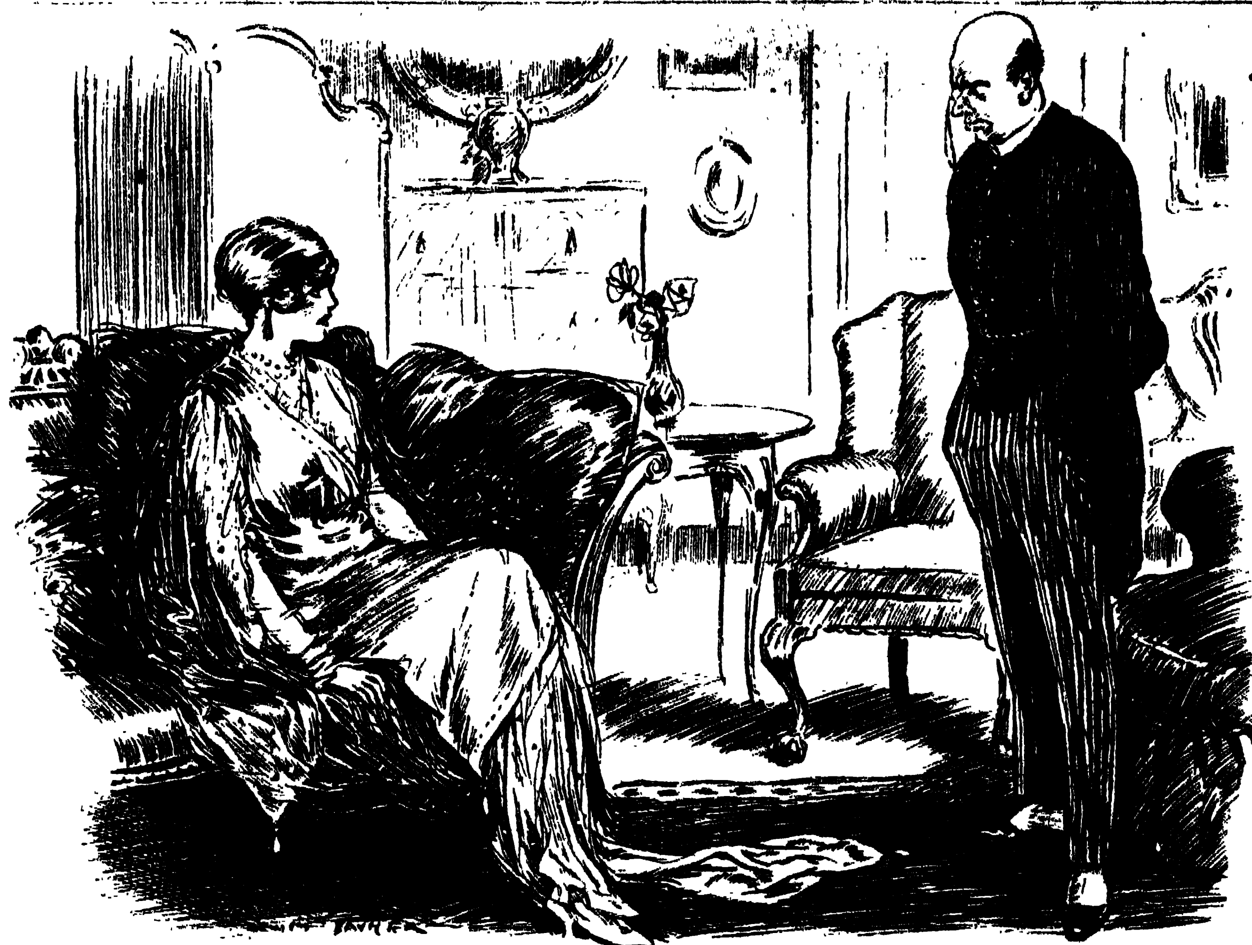
Well, well, it's a sad little story.

Her Saving Grace.

Little girl, inadvertently supporting Lord RHONDDA: "Scantify, O Lord, this food to our use . . ."

"Wanted, Man, Military Unfit, to drive horse and help hide warehouse."
Canadian Paper.

Would suit one of our camouflage artists.



He. "What's this? Another new dinner dress! And when we are told to economise!"
She. "How silly you are, George! This isn't a dinner dress. This is a 'best robe for weary war-workers.'"

H. W. B.

I owe a grudge to "Enid," the doddering old man who writes the Food Economy Notes in my evening paper. I had just read how to use up the odd fragments of pheasant which bother economical people so much in these trying times, and then I came to a paragraph headed, "A Useful Winter Hint." It said that the proper way to treat a hot-water bottle was not just to throw it into the bed, but to make a kind of tent above it of the clothes. Then the air gets warm and the bed is equally warmed all through, instead of having a Sierra Leone patch with huge areas of Nova Zembla on each side of it. I could see that "Enid" was just filling up his column, but the idea struck me as a useful one.

Now I am an authority on hot-water bottles. I am responsible for the great idea of the Mottle or motor hot-water bottle which will run round the bed and warm it all equally. Years ago in these columns I placed this magnificent idea at the disposal of British manufacturers. Alas for their lack of enterprise!

I am, as I say, a confirmed hot-water bottler, and if anyone alleges in Elizabethan language that I am a "luxur" I reply that the bravest man I know always has three hot-water bottles in his bed when he comes home on leave, and would have six only he does not wish to be considered greedy. Why, the most cheering thing about the War to me is the fact that all the rubber hot-water bottles in Berlin have been commandeered. It shows the German higher authorities must be getting cold feet.

Naturally it was my first impulse to test this novel idea. I rang the bell immediately after dinner. "Jane," I said, "fill the largest hot-water bottle we have with boiling water and bring it to me."

"Yes, Sir," said Jane, without turning a hair.

When the bottle was brought I took it up to my bedroom and with the aid of a fishing-rod joint made a kind of marquee of the bed-clothes. Then, confident that the bed would be warmed equally all through, I went downstairs *and forgot all about it.*

At about half-past eleven I heard a shriek upstairs and a cry of "George, burglars!" from my wife. I put on my special's helmet to overawe the intruders, grabbed my truncheon to lay them out and rushed upstairs.

"In our bedroom," gasped my wife, "and I've sprained my ankle on the stairs."

I burst in, and there in the dim light I saw a strange white figure on the bed.

"Hit the burglar first and argue with him afterwards" has been my motto ever since I joined the specials.

Crash came my truncheon. The fishing-rod broke into smithereens and one fragment perforated the hot-water bottle.

Then I had to explain matters to my wife, who, disregarding my reference to "Enid," said that it was the kind of mad thing that only a man would do.

It is "Enid" who, to use the classic sentence of *Serjeant Buzfuz*, has been the ruthless destroyer of my domestic oasis. I am malignant enough to wish him on the coldest night of the year that worst of human evils a leaky hot-water bottle.



THE CONFIDENCE TRICK.

GERMAN PEACE DELEGATE (*to Russian "Idealist"*). "NOW, JUST TO PROVE YOUR BELIEF IN MY HONESTY, SUPPOSE YOU LET ME HOLD THE KEYS OF YOUR STORE-CUPBOARD. NO ANNEXATIONS, OF COURSE!"



Officer (to sentry, who claims to have killed a German who was attempting to swim the canal). "BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU KILLED HIM?"
Sentry. "WELL, SIR, AS SOON AS 'E SEES ME 'E DIVES. I THROWS A BOMB AT 'IM, AND THEN I SEES OIL COME TO THE SURFACE."

READING BETWEEN THE LINES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write in some haste in order to provide your readers with a helpful little note about the Brest-Litovsk Peace Negotiations. There are many points about this diplomatic debate that the Entente Allies find it difficult to understand. And one is this. The German delegates propose that the future government of the occupied provinces of Russia should be determined—while German troops are still in possession—by "a plébiscite on broad lines" (*auf breite Linien*). It is clear enough, of course, that the breadth of the lines will be assured by the presence of enemy troops and the absence of half the natives; still the phrase has puzzled many readers. May we not cull a few parallels from recent history?

Any close student of the German Press must have observed, for instance, that it was on broad lines (*bei weite Reihen*, in the vernacular) that the enemy lamented the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It was also on broad lines (*zu freie Zeilen*, in the original) that he kept the treaty regarding Belgian neutrality. One may go further and say that it was on the very broadest lines (*zu grösste Striche*, in his own language) that he won the Battle of Jutland.

Putting these instances together you will conclude that these interesting expressions (which are in hourly use in the streets of Berlin) may be freely rendered by the British phrase, "*I don't think.*" I am, yours helpfully,

STATISTICIAN.

The New Language.

"A new order fiatted last night gives the power to the Minister of Munitions to direct that lights of any specified class or description shall be extinguished or their use restricted."
Daily Paper.

"Fiatted" is the very word to describe the issue of these fiats.

"German commercial travellers are offering subscriptions to German papers, and Germany promises shortly to open direct postal and telegraphic communication with Germany."
Daily Telegraph.

Germany apparently intends to remain on speaking terms with Germany, even if nobody else does.

"The Imperial Government has purchased in Australia 26,000 tons of next season's rabbits, approximately 19,000,000 carcases, at the prices previously paid.

"The Imperial Government has purchased in Australia 20,000 tons of next season's rabbits, approximately 19,000,000 carcases, at the prices previously paid."—*Daily Paper.*

The bunnies in the second consignment will probably be of inferior quality.

THE UKRAINE.

MY knowledge of it, in the main,
Was drawn from BYRON'S thrilling
strain,
And pictures of that hapless swain
Mazeppa, much against the grain,
Without control of bit or rein,
Cavorting madly o'er the plain.
But lately I've contrived to gain
Some information less inane
About the district and the vain
Efforts of anarchs to constrain
The dwellers in the broad Ukraine.

They've not thrown up a TAMERLANE,
Nor yet a writer like MARK TWAIN;
But then they do not read HALL CAINE;
They're simple folk, and much more
sane,
With fewer maggots in their brain
Than those in Petrograd who reign:
They're not pro-Germans, like Sinn
Fein—
So for the moment I am fain
Not to despair of the Ukraine.

"Bermondsey now provides shelter for 97,000 people during air raids. In 18 positions in the borough are electric signals showing a red light for a warning and a green one for 'All clear.' These will be switched on simultaneously from the town hall."
Daily Paper.

Then how is Bermondsey to tell which switch is which?

ANOTHER FAIRY.

THE pages of *Punch* give, every now and then, delightful proof that fairies are to be seen by those who have the eyes and perhaps a sufficient longing; but I have not hitherto been too much blessed with the true vision. Fairies in my drab life have been as rare as they are apparently normal and numerous in the daily round of "R. F." (to whom my combined envy and homage); but I too seem at last to have entered Arcady. In other words I too have seen a fairy. But with a difference.

When "R. F." sees a fairy, whether it is shopping, or playing at the bottom of the garden, or frolicking on a fountain's jet, or bestriding a moonbeam, it looks like a fairy—that is, a tiny iridescent crystal drop of sublimated humanity. But my fairy looked so unlike anything that is associated with the word that I am beginning really to think of myself as being something rather special in discernment to have recognised him at all. "R. F.," at any rate, has to do no detective work: her visitants are unmistakably of another world; whereas mine resembled nothing so much as a taxi-driver—and who, especially of late, would look for a fairy on the box of a taxi-cab?

He was short and thick-set, with a reddish face, a moustache and rather a shaggy head. Other men have looked like that, but an invincible cheeriness and alacrity marked this one out as a being apart. A very small quantity of either of these commodities has, alas! recently been sufficient to distinguish noticeably any member of his calling; but he had enough to make him unusual in other walks of life too, even —shall I say?—as an assistant in that establishment where "Callisthenes" enjoys such remarkable luck. He had indeed so much that I can account for him only by the supernatural theory.

For this is what he did. He drove carefully, he never resented any encroachment made by another vehicle on his line or liberty—and you know that dark malevolent glance which drivers can give each other, capable of a thousand *nuances* of offence or contempt; and sometimes they don't even give a glance at all, but merely the slightest inclination of the censorious face towards the guilty, or the faintest turning of the head? Well, he never did that.

Nor did he extract nerve-shattering explosions from his hooter. Nor did his back look forbidding, or at any rate antipathetic, as so many taxi-drivers' backs can do—and perhaps like to do. And he offered to help with the luggage (did you observe that I said "offered"?); and he made no gestures either of despair or impatience when he was stopped capriciously at one or two shops not in the original programme; and—well, to sum it all up, he so generally diffused radiance that when we parted at Victoria I felt that I had lost more than a friend, an influence for happiness.

The result was that all unknown to him I took out my pocket-book as he drove away and made a note of his number, in order that honour might be given where honour is due; and this is it: H 5772. So that if you see that number you are assured of a pleasant experience—unless, of course, as I cannot help feeling, he really was a fairy who for my benefit, and as a reward from the Little People for I know not what merit of my own, had taken human shape for that occasion only and for me only.

That may be the case. But the off-chance should always be respected, and therefore don't lose the number: H 5772.



Bus Conductor. "WHERE TO, MADAM?"
Passenger (who has recently given up her car). "THE STORES—QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. THEN MADAME FIFINETTE; AND I MUST BE AT THE CLUB 4.30 SHARP."

"XMAS DINNER AT THE FRONT.

I stood beside a gramophone with a large horn blowing its lungs out, and six feet away from it the loudest bray it could produce was lost, and the machine might have been dead dumb. The men had soup."—*Daily News.*

Proximity to the Bosch has, we fear, had a deteriorating effect upon our table-manners.

A DESERVING CASE.

"Could you spare a trifle?" said the meek-looking individual with a money-box slung bandolier-fashion across his shoulder. "I assure you that you would never regret it, and every little helps, you know."

"You are taking a good bit on yourself by giving that assurance," I replied, noting that the person who had spoken was soliciting contributions for what he was pleased to call the General Upkeep of Public Personalities. I read all that on the card he was wearing. "This, I take it," I said, "has nothing to do with the War?"

"No," he said sadly, "nothing to do with the War."

"I thought as much," I said, "and I am surprised and not a little pained. There are far too many of these so-called societies. Can't the Public Personalities look after themselves? Most of them have fat salaries."

"Please don't be angry," protested the other. "If you would only listen a moment. There is the poor lady at the telephone. She is in for a bout of double or possibly treble pneumonia, and——"

"Don't you believe it," I said. "Those Exchange ladies can look after themselves, and it is their own fault if they insist on wearing peekaboo blouses in cold weather."

The owner of the collecting-box sighed wearily.

"You are raising your voice," he murmured. "Whisper, and I shall hear."

"I suppose I can raise my voice if it pleases me so to do?" I put in severely. "Everything is being raised, and there is no reason why voices should be left out."

I moved away.

"But do at least just hear how the matter stands," cried the melancholy-looking supplicant. "This is something which brooks no delay. Already the battalions of winter are upon us. Coal is going up. You will never regret a kind action."

"I am not so sure," I said. "You are not selling flags. And as for these possibly well-meaning civilians, on whose behalf you are seeking the largesse of a pillaged public, surely it is unnecessary. Statesmen and music-hall artistes can buy their own bromide and fur coats. I do not believe for a second that Mr. Lloyd George would countenance this further call on the generosity of the hard-working multitude."

My new acquaintance took me confidentially by the sleeve. He seemed very earnest, and as I listened to his words I was bound to realise there was something in the cause he advanced. Tears were shining in his eyes as he explained his motive.

"I appeal for those who are in no sort of position to assist themselves," he said gently. "This is not a matter which can be permitted to slide owing to the Kaiser and Hindenburg. I am pleading for the poor ill-clad folk on the hoardings. Unless something is done they will be passing the bitter inclement months just as they are. It fairly makes me shiver even to think of it. I am collecting for the poster people. We all know them. We travel with them day and night—poor little babies out in the open, without so much as a stitch, and the others, serious-minded adults who are absolutely blameless, for they never sought this painful publicity."

I was rather impressed and began to disentangle a shilling from a riotous crowd of coppers in my pocket.

"It's like this," my informant went on: "a few friends met together and decided that it was a shame to let these unfortunate people suffer any more. It may be all very well in summer-time, but you know what the British climate is. Take for instance the pitiable case of that poor baby fumbling for a fragment of soap. Its bathroom is open to all the winds that blow. Think of the poor girl who is kept standing at a bathroom door waiting—waiting like *Mariana*; but *Mariana* was clothed, and in her case it was not merely soap she expected. There used to be a gentleman on the Underground—and you know how draughty it may be when the conductor is too busy to close the doors!—a miserable individual who was fated to have his ablutions made a public peepshow, a thing indefensible in itself.

"I could cite many instances of this shocking neglect of the most ordinary precautions. A very celebrated revue actress may be seen any day standing at a corner exposed to all kinds of weather. She is wearing only a thin mantilla. This may be pardonable in the tropics; here it is disgraceful. And perhaps the saddest case on our list is that of the lady who is expecting a telephone message. Is she to remain crouching by that cheap white rocker, clad merely in a more than hastily donned pink dressing gown, right through the bleak and bitter winter, on through the chilly and treacherous spring? Is nothing to be done for her? She has apparently sprung from her couch to answer the 'phone; but you know how congested the wires get these days. A nice girl undoubtedly; and there is faith and hope in the Exchange in her shining eyes, but she little knows what it means. Beauty in distress must always appeal to us."

"All this is very grievous," I said, discarding the shilling idea and drawing out a red Treasury Note. "I certainly had misjudged your mission."

"Thank you, Sir," said the other.

"But the river and seaside folk," I asked—"you will attend to them as well, I hope—take them blankets and hot bottles? I remember now I saw last winter, when snow was falling, a pretty girl in a punt and a low-necked costume, and in the icy days of last March I recall noting a party of laughing young women about to bathe at a marine resort."

"They shall all have our best attention," said my friend, "even if we have to recall the expert billstickers from the Front. Good day, Sir, and thank you kindly."



Oldest Inhabitant (viewing aeroplanes). "Losh me, if I see as mony wonders in the next fifty years as I've seen in the last hundred I dinna ken what the world will be like."

More Profiteering.

"Handsome large orange and white St. Bernard dog, perfect companion, prize winner; £7, worth 20/-."—*The Bazaar.*

"The King has awarded the Albert Medal in gold to Private (acting Lance Corporal) James Collins, of the 14th Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We congratulate our contemporary on its discovery of this new and appropriate rank.

THE JIB CRANE.

(An incident of last Summer.)

AT an hour that seemed immediately after sunrise there was a kind of volcanic upheaval in the cot alongside my bed and a high voice piped out vigorously:

"Hallo, Daddy, is this to-day?"

"No," I muttered drowsily, "it 's last night. Go to sleep, you young beggar."

But the young beggar climbed relentlessly on to my bed, sat upon my chest Napoleonically and continued:

"What day is this, Daddy? Is this Saturday? Are you goin' to the office?"

It *was* Saturday. I was not going to the office. I was contemplating a restful day at home. He knew all that, and without giving me time to equivocate he demanded, "Well, will you make me a crane?"

"A crane?" said I. "How do you mean—a crane?"

Only too well I knew how he meant. I recalled a day at the seaside when my young hopeful saw a boy with a toy crane lifting buckets of sand on to a gangway which the fishermen had a fancy to use for getting at their boats and where none but he desired sand. The boy was such an obvious nuisance to the men that the sight of him inspired my son to an instant demand for such a toy as that crane. In a large paternal way I had replied to his eager request:

"You wait until we get home, old chap, and I'll make you a crane, a better crane than that."

I meant it at the time—I did really. I saw, at that moment, exactly how I should construct the crane with cotton-reels for pulleys, you know, and an effective but simply-designed winch made out of—oh, any old thing. I had felt that I could not continually refuse the child everything he wanted, having already rejected his plea for a live donkey and a motor-car to take home with us.

So now, in bed, when I feebly parried with "How do you mean?" my son promptly explained how he meant.

"Like you said at the seaside, Daddy, an' a boy was liftin' luggids when the boatmen tried to walk on that little wooden road an'——"

As if a man wanted to be reminded of what he had said at the seaside!

There was no escape, however. We rose and dressed. I found that the construction of that crane was not to be a leisurely artistic job. I was expected to make it now, before breakfast. No, the boy did not want to eat his porridge—all he wanted was that Daddy should make his crane. Similarly he did not want Daddy to waste any precious time on eating. He was good-humoured but terribly firm about that until Daddy became terribly firm without being at all good-humoured. Then the child wept grievously, whereupon threats were uttered that, unless he instantly became a good boy, I would certainly not make him a crane. He became good, became almost angelic, with disconcerting promptitude, thus automatically putting me on my honour to construct that piece of machinery as soon as breakfast was over.

Really the boy's "goodness" gave me a rather uncomfortable feeling; for now that the job was actually confronting me I was seized with a horrible doubt whether I could make a crane after all. In my youth I used to mess about with a hammer and a few nails and knock together a rabbit-hutch or something of that kind, but I was never a real handy man, and here I was going to expose my incapacity to my confidently expectant son.

After breakfast I filled my pipe and leaned back in my chair beside the table, which drew from my employer the protest:

"Don't smoke your pipe, Daddy: make me a crane."

I rose with a sigh and we adjourned to the garden, where, behind the tool-shed, I knew there was a pile of wood, some of which might reasonably be expected to prove useful as raw material for my—or, rather, the boy's—purpose. I picked out a narrow board, and, sitting



THE SEAMY SIDE OF CAMOUFLAGE.

Mrs. Jenkins (whose son has been wounded by a sniper). "I CALLS IT TREACHERY, MRS. 'ARRIS, SETTIN' ON A TREE AND PRETENDIN' YOU 'RE A LEAF."

on the garden-seat, I gazed at it, trying to see in it the embryo of a crane. But I couldn't.

The boy watched me with the critical coldness of a police magistrate; his gaze pierced to my guilty soul.

"Don't sit on the seat, Daddy," he urged; "make my crane."

"Be quiet," I snapped, "or else I won't."

He gazed at me for about ten seconds and inquired:

"Are you thinkin', Daddy?"

"Trying to," I grunted.

"Don't think, Daddy," he mildly suggested; "make my crane."

I drew out a bit of paper and a pencil and began to sketch something that an imaginative and sympathetic person might mistake for a crane. The youth regarded my doings with obvious suspicion.

"What are you writin', Daddy?" he inquired. "Don't write; dyust make me a crane."

"I'm drawing a crane. Can't you see?" I asked irritably.

"But I don't want a crane *drawed*," he responded, "I want a real crane to lift luggids, like you said at the seaside, an'——"

"Look here, young man," I sternly declared, "you just go and play seaside on the sand-heap. How can I make a crane with you dancing all over me?"

With feverish haste I rummaged in the wood-pile and found a six-foot lath, an inch wide, half-an-inch or so thick. Out of the tool-house I disinterred a two-foot rule and a very rusty saw. I sawed the lath into two pieces, with the unavoidable help of the boy, who came and stood just where the end of the saw could catch him, trod on my toes at moments of crisis, and put out a helping hand with an unexpected and sudden dart which nearly cost him a finger.

When he realised that I was fairly embarked upon the job a subtle change came over his manner. He ran about the garden, picking up silly oddments of stick and thrusting them upon me with such remarks as, "Will this do for your crane, Daddy?" or "Here's a splendid stick for your crane, Daddy."

The position had altered. Daddy was spending the day at home just to make himself a toy crane, and his devoted little son was humouring the old man in this eccentric pastime. Not until, after four hours of strenuous labour, an actual crane emerged, capable, in skilled hands, of lifting three or four pounds weight, did he relax his attitude of patronising consultativeness. It was really a jib crane, much to the astonishment of the manufacturer, and, if it showed rather too strong a tendency to jib when least expected, still, it would lift "luggids."

For quite half-an-hour, with the maker in close attendance for emergencies, that marvellous bit of mechanism was the pride of a gratified youngster's heart.

That was several days ago.

Now it stands forlornly perched upon two boxes near the back-door. Milkmen, bakers and errand lads who call upon us are amazed at its ingenuity. They stand and gaze at it, in their employers' time, with admiring awe. It is still intact, and its owner would weep outrageously if anything happened to it.

But nothing ever does happen to it. In splendid isolation it thrusts its three-foot jib in air. Its hook—the making of which, from a stiff bit of wire, gave me a blistered thumb—hangs seductively over its pulley, but never catches anything, not even a glance of the boy's blue eye.

On the sand-heap at the other end of the garden the boy sits banging an empty biscuit tin with a penny wooden spade. He is quite happy in the music thus evoked. The idea that he could be the relentless taskmaster who dragged me from my bed and made me spend a rare day of leisure in the hard toil of inventing and making the jib crane is inconceivable.

A Reformed Russian Calendar.

It is rumoured that the Bolsheviks are drawing up a new calendar. Up to the present the following scheme has met with most approval. The unit of time is to be one millennium. This will be divided into a thousand parts, each to be known as a year. Each year is to be divided into ten months, all of equal length, while these in turn will consist of ten weeks of ten days apiece. The day will be composed of ten hours. Each hour will contain one hundred minutes of one hundred seconds. It is further announced that the only opposition so far has come from a group of reactionary astronomers, but that the military forces of the "Government" have the matter well in hand.

"Laughter of Calves Restricted."
Kidderminster Times.

No more *ris de veau.*

"Mind you, gentle reader, I admit the bureaucratic menace. It hits one in the eye, one catches one's foot in it."—*Mr. Robert Blatchford in "The Sunday Herald."*

It looks as if Mr. Blatchford had encountered a particularly offensive specimen of the Red Tape Worm.

TO "BARTIMEUS."

(From a grateful Landsman.)

Although the movements of the sea
Have always been a grief to me
And still at times disastrously
  Affect my *corpus vile*,
Sailors of high and low degree
  I long have honoured highly.

But now we honour them far more
Than ever in the days of yore
For all they 're doing in the War
  To guard and shield and free us;
And this is where the man on shore
  Can learn from "Bartimeus."

For lately, when I couldn't stick
A "fearless" book which made me sick
And positively long to kick
  The author to the ceiling,
By luck I chanced on your *Long Trick*
  And found immediate healing.

Relentless realists protest
You only have one type—the best,
Drawn from the Islands of the Blest—
  Of comrades, sons and mothers;
They 'd rather see you foul your nest
  Than praise the "band of brothers."

No matter; leave their ink to flow;
It cannot work you weal or woe;
The verdict of the men who know
  The truth in its essentials
Should make the armchair critic slow
  To challenge your credentials.

The naval officer you paint
Is not at all a plaster saint;
He doesn't always brook restraint;
  He isn't prim or stolid;
But still he 's void of any taint
  That 's mean or low or squalid.

And then you write of wondrous things
That pluck our hearts' most secret strings—
The tender grace that childhood flings
  On scenes of stern endeavour;
The news that joy and comfort brings
  Or chills the heart for ever.

So when young writers, void of ruth,
Portray the flower of England's youth
As ill-conditioned and uncouth—
  In short as Huns might see us—
I turn for solace and for truth
  To you, good "Bartimeus."

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"'Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.'
Eat —— Marmalade."

Beneath a portrait:—

"Lady —— has cared for 2,000 officers."
Sunday Paper.

A truly large-hearted woman.



John (caught red-handed and making the best of it). "WELL, IF I WAS THE MOTHER AND YOU WAS THE LITTLE BOY, AND I FOUND YOU STEALING POTTED MEAT, AND I KNEW HOW FOND YOU WERE OF IT, I WOULDN'T SAY A *WORD* TO YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD has already to his credit one finely-told chronicle of the War. If *The Old Front Line* (HEINEMANN) hardly gives scope for the picturesque writing that delighted us in his *Gallipoli*, it is none the less a profoundly moving record of scenes and places which not for generations to come will our people think upon unthrilled. The writer's aim in this small book has been a careful description of the old British line, as it existed at the beginning of the Battle of the Somme, with the prospect that in the future it may be needed for aid in identification. "Even this war will some day end, and the ruins will be rebuilt, and the fields full of death will grow food, and all this frontier of trouble will be forgotten. One summer with its flowers will cover most of the ruin man can make, and then these places from which the driving back of the enemy began will be hard to trace." Here is a book from which emotion has been almost as of purpose excluded, but in the passage above you may see what Mr. MASEFIELD the poet makes of such a theme. I should mention that his nine chapters are illustrated with some war-photographs, more dramatic, I think, than anything of their kind I have yet seen. Also there is a map, one of those queerly polyglot charts wherein a path may run from "Flat-iron Copse" to "Bazentin-le-Grand." The writer mentions his hope of following up this description of the old line by an account of our share in the battle. It is a hope that will be widely shared.

I am a little puzzled by *A German Deserter's War Experience* (GRANT RICHARDS). It purports to be written by a young man who in civil life was a miner, but was doing his second year of military service as a sapper in garrison at Coblenz when the War broke out. He was with the forces that invaded Belgium and afterwards poured into France, and for fourteen months he took part in every kind of fighting. At the end of this time he had had enough of it, and, having secured a furlough, he went away and never came back, but escaped into Holland and eventually got clear away to America, where, as I gather, this book appeared in serial form. I see no reason to doubt the genuine character of the document, though it is possible that here and there the writer was helped. Since ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S *Conscrit* there has been no more powerful indictment of War and its makers than is to be found in this volume. The anonymous author of the Preface apologises for the deserter's lack of literary art. No apology was required, for some of the descriptions (as of the Belgian horrors and of hand-to-hand fighting) are extraordinarily vivid and direct pieces of writing. The German defeat in the battle of the Marne and the utter chaos that ensued are also brilliantly described. No words of hatred and contempt are strong enough for the author to apply to the German officers with whom he is brought into contact, from the CROWN PRINCE down to his own company commander; he puts them all down as brutes and cowards. Incidentally I observe that, in war-time, discipline in the German army is slacker than I had supposed, for according to our author, a good deal of "back-talk"

takes place between officers and privates. Others have described the squalor and loathsome brutality of war, but few have done it with so fierce a pen as this German deserter.

When *Rose Whitelands*, impoverished but rich with every maidenly charm, journeying to an unpromising situation as nursery governess, found herself in the same railway compartment with *Vera Vayne*, film-star and war-widow, who had been married and left at the church door, and was now going to her own even more unpromising position as the daughter-in-law of a family she had never seen and didn't in the least care about, what do you suppose they did? Miss BERTA RUCK tells us that they agreed to swop identities, or rather that *Vera* suggested the plan and *Rose* was bluffed by a variety of circumstances into carrying it out. Presumably, as Miss RUCK fixed the affair, she has got to be believed; though I admit that the change did impose something of a strain on my credulity, despite the ingenuity with which she has handled the circumstances. Anyhow, *Rose* is welcomed with open arms by the delightful parents of her supposed husband, and goes with them to Paris "to meet a relative," and incidentally to be decked out in all the loveliest clothes that the imagination of woman could compass. One observes here that when Miss RUCK called this story *In Another Girl's Shoes* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) she was considerably understating the position. Naturally you will already have guessed that the mysterious "relative" is no other than the missing bridegroom, whose arrival creates a situation of farcical comedy only less improbable than the behaviour of his bride. Nonsense, of course, but for anyone who wants a cheerful fairy tale all about pretty clothes and nice meals I fancy *Another Girl's Shoes* will be found very comfortable wear.



A WAR ECHO FROM THE PAST.

"SISTERS, THE CHARM DOTH NOT SEEM TO WORK. METHOUGHT SOMETHING WOULD GO WRONG WHEN WE USED THAT VIPER'S POISON SUBSTITUTE."

These are days when a new humourist—so he be genuinely amusing—should find his welcome assured. That is one reason why I expect you to thank me for an introduction to Mr. H. B. CRESWELL, whose book, *Thomas* (NISBET), has brought me one laugh, several chuckles, and a pleasant sufficiency of smiles. These last are indeed Mr. CRESWELL's staple commodity; he is no farcical jester to attack your sides with impossible buffooneries. Granted *Thomas* and his circle of friends, the adventures that befall him during his visits to them are all within practicable limits. *Thomas* was, in ascending degrees, a civil servant, a motorist, and a visitor. Before and above all else he was the born visitor. It follows that this book, which is the record of a holiday spent by *Thomas*, partly in his car, partly in the spare bedrooms of a varied acquaintance, contains so much garnered wisdom on the topic that it might well be called the *vade-mecum* of the dropper-in. There is also a certain slight story and some flavouring of love-interest, but as this latter is quite obviously settled in the first chapter I was pleased, but hardly startled, when the returning *Thomas* (who had cast an approving eye on many charmers during his tour) discovered, like *Peer Gynt*, that destiny had been awaiting him all the time at the place from which he started. But this is by the way; it is the visits of *Thomas* that form the attraction of the book, and the various establishments that welcomed him, each with its distinctive atmosphere very happily suggested, from the ducal mansion (where a house-party of the smart stole his evening trousers) to that abode of dogs where his adventures moved me to the laugh acknowledged above. Certainly so cheery a guest deserves an immediate place on your own list of week-enders.

Those who know Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM through his Russian books realise that his resilient mysticism sees the good which he wishes to see, and will always appeal rather to an emotion than to a reason. In quite the queerest novel of the past year, or any other year, *Priest of the Ideal* (MACMILLAN), he pursues the same engaging method. He offers it to the reader as "a divining-rod for spiritual treasure in himself, a touchstone for the hidden gold of the ideal." Its obvious sincerity and a rather disarming ingenuousness redeem this offer from mere pretentiousness, and the reader will be helped or infuriated according to the complexion of his temperament. The story is a sort of mystical medley or revue, the record of a pilgrimage made by *Washington King*, representative of an American billion-dollar syndicate anxious to purchase such of our real old spiritual treasures, cathedrals, petting-stones, gargoyles and the like as had ceased to mean much to us here, and with them to build up a suitable religious background over there. With him goes *Hampden*, a licensed lay-preacher of the Church of England, and, I am afraid I must say it, a chartered prig, appraising these treasures and showing how much more they really mean to us than our apparent casualness would lead you to suppose. I take it that what is chiefly wrong with the book is the form—and its amazing lack of humour. The people in it might be quite tolerable to those of their spiritual kin. To me *Hampden* was merely a woolly-brained blameless ass, and this cannot have been the effect intended. But what I should like to testify to is Mr. GRAHAM's love of England, and that may well be allowed to cover a multitude of artistic sins.

I commend *The Thistle* to your notice not only because it is the Souvenir Book (No. 2) of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, but also because it is a bargain at the eighteen-pence charged for it. The illustrations are really wonderful, and the letterpress escapes that taint of the patch-quilt which experience teaches me to look for in such productions. I am not going to mention any names, for the simple reason that if I began I should not know when and where to stop. But I urge you to discover for yourselves what good work is here, and so help a really fine cause.

CHARIVARIA.

"AN excellent potato butter," says the Ministry of Food, "can be made for fivepence a pound." "Take two ounces of butter . . ." they say. Yes, but from whom?

⁂

The *Berliner Tageblatt* understands that Turkey will be invited to join Germany in a combined attack on a new front. Turkey, however, it appears, has intimated that previous engagements, from which she has not yet recovered, prevent her from accepting the kind offer.

⁂

A heifer which got loose at Tonbridge last week is stated to have entered several shops before being captured. The animal has been informed by Lord RHONNDA that it must not pick and choose in that way.

⁂

It was so cold last week that we were not surprised to learn that Smithfield Market was ordered to release one thousand frozen lambs for the hospitals.

⁂

The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND states that he has seen more porridge consumed in London than in the whole of Scotland. Many Scots have written to him to say that they did not know there was a competition, and what are the prizes, please?

⁂

"Think seriously before using a motor vehicle," urges the Petroleum Executive in a recently issued leaflet. The prevailing practice of hiring a couple of taxis at a time, so as to have a spare one in case of emergency, must cease.

⁂

W.A.A.C.'s are to be classified as "Mobile" and "Immobile." VERDI would never have assented to this distinction. "La donna è mobile" was his view.

⁂

A dog exhibited at a Chicago show is said to be worth one thousand dollars an ounce. The gentleman who sent a cheque for rather more than two ounces has been told that nothing less than the complete dog can be purchased.

⁂

The Evening News reminds us that the display of shooting stars which it had predicted duly came off. Admirable arrangements had been made by our contemporary, and there was no hitch or collision.

⁂

Eleven outbreaks of fire in London last year are estimated to have cost £343,000. It is not thought likely that there will be any great demand for them at this price.

⁂

Since the shortage of meat and bones, several dogs have formed the opinion that chemists might do good business with a mouth-wash to take away the taste of postman.

⁂

In Ireland three centenarians have died within a few days of each other, and there is some talk of a Government inquiry into the health conditions of the island.

⁂

There is a demand for the introduction of the metric system into this country. The weakness of our own system is exemplified by the recent police-court prosecutions showing that some shopkeepers were under the impression that fifteen ounces constituted a pound of butter.

⁂

Burglars who broke into a shop at Waltham Abbey prepared a meal of tinned beef, cakes, biscuits, fruit and strawberry and raspberry wine, leaving untouched the intoxicants in the shop. This is certainly another great victory for the teetotalers.

⁂

In Essex a bullock has been conveyed to a slaughter-house in a private motor-car. We understand that the beast denied the accusation of "joy riding."

⁂

MARY BRANNON, of Bradford, has just celebrated her one hundred-and-fourth birthday. It is said that the old lady distinctly remembers butter when it was a popular table commodity.

⁂

The sensational statement is made by a food expert that he thinks the pork sausage will die a natural death within a month. We shall certainly demand a post-mortem.

⁂

The Tower Bridge magistrate last week made an order to destroy ninety-two old cheeses. Upon hearing the sentence we understand that several of them broke down and had to be assisted from the court.

⁂

A report that the cheeses had been handed over to the fury of the Beefeaters at the Tower caused grave concern among humanitarians.

⁂

The reassuring news that a million acres of timber are to be planted within the next forty years under a new State scheme has encouraged Smith Minor to resume work on his rabbit-hutch.

⁂

Bewilderment was recently expressed in court as to the manner in which six thousand pounds had been got rid of by a man who neither smoked, drank nor gambled. An ingenious layman has since hazarded the opinion that the fellow must have been buying food with it.

⁂

A brood of chickens has been hatched out at Lewes with a hot-water bottle. This feat has confirmed the growing impression that in the matter of substitutes we have now very little to learn from the enemy.

⁂

A Derbyshire Food Committee has accepted the apology of a butcher for selling meat at more than schedule prices. Other butchers however wish it to be understood that this must not be regarded as a precedent.

⁂

At a certain Berlin suburb people who fail to do their share of compulsory snow-shovelling are to be pilloried in a black list. They also run the risk of being snowballed at the best clubs.



Shopper (coaxingly). "YOU WON'T FORGET AN OLD CUSTOMER, MR. BONES, IF YOU 'APPEN TO 'AVE A 'IDDEN 'AND OF PORK."

WINGED WORDS.

[It is reported that a million copies, printed in German, of President WILSON'S speech on the Allies' War aims are to be dropped over the enemy's lines.]

WILLIAM II. TO HIS TROOPS.

MY cannon-fodder! If your eager sight
Observes descending from the empyrean
A cloud of fluttering objects, snowy white,
Do not uplift the speculative pæan,
Singing, "Here come from Heaven above
A million samples of the pacifistic dove!"

Clap on your tin hats! These apparent birds
Are just the deadliest missiles of destruction—
A flock of pamphlets stiff with poisoned words
Basely designed for your untutored suction;
Go to your dug-outs; get away
From the infernal wiles of WILSON, U.S.A.

In language calculated to deceive
Innocent souls that never met a liar,
He says that you are ill-advised to cleave
To low ideals when he can show you higher—
You who, by My august decree,
Take all your best and brightest notions straight from Me.

And what are these ideals that I have taught?
A Fatherland secure from vile invaders;
Liberty to pursue a culture fraught
With peaceful triumph for our thrusting traders;
My eagle poised on every breeze
To symbolise the German freedom of the seas.

Add, too, My purely altruistic aims:—
Divine protection underneath My ægis
For smaller nations, covering all their claims,
Even the right to rank as WILLIAM'S lieges;
Each land to voice its local views
By some elective means which I Myself will choose.

And I'm the bar to peace, this WILSON cries,
Knowing that none for peace has laboured harder!
Thus would he tamper with Imperial ties
In hope to freeze your military ardour;
While you obey My sceptred will,
Your chance of terms, he says, is practically *nil*.

So you must not suppose this wingéd print
Comes from our German God for your reflection;
I'll always let you have an early hint
If anything arrives from that direction;
No heavenly counsel can be lent
Save with the Senior Partner's previous consent.

O. S.

THE SKIRLIN' O' THE PIPES.

(*A Play suited to a Repertory Theatre.*)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The kitchen of* McNab's *cottage in Inverdrochit; evening. Outside, the wind howls dismally.* McNab *sits glowering at the fire. A few minutes after the curtain rises he relights his pipe, which has gone out, then resumes his glowering. After a long pause there is a knock at the door.* McNab *evidently does not hear it. It is repeated. He glances at the door, but takes no further notice until the knocking becomes almost continuous.*

McNab (rising and placing his pipe carefully on the chimney-piece). Ay!

[*He goes slowly to the door, opens it cautiously and admits his friend* McTavish, *whose teeth are chattering audibly with the cold. The two shake hands without a word.* McTavish *removes his bonnet and they come to the fireplace.* McNab *sits in the same chair as before.* McTavish *finds another and draws it up. A pause. They both light their pipes and glower at the fire. A long pause.*

McNab (conversationally). Ay.

McTavish (not to be outdone in the matter of sociability). 'Mphm.

[*Another pause. In the distance outside, the sound of the bagpipes is heard. The performer is no musician. A pause.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE *as before. The same evening (evenings are long in Inverdrochit).* McNab *and* McTavish *have not changed their positions. A long pause.* McNab *rises and goes to a dresser, from which he brings a bottle of whisky and tumblers. He pours out two generous drams, handing one to* McTavish. *He then lifts the kettle from the fire and offers to fill* McTavish's *glass.* McTavish *shakes his head and* McNab *puts back the kettle. Solemnly waving their glasses to each other they drink,*

McTavish (smacking his lips). Ay.

McNab (rising, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and putting his glass on the chimney-piece). 'Mphm.

[*He sits down again and they continue to glower at the fire. Outside, the noise of the pipes draws nearer and nearer. They are being very execrably played. The distress of both* McNab *and* McTavish *is visible. A pause. The clock strikes. A long pause. A piece of coal falls out of the grate. Another pause.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the same (there are very few cottages in Inverdrochit).* McNab *and* McTavish *cling to their original positions. Their attitude is increasingly restive as the noise of the pipes becomes more intolerable. A long pause.* McTavish *moans as the piper comes to an appallingly discordant passage.* McNab *rises, puts his pipe on the chimney-piece and finishes his glass. He glances uneasily round.* McTavish *knocks the ashes noisily out of his pipe on the bars of the fireplace, then puts it in his pocket. The bagpipes are now very near the house.* McNab *goes to the drawer of the table, from which he produces a carving-knife. He tests it on his thumb and looks questioningly at* McTavish.

McTavish (in reply, gloomily). 'Mphm.

[*He glowers at the fire again.*

McNab, *with the knife in his hand, goes out resolutely, closing the door behind him. A pause, during which the pipes reach their climax in an unearthly wail—then silence.* McTavish's *tense glower relaxes. Another pause. The door opens and* McNab *re-enters. He may almost be said to be smiling. He looks at the knife in his hand with an affectionate interest and puts it back in the drawer.*

McTavish (interrogatively). Ay?

McNab (with gusto). 'Mphm.

McTavish (chuckling). Heh! heh! heh!

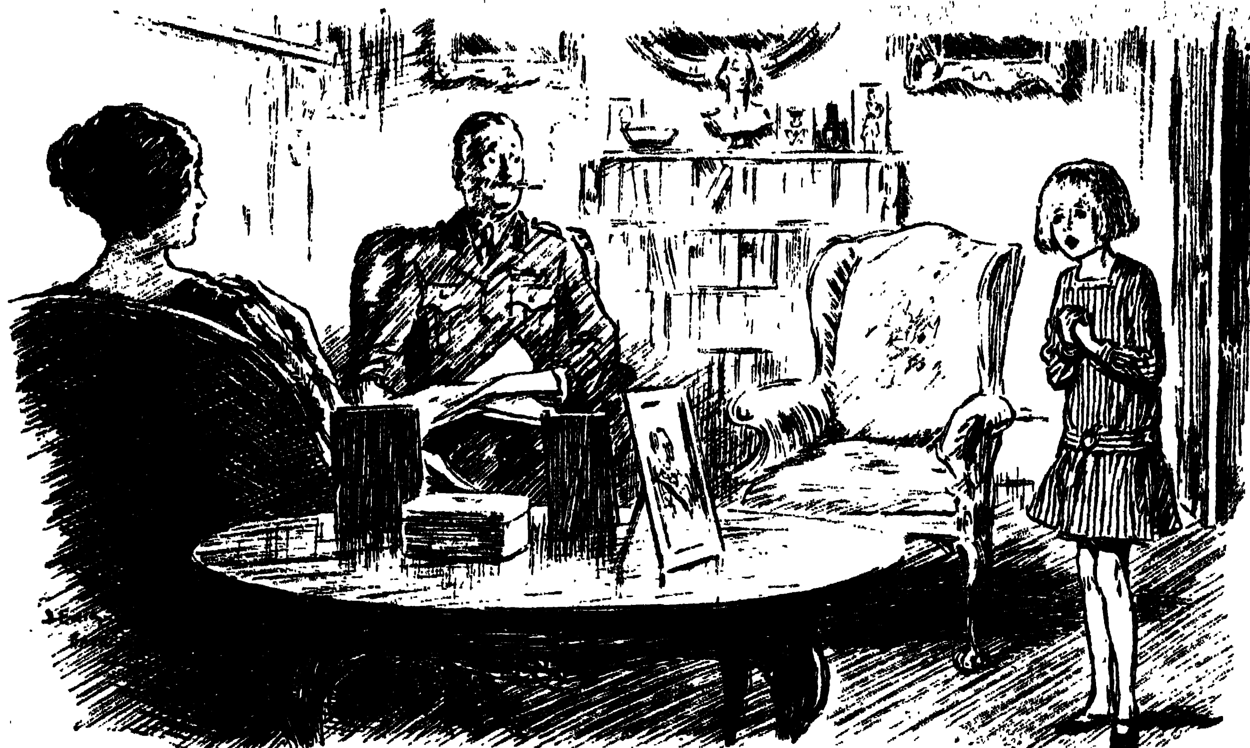
McNab *comes back to his chair. Both light their pipes again and resume their steady glower at the fire. The silence (broken only by the dismal howling of the wind) continues. A very long pause.*

CURTAIN.



AT "THE SUPERFLUITY."

The Whitehall Wonder. "OF COURSE A CHORUS LIKE THIS IS NO USE TO ME. IT OUGHT TO BE TEN TIMES THE SIZE."



Gladys (familiar with the phrase, "to stop a bullet"). "OH, MOTHER, I'M GETTING SO AWFULLY ANXIOUS ABOUT MY KITTEN. SHE HASN'T BEEN IN ALL DAY. I *DO* HOPE SHE HASN'T STOPPED A DOG."

THE BUNS OF EXILE.

["To me the Zoo is one of the saddest sights in the world."—JOHN GALSWORTHY.]

IT gave me a distinct shock when I read it. I have always enjoyed my Sunday afternoons at the Zoo, always taken at its face value the air of nourished ease that sits so well upon the more popular of its denizens. My own favourites had never received me with anything but friendly if expectant smiles. How was I to know that tragedies of pent-up longing, unfulfilled desire, corroding nostalgia lay beneath the mask of friendship, indifference or contempt? I mention indifference and contempt because it would be idle to pretend that I am accorded the same warmth of greeting in all quarters of the gardens. The wart-hog, for example, plainly regards me as a mere cipher. He does not like buns, and an earnest attempt to propitiate him with a pail of nice ripe swill merely led to a misunderstanding with the officials of the Underground Railway.

The Egyptian cat, again, has never been ordinarily pleasant with me. Indeed this irascible personality, I am informed, has only once been known to smile, and that was when a bibulous bus-driver called him "pretty pussy" and tried to tickle his neck. The keeper declares it was what the bus-driver said that made the cat smile. For myself, after my initial failure to arouse his interest with a clockwork mouse on a string, I have simply passed by on the other side where the mongooses live.

But these surly or indifferent ones had always seemed to me the exception. In the main I had always found my friends, furred, feathered or scaled, to be possessed of a generous share of cheery philosophy, sparkling wit and even of undisguised but never ill-bred levity. Were their lives, then, mere travesties of existence, tragedies of prison yard and cell, an endless beating against bars of tortured spirits crying to be free? I should never have supposed it, and yet Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY assures me it is so, and on such subjects as prison bars, wife-beating navvies, unjust judges, defaulting solicitors' clerks and other symbols of oppression he has always been to my simple mind an authority from which appeal seemed superfluous. How could he be mistaken about it? And yet——

I took the first train to Regent's Park. On the way I thought out a plan of campaign. My friends—biped, quadruped and multiped—should hide nothing from me in the goodness of their hearts. Their painful secret, if it existed, I would compel them to share with me at all costs.

I decided to begin on James, the dromedary. Our friendship has been more or less one-sided, and, while his dry humour appeals to me, it has always seemed to me to savour unnecessarily of the mordant.

"Well, James," I began, "I suppose you have seen it?" James eats the paper every day, being interested, or so he says, in some relatives who are fighting in Mesopotamia. James is inclined to swank about the War, and likes to pretend that he is waiting to be called to the colours. The fact is he is well over military age and would never be categoried higher than B 3.

"Of course I saw it," replied James somewhat testily. "Rather a lot of bilge, between you and me," he added, carefully measuring the distance between the lapel of my coat and the top of the railing.

"Are you sad?" I asked, gently disentangling the brim of my hat from James's upper lip. (His length is as good as ever, but his direction isn't what it used to be.)

"Personally, I am never sad," he replied. "There is so much of interest within our grasp if we only keep our outlook unimpaired. But you must not expect me to speak for these wild animals. Of their crude emotions I know nothing."

James, who has eaten more keepers than anyone else in the menagerie, rather overdoes, in my poor opinion, this affectation of being tame. But his



American Officer (to Sammy, coming over on transport). "SAY, YOU 'RE WOUNDED ALREADY?"
Sammy. "THAT 'S SO. TEDDY ROOSEVELT SHOOK HANDS WITH ME ON THE QUAY."

remark gave me to think. After all, his race has been inured to the sway of man for countless generations, though the man does not live that can become inured to the sway of James and his kith. I must seek my information elsewhere. I bade James farewell.

"What, not one?" he demanded disgustedly. I explained that no buns were to be had, but finally compromised on an old tobacco pouch which I had intended to throw away. James expressed a grudging satisfaction.

I passed on to the abode of an old and tried friend, Grumpy, the venerable bison, whose shaggy exterior and repellent demeanour hide a heart of gold. Grumpy is never subject to moods. This is partly because his rations have not been curtailed by the War. Buns he never cared for, and the occasional lump of kitchen salt that I bestow on him suffices to keep us on terms of closest intimacy. On the other hand no one has ever suspected Grumpy of being flippant or Laodicean.

"Will you please give me your views, your real views, on captivity?" I asked him when the customary greetings had been exchanged. Grumpy snorted. There is only one person in the world who can snort like Grumpy, and that is an elderly Conservative M.P. whom I sometimes meet at the club. He snorts just like that when anyone mentions Disestablishment.

"As a matter of fact," replied Grumpy, "I was born in captivity, old as I am. But my father used to tell me of the old days before he was—er—civilized."

"Did he miss them much?" I asked. "I mean the 'far-rolling prairie' and all that?"

"He never said so," replied Grumpy. "He used to boast of all the fights he had won; but between you and me I think they—er—brought him into the fold just in time. He had been badly mauled the week before by a big young bull, and it 's almost certain the coyotes would have got him."

"But the 'thunder of a million hooves,' and so forth?" I murmured, faintly mindful of my MAYNE REID and FENIMORE COOPER. "Oh, that," said Grumpy shortly, "that 's all moonshine. Father said they only ran when Indians were after them or there was a fire. What he liked was to sit all day in the mud."

I derived much satisfaction from my brief chat with Grumpy. But after all his impressions were only second-hand. I determined to speak to Isabella, the hippopotamus. But Isabella was peevish because her bath was insufficiently warm. Besides, we are not particular friends. Giving Isabella a bun is like handing a ten-shilling note to a War Bond Tank. Nothing less than a myriad such contributions makes enough impression on her to earn a collective grunt of appreciation. For myself, I like my buns to produce what the patent medicines call "instant relief" in the face of the donee.

With Fiji Shimpo, the Japanese ape, I was scarcely more successful. "Fleas are fleas," said Fiji brusquely, "whether captured on the heights of Fuji-yama or in Regent's Park." "Banzai," he added, which I take to be the Japanese for "Got him!"

Lastly I took my questions to Tom, the piping crow. He of all the denizens of the Zoo is most truly my guide, philosopher and friend. He combines wit with discernment, wide faculties of observation with fluent powers of expression. I unearthed from my pocket a twist of paper containing four sultanas and a torpid cockroach. I had stood in a queue exactly three hours for the

sultanas. The cockroach I had come by more easily. Tom listened sympathetically while I unfolded my troubles. His replies were a masterpiece of considered logic.

"We animals," he observed, "have been rightly described by a French philosopher as 'happy little stomachs.' All our other emotions are transitory, but hunger is with us always. When not actually asleep we are either eating or looking for something to eat (thank you). Hunger is the mainspring of all our actions. In the next cage but one to this you will find a godwit, a very decent fellow, by the way, who used to travel every year from Greenland to Patagonia and back in search of food. He tells me that they went in flocks, and the chance of surviving the journey was less than that of a soldier going over the top in Flanders (thank you).

"You ask," he went on, "if we are happy in captivity. Once we realise that we are not to be hurt and that food is to be had for the asking, we are happy provided we are not sick. Mark you, I do not say that all captivity is pleasant. Even here there is room for improvement. Insufficient variety of diet (thank you), too close confinement, the subjection to improper temperature, the proximity of unpleasant neighbours—all these drawbacks occur more or less. But they are remediable. Confinement as such, if accompanied by plenty of food, opportunities for exercise, companionship and self-development, is not objectionable. After all," he added, "your respectable business man, who spends his life between his villa and his office, is as much a captive (thank you) as we are. His idea that he is free is an illusion. Man," concluded my friend—a little maliciously, it seemed to me—"is at least consistent. He shackles himself with habits and conventions and needs and encumbrances as much as he imprisons us with bars and wire-netting."

Tom paused expectantly. There was only the cockroach left.

"One more question," I said, "and I am done. How is it that you never strike that last note of 'Pop! goes the weasel' right?"

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"You humans," he said, "hanker after perfection. That is why you know so little about happiness (thank you). ALGOL.

"Cairo, Friday.

Reuter's correspondent at British headquarters in Palestine, writing on Thursday from Delendaest Gaza, says: . . ."

Australian Paper.

Not everybody has the good fortune to be educated at Vivat Etona.

MUFTI ONCE MORE.

(*Lines on a prospect of Three Weeks' Leave.*)

WHAT though the camphor's barrage lines
Have failed to stop the looting
And moths have marred thy chaste designs,
Oh *ante-bellum* suiting!
Oh stylish weeds wherein I wooed
Evangeline and Ermyntrude,
Oh pair of spats that once astounded Tooting!

What though, I say, this fancy vest
A fearsome sight discloses,
Where wingéd things have found a nest
And snatched their impious dozes,
And battened on the sacred woof,
And made it bed and board and roof,
Wearing, I doubt not, gas-masks on their noses?

Conscious, at least, that long ago
They took the town with splendour,
Shall I not put them on and blow
The war-time mufti-vendor?
Though I look somewhat like a sieve,
Shall not men, seeing me, forgive?
There are no shades to-day so sweet, so tender.

Shall they not also say, "This proves
How soon, how swiftly laughed he
At all our petty peace-time grooves,
And challenged Fritz the crafty;
These were the 1914 cut;
In those dim days he was a nut;
Just now, of course, they seem a trifle draughty"?

Yes, I am proud; my chest is filled
With triumph, and I smack it;
What do I care for punctures drilled
Straight through a service jacket?
These are my wounds—this well-loved tweed,
Laid on one side for England's need,
Less like a tweed now than a tennis racquet.

Then up, my ancient suits and ties!
In vain the tailors peddle;
In vain for me the sempstress plies
Her spinning-wheel and treadle;
The voice of British Honour speaks
In these my perforated breeks,
Each orifice becomes a blooming medal. EVOE.

The Scientific Touch.

"I couldn't help but feel that my sleeping-room would be haunted for evermore by the spectrum of poor grandfather."

London Magazine.

"BRITISH GUNNERS' FINE WORK IN ITALY.
Open Cities of Padua and Treviso Bombed with 'Particular Fury.'"—*Daily Mirror.*

It looks as if something was wrong with the registering.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR.

IT is all over! Never again shall I be able to practise that self-deception which used to make life worth living. The veil has been rudely torn from my eyes and at last I see myself as others see me.

He was such a nice-looking, open-faced boy, too—the one who dealt me the blow. I had noticed him in the crowd and hoped it would come to my lot to minister to him. Little did I know.

I had consented to go down twice a week and help at the canteen. I did it with my eyes open and not labouring under the misapprehension that it was an invitation to stand behind a counter looking like a beauty chorus and serving out glad eyes and badinage to the Tommies with an occasional slice of cake. I knew it meant some hours of hustle and bustle to keep things going, hours of heavy service in the production of boiling water, hours of washing up. I was well aware, in fact, that I was in demand, not for my looks, but for my efficiency.

All the same there really seemed no reason why I should not make myself look as nice as possible. Praise be to Allah, I have curly hair and the sort of complexion that makes certain of my friends wonder (audibly) whether it is only powder, or paint as well. Few people realise at a first glance that I am nearer forty than twenty.

I put on my nicest hat, the one that comes down a bit coquettishly on one side; I chose my prettiest blouse, of a blue that makes my blue eyes bluer; I said to myself in the glass, "Tom was right. You *would* pass for nineteen sometimes—by gaslight."

And then—this.

He was, as I said, a nice-looking boy, and when he gave me an unprovoked smile over the heads of his companions I hoped that perhaps I reminded him of his best girl. Quite young, too, he was—so young, in fact, that I have since come to the conclusion that he had not yet had time to lose that instinct which children seem to share with animals of knowing a great deal about you the very instant they meet you.

For, as soon as he got near enough to the counter to be heard, this is what he said:—

"A cup o' tea, please, mother!"

"General Allenby arrived in Cairo to-day, and was warmly received at the station by a distinguished gathering. A British infantry guard of honour was drawn up inside and MacCabean Boy Scouts were posted at the exit."—*Globe.*

The Cadet Corps, we presume, of the Jordan Highlanders.



THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

THE HUN APPLIES HIS WAR-TIME METHODS OF EFFICIENCY TO THE PURPOSES OF SPORT.



COMBING-OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Queen. "I DO WISH WE'D GOT EXEMPTION FOR OUR JESTER. THIS WOMAN BORES ME STIFF."

THE TOWER OF MEMORY.

WHEN we are slow in effort, weak in will,
  Querulous in the lesser strains of war
Or craven in the greater, when the hill
  Of Destiny seems higher than her star,
When from the clay that bears their impress still
  Depart the dreams that were, the ghosts that are—
When this befalls—if ever this might be—
England, seek thou the Tower of Memory.

When babbling fools, for Russian follies ripe,
  And chinless knaves, more full of words than wit,
Play on the hills of Hell their oaten pipe
  And sing of sweet pools in the sunless pit,
When the long sword is loosed in Honour's gripe
  By the cold fingers of the hypocrite,
And faint forebodings frustrate her decree,
England, climb thou the Tower of Memory.

Walk there awhile, before the day is-done,
  Beneath the banner and the battered casque
Where carven heraldry in bronze and stone,
  With lily and with cross and leopard's mask,
Spandrils the arch. Thou shalt not walk alone;
  There dead men live again and dead lips ask,
"What of the isles of England and her sea?"
Till whispers fill the Tower of Memory.

From brows burnt dark by Syrian sun and wind
  Flash the blue eyes that awed the Saracen;
Souls long since given to God in utmost Ind
  Walk once again in images of men;
Lords of the world and masters of the mind,
  Who sailed beyond the sea-mark of their ken,
And for their England dreamed all things save three—
Dishonour, ruin and darkened memory.

Stand in the Tower of Memory till the West
  Breaks round the dropping sun in splintered flame;
There is a chronicle deciphered best
  By crimson light—the inerasible shame
Of traitor foeman and, far bitterest,
  Of alien hearts clad in a kindly name;
Know who are bondsmen, know that thou art free
While thou canst hold the Tower of Memory.

Across the epic arras curves the trace
  Of fading vows in counterfeited gold;
There hangs the cast of every traitor face,
  With every cunning line and evil fold.
Look long, O England, for that very race
  Peers o'er thy foaming frontiers grey and cold;
Look long, for who shall blind or baffle thee
If thou but hold the Tower of Memory?

A Consistent Absentee.

"Through being absent from the December meeting of the —— Town Council Alderman —— missed his first attendance for thirty years."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

"R. Muns. Fus.—Temp. Capt. C. P. ——, from York R., to be temp. Capt. (Nov. 22, 1917, seny. Sept. 18, 1936)."—*Times.*

Is this the official tip for the end of the War?



A TACTLESS INTRUSION.

Kaiser (*addressing Regency Council of Poland*). "AS AGAINST THE CALUMNIES OF THE ENEMY I FEEL GRATEFUL THAT MY UNREMITTING EFFORTS TO BE THE CHAMPION AND PROTECTOR OF THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMANITY——"

Newsboy. "GREAT GERMAN NAVAL VICTORY! BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED!"



ON A SEA FORT.

Sergeant-Major. "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE *YOU* GROUSING ABOUT?"

Gunner. "*ME* GROUSIN', MAJOR? I WASN'T GROUSIN'; I WAS ONLY WONDERIN' ALOUD TO MESELF 'OW THE BLAZES ME SCRUBBIN' THIS BLINKIN' TABLE WAS GOIN' TO WIN THE BLINKIN' WAR."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXIX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have come to the disinterested and impersonal conclusion that I am IT. Other men may be General Officers Commanding; *I* am the Particular Officer commanding A. B. A. S. Jones.

That is the whole of him: "A. B. A. S. Jones." I have changed his name, of course, but the initials I wouldn't alter for worlds. Whatever he may think of them himself, they are the joy and pride of my life. Jones is a sailor, a real pukka nautical and naval sailor, and I, a soldier, command him.

I have always held myself out to command any old thing you like, from an infantryman to a third-class air mechanic, from a gunner to a driver, from a sapper to a nondescript civilian who was found to have got into uniform so quickly that he had omitted to take the oath of allegiance. Some come from overseas, and with one I have to hold converse in French, because he can't speak my native language and I can't speak his. But the climax of my assorted supremacy was achieved when, recently, my office door burst open and, preceded by a strong smell of ozone, in blew A. B. A. S. Jones.

We got to the essence of the thing at once, over the matter of the initials. At once I took exception to the excess of Christian names and absence of descriptive prefix. "Come, come, my lad," said I, "you cannot go about these days in that naked sort of way. You must be a private or a gunner, or a sapper or something. You seem to forget that there is a war on."

He was disguised, I should tell you, in khaki. Even so he would stick to it that he had given me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about himself. Cross-examined on the point and reminded that he was upon his oath, he declared that he was a naval rating. Our Mr. Booth, who has never yet been found wanting, thereupon remembered that he had urgent business with the Quartermaster-Sergeant and left the office hurriedly. George was silent for the first time in his life, and refused to venture an opinion in the presence of a superior officer. I was left to battle with the problem myself.

"And what," I asked, "is a naval rating, when you 've caught it?"

Jones referred to the initials again and said he was an able seaman, and the only little rift there has ever been in our mutual lute goes back to that. He will have it that he has got the letters in their proper order, prefix first and Christian names next. For my part I can never bring myself to spell sea with a "B" when there is an "S" handy.

"And so you are a sailor?" said I.

"Yes, Sir," said he.

The correct answer, I pointed out, was "Ay, ay, Sir." But Jones didn't tumble to it; to be honest, it was quite apparent that he was in reality just another darned civilian, like the rest of us. Personally, I refuse to be honest on this point. I insist upon the pretence being kept up; if a war is worth making at all it is worth making properly. It was necessary to show A. B. A. S. Jones that one was a strict disciplinarian.

"You are a sailor?" I said.

Jones acquiesced with that stony, straightahead, noncommittal stare which I take to be common to both services.

"Then," I admonished him, "you should give your trousers a hitch when addressing an officer. Stand down."

George congratulated me on my manner of handling a difficult situation, without having committed myself to a technical phrase. The "Stand down" particularly impressed him; it had, he said, a professional smack about it, though it might not be the right profession it smacked of. Jones later on unburdened himself to our Mr. Booth, pointing out that he was in the Army now and had left his ship. "You should have brought it with you," said our Mr. Booth. "It would have come in handy for our next leave." In fact, the whole department thought it had thoroughly defeated the Senior Service. "You wait," said I; "there's the Admiralty to be reckoned with yet. I bet that all those Model Dwellings in Whitehall aren't full of people doing nothing."

I was right. There was the usual preliminary lull, during which the new-comer went about his work, drew his rations and grew fat and rosy. But meanwhile the trouble was accumulating, and Army forms were collecting on some distant unfriendly desk. Eventually some Admiral or other came ashore, went to his office, saw the Army forms there and at once burst into such language as is entirely foreign to us soldiers. Slowly but surely his nautical clerk reduced this language to the more seemly but no less biting form of the official minute, and we were right in the middle of it.

George pushed off to Italy; our Mr. Booth went sick; I found excuse to be elsewhere than in my office, which I left in charge of a new recruit. The correspondence continued to pour in, insisting on the point that naval ratings cannot be transferred to Army units, and had Admiralty sanction been officially obtained for this man's discharge?

I was at last compelled to return to business on receipt of a piteous note from my good friend at the War Office who obtains and delivers to me from time to time these specialists, snaffled from any available source. If I didn't do something to help him, he said, he would fraternise, and bang would go A. B. A. S. Jones.

It was a long and a bitter battle. My pursuers were far away, it is true, but these nautical fellows are used to shooting with deadly aim at victims they cannot see. Eventually we compromised; for all their outward harshness the seafaring ones recognised, and, no doubt, understood, my affection for my old salt. It being understood that, as East is East, etc., the transfer of a naval rating to my military unit was for ever impossible; yet, as a concession, this particular man might be borne as attached.

"A. B. A. S. Jones," said I, clearing my husky throat, "your transfer was a ghastly mistake and is hereby cancelled. Nevertheless you are attached to my service."

"Very, Sir," said he, with some little liberty, no doubt, but with what admirable tact!

Yours ever, Henry.



Lady. "It's disgraceful! You are not making the slightest effort to help in any way."

Tramp. "Madam, you wrong me. I frequently deputise for lady friends of mine in the queues."

"The Council confirmed the minutes of the Education Committee, which recommended that the salaries of all elementary school teachers, except student teachers, be advanced £6 per annum, dating from April 1, 1917."
Yorkshire Post.

The teachers are unanimously of opinion that the Council's humour was in bad taste.

The Shipping Shortage: War-work for Women.

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"—Marlowe (*Faustus*).

Wanted, a few Helens, as above.—Apply Director of National Service."

From a review:—

"A big very fat man, whose stealthy movements recall Count Fosco in the *Moonstone*."
Times Literary Supplement.

The *Count's* movements in that story are so exceedingly stealthy that few people have detected his presence at all.

"At Cullompton, Devon, an engine-driver was fined £10 for feeding peasants with barley and oats. He laid a line of grain for a distance of nearly 300 yards across a common."
Westminster Gazette.

We are sorry his generosity met with such a rebuff, especially after the pains he had taken to avoid a queue.

THE NEW INDUSTRY.

I WAS never taken so unawares, never so bewildered and abashed—I may even say outraged—as when, at the breakfast table the other morning, in the house of a friend hitherto notable for the quietness and refinement of his own and his family's demeanour, I was suddenly made the target of the loudest combined roar of protest that ever split the welkin. And what do you think I had done? No more than, after reading a letter (to do which I had, I hardly need say, asked and obtained my hostess's permission), to begin, as usual, to tear it up. No sooner had my thumbs and fingers arranged themselves to perform this simple and very normal action than the united lungs of my so-called hosts—father, mother and children—uttered what I can describe only as a howl of execration, unearthly in its volume and suddenness. And all this, I learned, after I had come to myself and my shattered nerves were calming down, merely because, if you please, owing to the scarcity of matches, spills have to be made; and I was wasting a piece of paper.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself, "to think that the delicate decorum of such nice people as these can go by the board at the thought of the loss of one, or perhaps two, spills? This is war indeed." And then, being—whatever else I may be—no slacker, I flung myself also into the fray and became so keen and, I may add, so expert that I too am preparing a somewhat similar vocal effort with which to check and admonish others as reckless as my dead self.

I am also in a position to assist an industry which will soon be spreading even into the homes of profiteers and munitioners, and must occupy most of the energies of our youngest and our oldest. For spills catch life at both ends; only the newest babes are too immature, only the centenarians too ripe, to fold them.

For the use of beginners a few hints are now offered as to the manufacture of spills—styles, materials and so forth—the whole calculated, if carefully assimilated and (with or without resort to any advertised system) committed to memory, to convert even our old friend, the veriest ignoramus, into a perfect spiller in the course of a few minutes.

To begin with, the implements. These are inexpensive and to be found everywhere. If not in evidence they may, as a rule, be obtained from the nearest pockets. In short, and without being too funny about it—the hands.

Next, the material—paper, of which ever since a paper shortage was announced there has been no lack. The best paper of all for this purpose is perhaps that on which bills are made out; but begging circulars are also good. Letters from admonitory aunts often burn brightly; catalogues of bargain sales give good results.

And now for method, where, I regret to say, controversy comes in. For there are no fewer than three distinct schools of spill-making, two of which undoubtedly disseminate heresy. If I am to be your mentor, you must fold. Disregard all soft counsels in the direction of rolling, and fold, fold, fold. Spills, it must be remembered, should not be too long or too thick. One side of a sheet of ordinary octavo notepaper should make two serviceable specimens. The method which I advocate and shall never depart from is to tear the sheet in half, downwards, and then fold the two halves, long-ways, into four folds, firmly pressing the edges with the thumb-nail. Those who, all mistaken and astray, favour the rolling system require rather larger pieces of paper and therefore are less economical, or, if you prefer it, patriotic, than I.

There is also a third party, utterly obscurantist, pinning its faith to an aggrandised form of rolled spill resembling an alpenstock in length, which neither flames nor goes out, but smoulders and smokes. I have seen a young mother—with her children about her watching the deplorable operation—on her knees on the carpet, rolling a whole *Morning Post* (a twopenny paper now, mark you) into one of these inefficacious tubes; and then we all had to use matches.

So much for the actual manufacture, in the best way, of spills. Next, their use. The chief use of spills is to ignite what used to be known as "The Indian Weed," but has lately, by an Oxford professor of the highest standing, been called "The Sister of Literature"—I refer to tobacco. And I may say here that it has been decided by the Committee of the Thirteen Club that the bad luck which inevitably followed the act of making one match suffice for three smokers is no longer to be feared. Now that the means of illumination is paper the penalty has been removed. Superstitious folk, of whom I am chief, will receive the news with pleasure. The purpose of spills, then, is to ignite tobacco in one or other of the forms in which we absorb it, but chiefly of cigarettes. They can, of course, be used also to light other things; but that is rare.

Truly economical and patriotic persons blow them out when their function has been fulfilled and put them back in their receptacle to be used again; but most people throw them on the fire. I put them back.



"YES, THE POSTAL SERVICE IS IN A WRETCHED CONDITION. WHY, LAST MONTH I SENT OUT NEARLY A HUNDRED STATEMENTS OF ACCOUNT, AND, SO FAR AS I CAN LEARN, ONLY TWO HAVE BEEN RECEIVED."

Another Anti-Aircraft Weapon.

"FRENCH BRING DOWN SIX GERMAN AEROPLANES.

CLEARING THE AIR.

EFFECT OF THE PREMIER'S SPEECH."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

FEUILLETONS IN WAR TIME.

"He loves her, and proposes, but annoyed at his manner, she refuses him, though she really lobes him . . .

Frank Heathorly sank into the chair by his desk, his face oddily pale . . .

His whole instant was to tear the instrument from its place and fling it on the ground—£50. Di dhe fool hink he was made of money?

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)"

Daily Paper.

We certainly shall not; though we hardly expect the present form to be maintained.

THE DUTY OF THE DIARIST.

["The Diary is a form of literary activity in which the competition of the great is not to be feared. A great man has neither the leisure nor the inclination to record the events of his time. He leaves that to others, and if we can only become personally acquainted with people whose sayings and doings are worth preserving, there is no reason why we should not all be successful diarists."—*Observer*.

LONG haunted by a vague desire
Of literary fame,
But lacking themes to lend me fire
Or clarify my aim,
At last I am relieved of doubt;
No more I grope and beat about
The bush; I've learned the true way out—
A Diary 's the game!

One great advantage of this mode
Of labouring with the pen
I learn is this: you take a road
Untrod by famous men;
They haven't time to note or jot
Down interesting things red-hot
(Though PEPYS and GREVILLE, MOORE and SCOTT
All did it now and then).

Again, if anxious to succeed,
You need not cut a dash
By tilting at each cult and creed
Or venturing on rash
Predictions of the race you 'll run -
Pope, Cæsar, Devil all in one;
That sort of diary was done
To death by MARIE BASH.

But while you need not be a star
To be a Diarist,
The method will not take you far
Without the proper grist;
In other words, you 've got to mix
With people who have gifts or tricks,
Whose views on life and politics
Deserve an annalist.

Here *The Observer's* counsel ends;
The problems still remain,
How to acquire these brilliant friends
Who common folk disdain;
How one whose intellect is dim
Can work his way into the swim—
The world where wisdom, wit and whim
And "all the talents" reign.

No matter; though I 'm growing grey,
And though my friends are few,
And for the things they do or say
Unnoticed hitherto,
Who knows but I may hail the birth
Of some new minister of mirth,
Some village WILCOX, or unearth
A rival to LE QUEUX!

Food in Egypt.

"In the afternoon the Sultan received Conte de Serionne, who presented to His Highness three of the principal officials of the Suet Canal."—*Egyptian Mail*.



Orderly Officer. "WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?"
Sentry. "TO WALK ABAHT IN A SOLDIERLY MANNER AND TO PAY CONTRIBUTIONS TO ALL OFFICERS—ACCORDIN' TO RANK."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Punch ventures to plead on behalf of the pitiful case of those poor children who are suffering from air-raid shock. For every child that has been wantonly killed by the Huns, many score have suffered terrible injury to their minds and nerves. For these innocent victims of cruelty a home has been opened at Chailey, in the lovely Sussex Weald. It is named after St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. Here they are given the chance of recovering strength, courage and happiness. In fine weather they learn gardening and nature study, and indoors they sing and dance and have stories told to them. Mr. Punch is confident that many of his readers, if only out of gratitude for the greater safety which their own children enjoy, as compared with poorer ones in humble and more exposed conditions, will generously respond to his appeal. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, St. Nicholas Home for Raid-Shock Children, Chailey, Sussex.

Our Heroes.

"Mr. Seymour Hicks is the hero of the week. He is now admitted to be the author of the English version of 'Faisons un rêve,' which was produced at the St. Martin's Theatre on Monday night."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

The fighting services must not imagine that they have a monopoly of heroism.

THE BALLAD OF CODSON'S BEARD.

I'LL tell you a yarn of a sailor-man with a face more fierce than fair
Who got round that on the Navy's plan by hiding it all with hair;
He was one of a hard old sailor-breed and had lived his life at sea,
But he took to the beach at the nation's need and fought with the R.N.D.

Now Brigadier-General Blank's Brigade was tidy and neat and trim,
And the sight of a beard on *his* parade was a bit too much for him.
"What is that," said he with a terrible oath, "of all that is wild and weird?"
And the Staff replied, "A curious growth, but it looks very like a beard."

And the General said, "I have seen six wars and many a ghastly sight,
Fellows with locks that gave one shocks and buttons none too bright,
But never a man in *my* Brigade with a face all fringed with fur;
And you'll toddle away and shave to-day"—but Codson said, "*You err.*

"For I don't go much on wars as such, and living with rats and worms,
And you ought to be glad of a sailor-lad on any old kind of terms;
While this old beard of which you're skeered it stands for a lot to me,
For the great North gales and the sharks and whales and the smell of the dear grey sea."

Now Generals crowded to the spot and urged him to behave,
But Codson said, "You talk a lot, but can you *make* me shave?
For the Navy allows a beard at the bows, and a beard is the sign for me
That the world may know, wherever I go, I belong to the King's Navee."

They gave him posts in distant parts, where few might see his face,
Town Major jobs that break men's hearts and billets at the Base;
But whenever he knew a fight was due he hurried there by train,
And when he'd done for every Hun they sent him off again.

Then up and spake an old sailor, "It seems you can't 'ave 'eared,
Begging your pardon, General Blank, the *reason* of this same beard;
It's a kind of a sart of a *camyflarge*, and that I take to mean
A thing as 'ides some other thing wot oughtn't to be seen.

"And I've brought you this 'ere photorgraph of wot 'e *used* to be
Afore he stuck that fluffy muck about 'is phyzogmy."
The General looked and, fainting, cried, "The situation's grave,
The beard was bad, but, *Kamerad!* he simply must not shave!"

And now, when the thin lines bulge and sag and man goes down to man,
A great black beard like a pirate's flag flies ever in the van;
And I've fought in many a red-hot spot where death was the least men feared,
But I never saw anything quite so hot as the Battle of Codson's Beard.

A. P. H.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Marshal* HINDENBURG *and Herr* BALLIN *of the Hamburg-Amerika Line.*)

Herr Ballin. I trust, Marshal, that this time rumour has some small foundation of truth.

Marshal Hindenburg. I don't know what particular one among the thousand rumours you refer to, but if I might be allowed I should advise you to disbelieve them all.

B. But this is a rumour that grows stronger every day, since it is very pleasant to the ears of those who hear it. It declares that peace is already on the way, there being now a broad basis for negotiation.

H. That rumour I advise you to believe less than any of the others. Not if I can help it shall there be negotiations for peace until we have achieved a complete and crushing victory over all our foes, and especially over England.

B. A pleasant prospect indeed you hold out to us. For three years and a half we have poured blood and treasure into your military machine. Millions of our best and bravest have gone to feed your ambition and that of your master, and of our hardly-earned substance but little is left. Things cannot go on like this. We have secured the alliance of Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, which means that, in addition to defending ourselves, we are forced to defend them too. So well have you and your friends managed affairs that we are hated and opposed by the rest of the world; and all that has been won for us by a whole generation of industry lies about us in ruins; and even if we were to win the victory you speak of we should find it almost impossible to keep a place among the nations of the world.

H. This is fine talk for a loyal German subject. Your duty is to obey when the KAISER commands, and not to oppose your petty interests to his will. Germany above everything.

B. That, I suppose, is the reason why you added America to our enemies. It was not enough that we should have to fight England and France and Italy, but you and your friends must seize America, unwilling as she was, and drag her into the conflict. You pretend to laugh at America and talk of fighting her with the Potsdam Fire Brigade; but I know Americans and you do not, and I tell you it was a black day for Germany when you forced America to take her stand against us.

H. You had better leave policy alone and go back to your ships, which perhaps you understand.

B. My ships! Where are they? What has become of them? They, with everything else that made Germany respected, have been thrust into the fire, and nothing is left.

H. The army is left, and so long as we have that I fear nothing.

B. The army! The army! I tell you I am tired of all your heel-clicking and sword-rattling, and there are many who agree with me. What is the use of your army to us if all our industry is to perish and we are to live for ever in a circle of enemies? Even in Russia you cannot make any progress, and so it is everywhere. You win a little, and then you are checked, and it is all to begin over again. And then, when the basis for an honourable peace is suggested, all you can do is to cry for everlasting war.

[*Left wrangling.*



THE QUEUE HABIT.

Old Lady (to post-office clerk). "Do you happen to be able to oblige me with a stamp this morning, Miss? And I could do with a couple of postcards if you're not out of them."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

No library of works about the War can be considered decently equipped without a copy of *The Complete Despatches of Lord French*, which, beautifully printed (in a limited edition) by the Westminster Press and illustrated with excellent maps and portraits, to which is added a full list of "mentions," have been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Even a layman has the right to admire the simple and restrained idiom, the orderly arrangement, the essential modesty of these despatches. Two qualities of the well-loved Commander who bore the shock of the most desperate days of the War stand in especial relief—generosity in his tributes to his subordinate commanders, and tact in dealing with the difficulties and inevitable disappointments of liaison, such as the "most unexpected message" from General Joffre as to the overwhelming advance of the German divisions on the eve of the retirement from Mons, and the "fatigue" of General Sordet's horses. Of Sir Douglas Haig and his divisional and brigade commanders, the Field-Marshal, in a rare departure from the plain level of his narrative, says, "Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable services they rendered [at the first battle of Ypres]. I venture to predict that their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time." Of the poison gas at the second battle of Ypres this verdict is worth remembering: "As a soldier I cannot help expressing the deepest regret and some surprise that an army which hitherto has claimed to be the chief exponent of the chivalry of war should have stooped to employ such devices against brave and gallant foes." It must be good to have been called to such a burden, to have carried it so finely, to have recorded the story of it with such a simple candour.

It is not to be denied that Mr. Harry Tighe has at least the courage of his convictions. These teach him that women are as sheep, happiest in following the well-worn path marked out for them by generations—love, matrimony, maternity. The book that he has written to prove them is called, inevitably, *The Sheep Path* (Westall). Its heroine, *Arethusa*—Mr. Tighe is clearly a counter-revolutionist; none other could have dared such a name!—is shown hesitating between love in the commercial equivalent of a cottage, and £800 a year with the encumbrance of a middle-aged husband. A conquering passion for plenty of butter with her bread (it's all right; this is a pre-war tale) drives *Arethusa* to turn her back on the sheep-path and choose *Jonathan Jones* and comparative affluence. The result shows Mr. Tighe as an author with a very real gift of observation; the development of *Arethusa* from girl to womanhood, and the whole relations of the wife and her husband are quite admirably drawn; the story here is at its best, sympathetic and sure in scenes where it would have been fatally easy to blunder. In the end, of course, *Arethusa* returns *à ses moutons*. Widowed and impoverished (I had frequently suspected that winter in

Rome and a villa at Portofino must be stretching the eight hundred dangerously thin) she takes up again her old work and the love she rejected in chapter one, thus providing a fine exception to the rule about eating your cake and having it. Mr. TIGHE has written a clever and sincere story, on which I congratulate him heartily, with, however, an entreaty that in his next he will guard against a slovenly use of English that gives cause to the judicious to grieve and obscures his real talent.

There is a story of an English author who, on arriving at Khartoum, informed the Governor that he could only stay for forty-eight hours, but that he wanted "to get at the back of the Arab mind." Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, though she hails from Texas, where they live and act quickly, and though she stayed for more than a year in Ireland, does not profess to have got at the back of the Irish Question in *Herself—Ireland* (HUTCHINSON), but she has fallen in love with the country and written a lively, enthusiastic and discursive record of her impressions. She was pleased with everything and everybody except Belfast and the Dublin slums and the Dublin Corporation and the publicans. Politics and politicians, she tells us, leave her cold; but there is little doubt as to her sympathies, though she does not obtrude them aggressively. Dublin was her head-quarters, but she visited Limerick and Galway, Cork and Killarney, as well as the North, conversed with all manner of people, revives old stories and legends, describes the art treasures of Dublin and the wonders of its Zoo, re-discovers SWIFT and "STELLA," and devotes the best part of a chapter on Irish wit to anecdotes of Father HEALY. (She has omitted, however, one of his best sayings, of a very tall young lady named Lynch: "Nature gave her an inch, but she took an L.") It is a vivacious, unmethodical chronicle, rich in digressions, personal and even intimate sketches of her friends and travelling companions, shrewd remarks and not a little guide-book padding. Her tone is mainly uncritical, which is the safest way in dealing with Ireland at present, and she is not always accurate. For example, Parknasilla, as I have good reason to know, is not situated on a low cliff; and Mrs. O'CONNOR'S reproduction of the brogue is more vigorous than faithful. But criticism is disarmed by her frank admission of her limitations and her modest comparison of her book to the *hors d'œuvre* served before a banquet.



"RUSSIA IS DOOMED, SIR—DOOMED!"
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'DOOMED'?"
"NEVER MIND WHAT I MEAN, SIR. IT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN BUT WHAT I SAY THAT MATTERS."

One might perhaps pardonably say of Mr. FREDERICK WATSON that, as the son of IAN MACLAREN, he had been educated in the Kailyard school. What use he made of this upbringing he has already proved, and now does so again with his new story, *Children of Passage* (METHUEN). It is a tale of Scotland and of Scots folk, told with a very pleasant charm of style and much quiet fun, at least in the earlier chapters; later, when the world-tragedy falls upon Calder and its people, Mr. WATSON changes to a note of grave beauty that makes the end of his book unexpectedly impressive. There is no great matter of plot, except the love of two men for a delicate girl—a middle-aged minister and the young son of a rich Southerner who is trying to buy out the girl's father. These two parents, by the way, are excellently drawn foils: the old laird, a dreamer, unpractical, beaten on all sides by circumstance; and the climbing opportunist, who bends circumstance to his own ends and watches, not unsympathetically, the futile struggles of his antagonist. But the book abounds in good portraits. It has atmosphere, too, so that you can all but feel the keen damp air, full of peat and ling scents, that seems to blow through its pages. And by his art Mr. WATSON can reproduce not only the wild landscapes of Scotland, but the tenderness and the unconscious humour of her people. In short, his variety of heather-mixture is as attractive as any I have met.

The Heritage of Elise (ARNOLD) is concerned with a question which I suggest for discussion in cellars and tubes, or wherever people congregate and are allowed to argue. *Elise* was a girl of the streets, and *Roger Arkwright*, a young man of philanthropic instincts (but cautious withal), suddenly discovered that she was his cousin and entitled to the millions which he had inherited. What ought he to do? On the spur of the moment you would say that there is only one thing to do. But once begin to think it over, with Miss MARY J. H. SKRINE to state the case, and there is another side to it. However, she evades the issue by killing off *Elise*. True that *Roger* was on the point of revealing the secret to her, but the fact remains that he did not. Nevertheless this much stands to Miss SKRINE'S credit, that one does not condemn *Roger* as a mere mercenary, but recognizes and appreciates his motives. It is a thoughtful tale, and though its subject is not too pleasant the seriousness with which it is treated saves it from the fear of offence. The most dramatic touch comes at the end, when *Elise*, in ignorance of her wealth, bequeaths all she possesses to a benevolent and broad-minded parson, who finds the will and tears it up. *Roger* had some luck.

A Further Sex-Problem.

"A GIANT DAIRY BULL.

Another bull of the late Mr. George Taylor's breeding was Darlington Cranford 48th, which gave 763 gallons in ten months."—*Local Paper.*

"William ——, grocer, was fined 40s. for selling war bread improved, containing 98.08 per cent. of Epsom salts, which a medical officer declared was injurious to health."—*Liverpool Echo.*

The idea was sound, but overdone.

In a description of the attacks by German aviators on the ancient monuments of Padua *The Pall Mall Gazette* mentions "the damage done to the basilisk of Saint Antoine." It seems an odd pet for a Christian saint to keep.

CHARIVARIA.

"LET us return," said Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, "to the faith of our fathers and recognise that by the sea we live." That's certainly what they do at Brighton, where the raid-funkers go.

⁂

A Russian youth appealed to the Law Society Tribunal last week for exemption on the ground that he is an anarchist. The occasion when he calls the Sergeant-Major "comrade" is eagerly looked forward to.

⁂

A black Leghorn hen belonging to a gentleman in the suburbs has laid an egg weighing five ounces. Since his good fortune we understand that he has been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

⁂



Prize Pessimist. "MY BELIEF IS THAT THINGS WILL BE WORSE IN FEBRUARY."
Super-Pessimist. "IF FEBRUARY EVER GETS HERE!"

Writing to *The Evening News* the Rev. B. J. CORDER states that he has invented an instrument by which he could detect transmission of force even in a hen's egg. This of course is much better than shaking the egg at one's ear and shouting, "Are you there?"

⁂

The latest news from Brest-Litovsk seems to indicate that the KAISER desires peace, at any rate for the duration of the War.

⁂

"Soldiers alone can decide the War," said a German Socialist in a recent speech. It is not known whether this is a slap at Mr. TROTSKY or Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.

⁂

A prisoner who was recently convicted at Liverpool confessed to one hundred and seventy-three cases of housebreaking. It is from men of this class that our professional criminals are most frequently recruited.

⁂

The price of skinned rabbits has been fixed at one shilling and ninepence; unskinned, they may be sold at two shillings per musquash.

⁂

Special measures are being taken at Funchal to deal with any further attempt to bombard the port. The idea of confusing the Huns by sending men out in small boats to make a noise like a Madeira cake is said to have been successfully developed.

⁂

The Great Eastern Railway announces that after February 1st it will no longer supply sea-water. It has become increasingly difficult to keep it free from submarines and other impurities.

⁂

The War Office has commandeered the French Gallery, Pall Mall, where the MATTHEW MARIS Exhibition is being held, just to show the Air Ministry that that sort of thing can be done by those who know how.

⁂

Whisky must not be sold now by auction without permission of the FOOD CONTROLLER. A very small quantity may still be obtained by private entreaty.

⁂

The Warminster County Court has held that the Post Office is not liable for the contents of registered letters. The silly public of course thinks it is, and no doubt the illusion is well worth the extra twopence.

⁂

"I appeal to every butcher," says a leading glycerine manufacturer, "to place a notice in his window stating he will pay his customers a halfpenny a pound for bones." Still it is a poor bargain for the customer who has just paid a shilling a pound for them.

⁂

According to a lecturer at Kensington Town Hall, workmen came out on strike in Egypt so far back as fifteen hundred years ago. Mr. BARNES wishes it to be known that no charge against Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is indicated in this connection.

⁂

A quarter of a pound of butter was found in a turnip field the other day. Asked what he proposed to do, the finder stated his intention of taking a cottage in the neighbourhood and settling down.

⁂

Jewellery valued at several hundred pounds has been stolen from a High Holborn jeweller's by burglars, who smashed the steel lock of the shop. It seems a pity that thieves do not exercise a little more thought for others. Now, of course, the jeweller has to buy another lock.

⁂

Young gipsies at Eastbourne are said to have grown beards to avoid military service, but there is reason to believe that Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES will shortly comb them out.

⁂

The contagion of the queue habit is spreading in unexpected directions. At Stoke Newington there were three hundred and fifty applications for a baby offered for adoption.

⁂

At Hitchin a woman was cooking a sausage when it dissolved into liquid. Experts regard this as a great advance upon the old-fashioned sort which simply exploded.

⁂

The Mayor of Tiverton, Devon, has sold his motor-car and bought a donkey and cart. Every possible precaution is being taken at the Guildhall to conceal the news from the LORD MAYOR'S coachman.

⁂

A fish measuring sixteen feet in length has been washed ashore near Freshnish Point. An American visitor writes to say that it is certainly the largest whitebait he has seen in this country.

"Up to now the consumer has been without a mouthpiece."—*Globe.*

Very clever of him to consume at all in the circumstances.

"Wharncliffe War Hospital, Middlewood rd., Sheffield (South Yorkshire Asylum).—Attendants Wanted for duration of war; men not eligible for the army; wages £35, increasing £2 10s. annually to £60."

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

Frankly, we shrink from this estimate of the duration.

"The honorary freedom of the Feltmakers' Company was conferred, this morning, at the Guildhall, London, upon a large number of prominent men . . .

The principal mourners were . . .

The funeral arrangements were carried out by ——, Ltd., Newcastle."

Provincial Paper.

It seems to have been a melancholy ceremony.

ENGLAND'S CALL TO THE RABBIT.

COME out, come out, and play the game;
Boldly vacate your burrow;
Slack not nor shirk for very shame,
But be your watchword "Thorough";
Step forth as briskly as you can
And face the music like a man.

Stay not to share the Cuthbert's fate,
But chuck your rôle of coward;
We watch you, knowing well how great
The sacrifice and how hard;
In all your paws your courage take
And do your turn for England's sake.

Shall she, the land that gave you birth,
Go short of food and sicken?
She needs you for her hollow girth
Disguised as curried chicken;
Come, ere the precious hour is lost,
And join our patriot holocaust.

We are prepared to comb you out
By way of fuse or ferret,
But you would sooner earn, no doubt,
The meed of willing merit—
Posthumous knighthood (K.B.E),
Or damehood, as the case may be.

Yonder the Boy-Scout waits to shoot
(*Dulce pro patria mori!*);
Give him the moribund's salute
And rush to death and glory,
Passing, amid ecstatic Cheeros,
Straight to Valhalla's hall of heroes.

And should the errant scatter-gun
Wherewith he hopes to hit you
Misjudge your swiftness as you run,
Halt and remain *in situ*,
And let him pop and pop and pop
Until you ultimately drop.

Or, if you have no strong desire
To meet a death so messy,
And feel that in a noose of wire
Your corpse would look more dressy,
Insert your neck within a trap—
It's all the same to ARTHUR YAPP.

So shall your valour save the race
And strike the KAISER stony;
And o'er your carcase, singing grace,
We'll bless the name of coney,
And say, "His end was very good;
He died as British rabbits should."

O. S.

The Order of Precedence—New Style.

"The aim of the Committee on Wool Textile Production is not to enable every man, from the dustman down to the duke, to clad himself in Government-controlled apparel."
Men's Wear.

A Very Irregular Verb: Bolo, Bolshevi, Boschere, Bustum.

"The water supplies have been largely shut off, and milk was distributed by the farmers with difficulty."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

We deprecate these insinuations.

THE MUD LARKS.

A JAP halibut fisher who landed at Big Silver Camp four years ago told me that he found a family of skunks housekeeping in the office and a grizzly licking berries off a bush by the engine-shed.

In my day it was a lusty camp. Two hundred and seventy there were of us on the pay-roll, men of all nations, nesting, like cormorants, on cliff lodges high above the Pacific surf.

Big Silver, king of the Coast Range, loomed over us, forest-flanked, snow-bonnetted, his hoary head, like that of Mr. W. B. YEATS' friend, "hid among a crowd of stars."

It was a pleasant camp in summer. Gulls swooped and cried about the crane head; seals sunned themselves on the flat rocks below the cliffs; now and again on the lazy swell seaward a whale would blow. But in winter it was altogether another story. The Pacific woke out of its trance and sent its white horses charging landward in foaming squadrons that nearly shook our little shacks off their perilous perches.

Rain fell for weeks on end; snow buried us six foot under. Winter on that coast was, in the vivid language of the West, "a ring-tailed snorter."

I lived in a six-bunk shack known as "Little Dublin" along with a brace of machine men, a powder monkey and Mike Duggan, the shifter.

We were "all-white" in "Little Dublin" and very exclusive, and, as we saw nobody who came up to our dizzy standard, the sixth bunk remained empty all the summer.

Mike Duggan was the bright star of our galaxy. He was the best type of Western "rough neck," six foot of wire and raw hide, humour and efficiency. He had prospected from the Arctic Circle to Mexico, from Korea to the Porcupine. When a "mucker" put his pick into a missed hole and all was flying rock, blackness and groans it was Mike's cool voice ringing through the inferno that kept the Dagos from stampeding.

When the Camp Liar told a tale of the cold on Hudson's Bay that froze the steam at a kettle's spout into a bubble of ice it was Mike who had put out a fire in Alaska by chopping the frozen flames off the back of a stove with an axe. I never saw a situation he couldn't master or heard a yarn he couldn't cap.

When the first frost of winter nipped us by the nose Mike cast his eye on the empty bunk and voted that it be filled. "The more the warmer," said he. We were in complete agreement; but who should be the lucky man? "How about John the Bohunk?" he asked. We stared at him, aghast. A Bohunk! A wild, jabbering foreign animal from some dark Central European hinterland, who in his natural state had very probably dressed in woad and hair, slept in a tree, devoured his young and drunk his bath-water. Such a one in "Little Dublin," the all-white, the exclusive! We told Mike that he had gone mad, or, speaking the language of the land, had ants in his attic, bats in his belfry. He let us have our hiss, all of us; then, when our steam was spent, calmly proceeded.

"Listen, you mutts. Winter has done arrived and somebody's gotter do bull-cook round this joint, sweep the floor, shovel the drifts, tote wood, light the stove and keep her roarin'. Whose goin' to do it? You? He? Any of us? No, sirree, we're all too high-fed and noble-minded. Now I've been takin' account of this yer John, and he's just a poor, simple ignorant Bohunk with one bug in his bonnet and that is to be mistaken for a white man. We'll have the silly dub in here, make out to learn him how to behave white, and in return he does the chores, all of 'em. Does it go?"

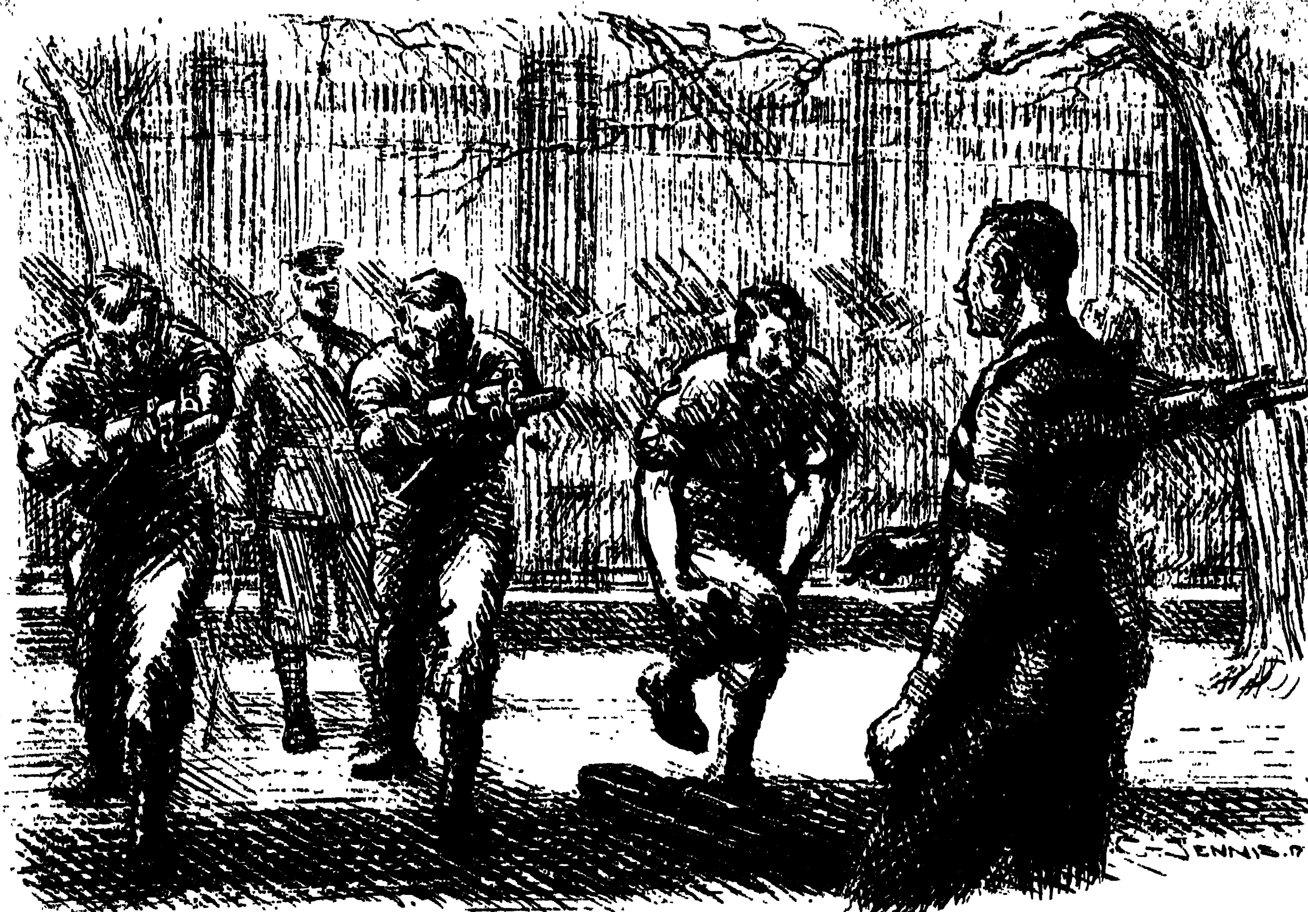
We made a show of objecting, but Mike was Mike, and next night the sixth bunk was no longer empty. Our victim was originally a denizen of Hungary, I believe, but we made no subtle racial distinctions in the North-West; all that was not white, Dutch or Dago was Bohunk to us. He was a squat touzled creature, with bow legs, hairy paws and the pathetic eyes of an Aberdeen terrier, ever upturned to his hero, Mike, in dog-like devotion.

If anyone ever had to work his way through college it was that wretched Bohunk. Never did the door open but an avalanche of snow fell within. A trail of slush followed every pair of boots across the floor. The stove was tricky to light and a glutton when lit; a night's supply of fuel necessitated at least six trips to the wood-pile, fifty yards away down the cliff path. And all these details had to be faithfully attended to by the Bohunk in return for the inestimable advantages he was receiving by living in our company. Sometimes when the so-called Pacific was booming against the jetty with exceptional fury and the Behring gale whooping like a drunken cow-puncher down the stove-pipe he would falter, turn sulky and mumble that it was someone else's turn to tote wood. Then we would shake our heads sadly and tell him what a disappointment he was to us after all our trouble. "Gee,



OUT OF CONTROL.

Lord Rhondda. "MY NEXT ILLUSION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THE ONE-AND-NINEPENNY RABBIT. I NOW DROP THAT SUM INTO THE HAT, AND IN ITS PLACE THE RABBIT WILL——" [*Rabbit disappears.*



Instructor. "Too heavy, is it? You wait till I've finished with you. You'll be flicking it about like a fountain pen."

John," we would sigh, "it's evident you're still just a common ordinary Bohunk, with no ambition to better yourself;" then, turning from him in despair, exchange reminiscences of imaginary Bohunks we had met in fictitious camps who by acts of heart-rending self-sacrifice had put their Bohunkhood from them and become white, even as we. The poor devil would bear it as long as possible, then with a sobbed, "Me go, me go—me John, no dam Bohunk," he would dive out of the door and disappear, and Mike Duggan would close one twinkling blue eye.

I do not know if John achieved merit and was formally admitted to the great White Brotherhood with the Spring (when the toting of wood became no longer necessary), for I went South before the thaw, and years rolled in between myself and Big Silver Camp. But not long ago I met Mike Duggan again. There is no coincidence in this; France has drawn all the wandering feet of the young men.

Horace Algernon Fox-Forsythe, who was last seen in a state of nudity splitting pearl shell on a sloop off the Lower Archipelago, is now cook and captain too of a barge on the La Bassée Canal. "Pip" Vibart, chief of staff to Pancho Villa in that Libertador's most lucrative filibustering excursions, is now an A.P.M. and the terror of evil-doers in his corps' area. The Lost Legion has 'listed at last.

I found Mike Duggan amid a litter of pumps, piping, drills, windlasses and thigh boots, sergeant of a Canadian Mining Company. He dragged me into his bivouac, thrust me into the sole chair, produced some Belgian cigars from a bandolier and some rye-whisky from a case marked "High Explosives," and we drank to the old days and our continued good health.

"Darned if my flunkey ain't gone an' let the stove out—consarn him!" said Mike, hammering on the shanty wall with a level rod. "I'll wake the cuss up. Take another bite at the snake-juice, Jim boy. Well, how's this International Free-for-All usin' you? Me, I'm salubrious; enjoyin' every minute of it. I'm like a natural drunkard what's had to put up with five-cent beers all his life bein' suddenly let loose in a brewery. We useter think we'd did somethin' to write mother about if we'd shot a dozen six-foot Burley holes in the old days, didn't us? Forget it! Obliterate them memories! Nowadays, old timer, I touch off T.N.T. an' ammonal by the hundred-weight, by the ton, and lay blame hills over on their backs. Gosh! they'll haveter re-write their maps of Yurrop when I've done with her; I'll lift her lid off. Dodgast that yer lackey, he ain't bringed the wood yet."

He took up the level rod and belaboured the wall once more. "That oughter fetch him. Say, Jim, was you at Messines? No? Well, you should of. One of them little eruptions was pushed by Michael P. Duggan. Some of that ridge was wafted into France, some into Holland, some is still on its way. Great sufferin' snakes, but it was a hi-yu skookum up-lift! Oh, there you are at last, White-wings, Greased Lightning!" This last to the erring batman, who had entered with an armful of fuel. As the man bent over the stove the lamplight struck his face, and, jumping to my feet, I held out a glad hand.

"By Jove, if it isn't old John Bo——"

"Brown," prompted Mike, "John Brown."

"Well, how's John Brown?" I said.

"Plenty dam fine and dandy, Jim,"

he stammered, grinning and wriggling with embarrassment. Then freeing his paw from my grasp he rapped the ribbon on his chest and the two gold stripes on his sleeve with a hairy forefinger. "Me John, plenty dam good white man *now*—not?"

"Yu betcher," said Mike and I together, speaking the language.

PATLANDER.

CHILDREN OF CONSOLATION.

BY the red road of storm and stress,
Their fathers' footsteps trod,
They come, a cloud of witnesses,
The messengers of God.

Cradled upon some radiant gleam,
Like living hopes they lie,
The rainbow beauty of a dream,
Against a stormy sky.

Before the tears of love were dried,
Or anguish comfort knew,
The gates of home were opened wide
To let the pilgrims through.

Pledges of faith, divinely fair,
From peaceful worlds above,
Against the onslaught of despair
They hold the fort of love.

A WAR SACRIFICE.

WHEN at the beginning of the year my wife suggested that we should both make a further war economy, I had no difficulty in deciding what to do. I determined at once to give up smoking. The resolution, momentous as it was, cost me little effort. Naturally a man of strong will, I have long accustomed myself to acts of self-denial, particularly in connection with my smoking career. For the last ten years I have on each 1st of January definitely forsworn tobacco for the future in every form, and in 1916 I burnt my pipes behind me on at least four different occasions. A fairly good record, you will agree.

My wife was dead against the idea. She was sure I should never keep to my resolution. Besides, she liked to see me smoking; a man about the house without a pipe in his mouth, she said, always reminded her of a dog without a collar. I confess that her attitude surprised and pained me. But was I, merely in order to give her the pleasure of seeing me pulling at my pipe, to go on spending on tobacco a weekly sum which should have been at the service of the country?

Finally I hit on a compromise. On all occasions when I was not actually with my wife I would give up tobacco; but in order to seem to comply with her wishes I would, when in her presence, ostentatiously smoke an occasional



Absent-minded Pedagogue. "PADDINGTON, THIRD PERSON SINGULAR, PLEASE."

pipe. Thus I should have the satisfaction of feeling that I had made a double sacrifice—first, in conquering a bad habit, and, secondly, in denying myself, for my wife's sake, the total abstention on which my heart had been set. You may judge of the amount of hard thinking it cost me to reach this decision when I tell you that, though I started pondering on the problem immediately after dinner, it was not till 2 A.M. that I knocked the ashes out of my last briar and went slowly up to bed.

On the following morning my wife started her household duties as usual by helping Jane to make the beds. I brought an easy-chair into the kitchen, placed a pipe in readiness on the mantelpiece, and took a stroll in the garden till she should come downstairs. Already I was beginning to miss my wife terribly. A pang of regret shot through me as I reflected how often I had neglected her in the past. Life at the best was all too short. For the future I would make amends by spending as many of its hours as possible in her company. I was just on the point of going upstairs (with my pipe) to see if I could help her when she entered the kitchen. I immediately sat down and lit up.

We spent a very happy three hours together in the kitchen, and at lunch I suggested that if I always sat there up

to mid-day we might effect an economy in fuel, since there would be no need to have a study fire going. She seemed a little doubtful about it, I thought, but promised to give the matter her consideration.

It is my wife's custom to rest a while after lunch on the Chesterfield in the drawing room. As she does not allow smoking there, I decided at first this afternoon to go for another stroll in the garden. But it was a cold raw day, and soon I found myself inside the house again. Something seemed to impel me irresistibly towards the drawing-room door. I opened it softly and listened. Yes, she was—how shall I put it?—she was breathing deeply. I proceeded on tip-toe across the room, sat down close by the fender and lit my pipe. For an hour or so I sat there, affectionately regarding the face of my sleeping wife.

At last she stirred. Within three seconds I had stuffed my pipe into my pocket, plunged into an armchair and buried myself behind the newspaper. She opened her eyes and started slightly on seeing me.

"Is that you, Horace?"

"Yes," I answered truthfully.

She sat up and sniffed. "I can smell smoke."

When presence of mind is needed I am seldom at a loss. I sniffed too. "Something burning in the kitchen!" I exclaimed, and, leaping up, I dashed from the room.

It was on the eighth day, I think, that my wife struck. Returning home to tea that afternoon after a brisk walk into the country, I found a note for me on the hall table. She had gone, she wrote, to stay (she hoped only temporarily, but the duration of her visit depended on myself) with her mother. Much as she loved me, she felt that there were limits to the number of hours that any husband, however devoted, should spend in the society of his wife. She had guessed my secret, she said, and proposed an alternative, which was that I should reverse my procedure and confine my smoking to occasions when we were not together. If I would agree to this she would come back to me.

In a crisis where rapid and decisive action is imperative I am (as I just now hinted) always at my best. I seized my hat, strode to the post-office and telegraphed as follows: "Accept suggested arrangement. All forgiven. Please return immediately."

"Day Girl, age 15, strong, once."
South Wales Echo.

Poor child! Only fifteen, and has already had her day.

A DEAD LANGUAGE.

LOOKING decidedly worried, the young French Lieutenant, after a rough passage along the corridor of the Southward-bound night express, precipitated himself into the compartment occupied by the English Colonel who had been so polite to him at Edinburgh.

"*Pardon, mon Colonel, mille pardons!*" he gasped as the train, taking a curve at high speed, playfully flung him on top of the Colonel, who had been dozing peacefully in a corner. "There is danger," he added, saluting as he regained his equilibrium.

The Colonel, shocked and breathless, fortunately remembered that the French are our Allies, and refrained from expressing his heartfelt opinions.

"It is my duty to report to you, my Colonel, that there are two very suspicious characters travelling by this train," the Lieutenant proceeded hastily in his precise English, and paused dramatically. "I believe them to be German spies, my Colonel, and I thought you would wish to investigate," he continued impressively, lowering his voice. "They talk a strange language which I cannot identify. It is neither English, French, German nor Italian—I comprehend and speak all these—and each man has with him a bag of strange tools or weapons."

"Humph! Sounds mysterious," commented the Colonel, now thoroughly awake and quite interested. "Where are these foreign workmen?"

"They are not workmen, my Colonel, and they are travelling by the first-class in my compartment," explained the Lieutenant. "That is what aroused my suspicions. They are dressed strangely also, these men, in grotesque costumes. I think they are masquerading as English sportsmen."

"They may be German spies," said the Colonel, "disguised as English sportsmen returning from their allotments. Have you questioned them?"

"One of the men endeavoured to engage me in conversation, but I could not understand well. He spoke the English with what you call the accent—guttural, *n'est-ce pas?*—and when I responded brusquely he comments to his companion in his own language. It is an extraordinary language, my Colonel, interspersed with words which sound like English."

"Probably one of the Scandinavian tongues," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "I'd like to have a look at the fellows and see what I can make of 'em. Go back to your own carriage and I'll come along in a few minutes, ostensibly to ask you for a match."

The Lieutenant saluted again and departed. He found on re-entering his own compartment that his mysterious fellow-travellers were still engaged in an animated discussion in their own tongue. The strange men merely glanced at the Colonel when, a few minutes later, he entered the compartment and, having successfully borrowed a match, sat down beside the Lieutenant to listen.

"Aff the fourth tee ower the burn I sclaffed my drive and had to tak' the niblick to get oot," the stranger in the hairiest and loudest suit was explaining to his companion. "The rough's a' whins, but I put the ba' on the pretty, chanced a baffie shot although I'd got a hanging lie, and got a pull on it, but it just slithered ower the bunker on the left o' the fairway—the ane they ca' the Maiden—and the mashie took me bang up to the pin and I got a four. Halved it, mind ye, and got a bogie after sclaffing my drive."

"No' an easy bogie either," commented his companion; "but you get as far nearly wi' your mashie as I do wi' my cleek."

"I used to play a fine shot with a mashie-niblick myself," broke in the Colonel, to the amazement of the Lieutenant, and proceeded to converse with the strangers in their own language.

"Well, what do you make of them, Sir?" inquired the Lieutenant eagerly, half-an-hour or so later, when he had followed the Colonel back to his compartment.

"One of them is a plus three man and the other is scratch," the Colonel answered absently. "They've been at Carnoustie. Once I did a ninety gross there myself and I was rather off my putting."

He became aware of the fact that the Lieutenant was gazing at him in blank perplexity, and he laughed.

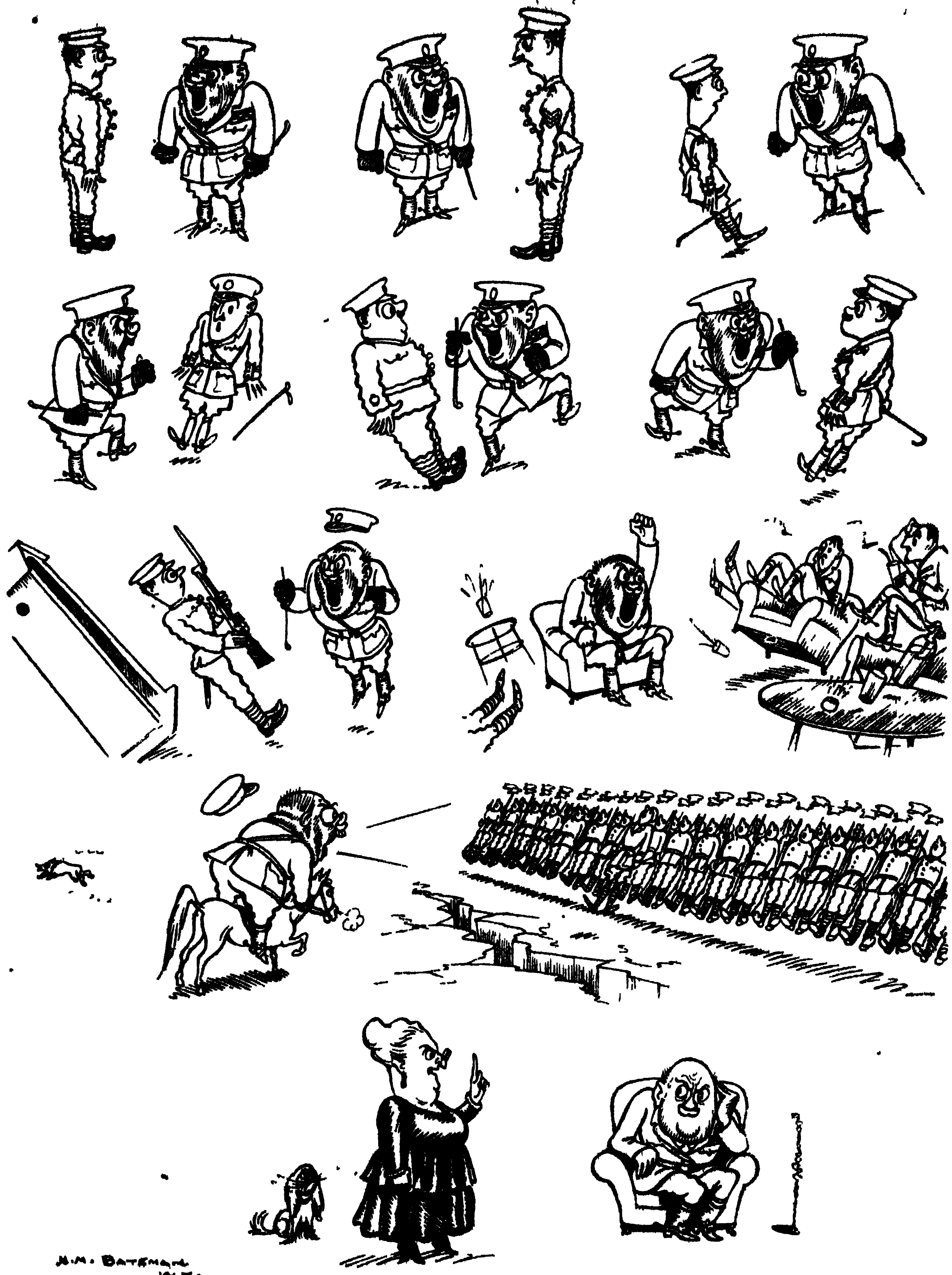
"You don't understand even now. Those chaps are survivals of a pre-war period, and they've made me feel quite young again. It was a dead language we were talking, Lieutenant. Jove! I liked those baggy Harris tweeds, and it brought back old memories to argue about Dunlops and Challengers and BRAID and VARDON."

"But—but the language, my Colonel," inquired the Lieutenant, completely mystified—"what was the language?"

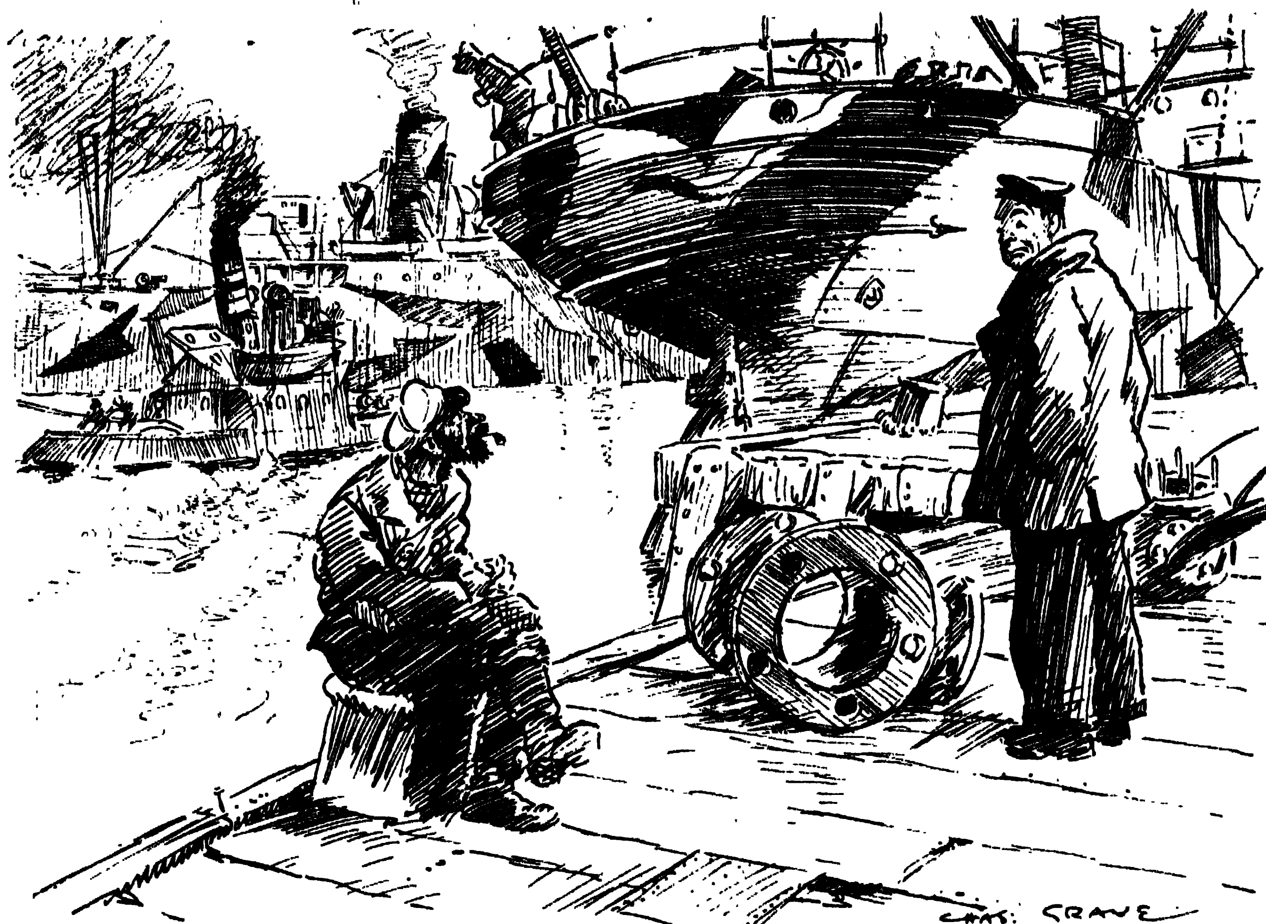
"Golf, my friend, golf," said the Colonel. "You should learn it; but don't use the idiomatic phrases in drawing-rooms."

De War Spirit.

"Leading British Scientists, headed by Sir James De War and Professor Waynflete, have issued a circular to Fellows of the Royal Society, requesting them to renounce German honours and degrees."—*Australian Paper.*



THE C.O.: A MAN'S MAN.



Docker (to Jack, who has been silently regarding him). "WOT YER STARIN' AT, NOSEY?"
Jack. "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SPOKE, MATE. I THOUGHT YOU WAS PART OF THE CAMMYFLAGE SCHEME."

MILDRED.

OH twine the empty cup with yew
Where once the godsend glistened!
Lone, lone amidst a shop-bought crew
There was one egg superbly new
And longed for; now there isn't.

The egg that Mildred used to lay!
How tenderly she tucked it
Each morn within its bed of hay,
When all her pals for many a day
Had got cold feet and chucked it.

But now by winter's icy trance
Poor Mildred too is smothered;
And now at breakfast is no chance
To spot, to seize by bold advance,
The egg that Mildred mothered.

For always, having broached his shell
With mute but anxious features,
Someone would say, "I am not well,"
And someone rise to ring the bell,
Crying, "Remove the creatures!"

But always someone would bespeak
St. GEORGE or else St. PATRICK,
And, helped by heavenly favour, sneak
The egg, the glorious egg. Last week
My uncle did the hat-trick.

But now no more, or not again
Till Mildred shall recover
The careless ease, the artist's vein;
Both Susan and Eliza Jane
Think that she will, "Lor' love her!"

Then let us hang large cabbage stalks
For her to jump and eat 'em,
And charm her with instructive talks
And take her out long healthy walks
All around the arboretum,

And mix her puddings made of scraps
More succulent than ever,
And tie her throat with many wraps
Till triumph at the last, perhaps,
Shall crown the great endeavour;

Till hot-foot she shall come to say
In accents arch and sprightly,
"Something has fallen in the hay!"
And, if the boon be mine that day,
I hope they 'll boil it lightly.

EVOE.

"In a list of commodities required abroad appears the following:—

'MACHINERY FOR MAKING NOODLES.'"

Board of Trade Journal.

It seems superfluous. We have plenty of noodles of natural growth, thank you.

Self-Determination in the Western Area.

"Domestic Servant, age 32, tired of being battered about, wants place where could have few hours weekly for self-culture: good, clean, careful, plain cook. No Registry or Nagging Ladies need apply."—*Manchester Evening News.*

"Our peace-terms have been stated, and with all their imperfections they are not so bad as a democratic manifesto."

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

Mr. BENNETT's democratic "comrades" will not thank him for his candour.

"A wholesale dealer at Smithfield told the Central News that considerable harm is being done by what he termed the 'exaggerated statements as to supplies.' 'Some people think that because they see a few Argentine quarters in the market the supplies are more than they really are.' He said, 'Such is not the case.'"—*Westminster Gazette.*

We had suspected it all along.

"On January 17 M. René Bazin, of the French Academy, will speak on 'Anglais et Français; les raisons que nous de nous aimer les uns les raisons que nous avons de nous aimer les uns.'"—*The Observer.*

We beg to assure M. BAZIN that, in spite of appearances, our patriotic contemporary would be the last to wish to upset the *Entente.*



AT LAST!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 14th.—The Theatre Royal, Westminster, has resumed the "two-houses-a-night" system. The Lords, who have been putting in overtime while the Commons were resting, were again busy with Woman's Suffrage; in the Commons Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES was in charge of the Combing-out Bill.

Singularly unlike his brother, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, both in voice and mien, Sir AUCKLAND resembles him in distrust of his oratorical ability. What he humorously called his "notes" lay in a huge pile on the brass-bound box, and to them he stuck most religiously for the hour and a half that his speech lasted.

It was a good speech, crammed full of important facts and figures, and showed that its author had thoroughly mastered his difficult subject. But one could not help wishing that, following the PRIME MINISTER's recent example, he had consulted Mr. ASQUITH—that artist in condensation—before he made it.

I am afraid, however, that Mr. ASQUITH, being a cautious man and morbidly timid of Labour, would have struck out the passage in which Sir AUCKLAND, rising for once to his full height, fulminated against the young men sheltering in the shipyards and munition factories who were quite willing to let their fathers fight for them and wounded men be sent to the Front again and again.

When the DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL SERVICE at last sat down, no one rose from the Front Opposition Bench either to criticise or to pay the usual compliments to a Minister making his maiden speech. Happily Mr. PRINGLE is equal to any emergency and promptly filled the breach, though, needless to say, the proportion of compliment to criticism in his remarks was as the poor pennyworth of bread to the intolerable deal of sack in *Falstaff's* tavern reckoning. His rebuke of some of the less judicious *obiter dicta* in Sir AUCKLAND's oration—there was a passage about casualties and another about Russia which certainly would not have survived the Asquithian blue-pencil—was a little like a certain gentleman rebuking Sin, but in the main it was a good debating effort, and freer than usual from the cocksureness which is the self-imposed obstruction in the way of Mr. PRINGLE's Parliamentary progress.

Tuesday, January 15th.—In the Upper Chamber a final effort was made to defeat Woman's Suffrage. Lord BERESFORD supported the opposition, not because he thinks women indifferent to politics, but because he fears they will take to them too kindly. He drew a gloomy picture of the future, when women would conduct all the business of the House of Commons, while mere men had to look on from behind the bars of a reconstituted *grille*. But only



"AN INCREDIBLE ANSWER!"
MR. LYNCH.

sixty-two Peers supported his view, and the Suffragists surmounted their last obstacle by a majority of 28.

The independence of Finland has already been recognised by the German, Swedish and French Governments, but news of it has apparently not yet reached our Foreign Office. At least Mr. BALFOUR spoke of Finland being now "in process of constituting herself an independent Republic," and intimated that the British Government



MR. G. N. BARNES SITS ON THE WINSTON VOLCANO.

were waiting until the process was complete. Further pressed, he said that before according formal recognition they ought to know "what the Russian people think on the subject," but omitted to explain whom in present circumstances he means by "the Russian people."

To a question whether unity of command, in the sense of the appointment of a generalissimo, had been established on the Western Front, Mr. BONAR LAW replied in the negative. "An incredible answer," said Mr. LYNCH; and when an identical question regarding the Italian Front received the same reply, he strode out of the House after ostentatiously tearing up his Question-paper. It is generally thought that his anxiety to win the War would have been more completely demonstrated if he had converted the fragments into spills.

Captain COLIN COOTE took his seat for the Wisbech division. So little interest is taken now-a-days in by-elections that hardly anybody could put a name to this tall slim figure in khaki. Would it not be a good idea if, "for the duration," at any rate, the SPEAKER were formally to announce to the House the name and constituency of the newly-elected? I put aside, as unworthy the dignity of Parliament, the suggestion that these details should be flashed upon a cinema-screen.

Wednesday, January 16th.—Mr. SNOWDEN, as they say, "has a nerve." He actually wanted to know why the Conscientious Objectors in the Non-Combatant Corps do not receive the full increase in pay recently granted to the fighting-men, and seemed surprised when Mr. FORSTER informed him that as they were not employed in the danger-zone their pay would only conform to their liability.

A new official reason has been found for the continuance of horse-racing. Hitherto the necessity of keeping up the breed of horses has been the principal motive alleged; but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER now stated that, in his mind, the main consideration was non-interference with the "habits of the people." Were it not for the beneficent existence of bookmakers they would not know what to do with their spare cash and might be clamouring for Premium Bonds.

Without waiting for the permission of the PRESS CENSOR *The Daily Mail* announced the sinking of a hospital ship a day ahead of the rest of the Press; but the HOME SECRETARY, for reasons unexplained but easily conjecturable, feared that it was not possible to take proceedings. Instead he has reported the offence to "the repre-

sentatives of the newspaper proprietors." In the event of my Lord BURNHAM administering their collective reprimand to my Lord NORTHCLIFFE in the House of Lords, I hope I may be there to see.

Mr. CHURCHILL had quite a full day. First he found his name in all the headlines in consequence of a speech delivered about him by Mr. BARNES in Glasgow. Then he came down to the House and learnt that the Government had decided to publish the final report of the Dardanelles Commission, the mere mention of which always gives him goose-flesh. After that he discreetly withdrew while Mr. BARNES, under the guise of a personal explanation, made a hearty meal of everything that he had said the day before.

It was all the fault of the Scotch reporters—notoriously inaccurate fellows. They ought to have known that when he referred six or seven times to Mr. CHURCHILL'S order he was really referring to the Cabinet's order; that when he said "Mr. CHURCHILL butted in" he meant "we butted in"; and that his description of the Government as "living on the top of a veritable volcano" had no reference to the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, who, as everybody knows, cannot be sat upon.

Thursday, January 17th.—Members learned with some concern the FOOD CONTROLLER'S intention to reduce the price of fish. They fear it will have the effect of driving this wholesome food from the market, and would sooner have a herring in the hand than two in the queue.

The Board of Education is composed of many eminent persons who never hold a meeting. Sir CHARLES BATHURST considers that it is otiose and ought to be disbanded; but Mr. FISHER deprecated interference with "this dignified body," which never interferes with him.

On the new Military Service Bill the Ulstermen's plea for conscription in Ireland was rejected after Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES had declared that it would be of no use as a solution of the present difficulty. He did not give his reasons, but they are believed to be Conventional.

The rest is silence, for, on the motion of Mr. PRINGLE, the House went into Secret Session in order that Mr. HOGGE might use language presumably unfit for publication. Whatever it was it did not prevent the second reading being carried without a division.

How it Strikes the Journalist.

"(From the P.A. Special Correspondent)

The front of attack was 3,000 words."

Dublin Evening Mail.



Visitor (at Girls' Club). "OF COURSE YOU KNOW, DEAR GIRLS, LADIES NEVER TALK TO GENTLEMEN UNLESS THEY HAVE BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED?"

Head Girl. "WE KNOWS IT, MUM, AND WE FEELS SORRY FOR YER."

A QUEUE SONG.

A JOCULAR burden rings in my ear
  Of *Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*
It tells of good cheer ere food was dear,
  Of a time of plenty and peace and ease.

With bread thrown in there was ample fare
  In *Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*
For men to repair all the wear and tear
  Of bodily tissue, though busy as bees.

Carnivorous folk might ask for more
  Than *Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,*
But that was before the stress of war
  Had simplified meals with a steady squeeze.

For butter has almost fled from our ken,
  And eggs are fetching enormous fees,
And the laying hen is on strike again,
  And my grocer has run clean out of cheese.

So I'm bidding good-bye to the old refrain—
  It isn't attuned to times like these—
And I sing this strain as I stand in the rain,
  Margarine, rice and potatoes, please!



"EVER HAD TOO MUCH BEER, SAM?" "THERE ISN'T."

MELODIUM MEMORIES.

By MELODEA.

AN EXERCISE IN THE NEW ADVERTISING.

I WONDER if anybody who has never tried it has the faintest idea of what the stimulus and uplift of a variety entertainment can be when one is, so to speak, "down and out"? Last night, for example, I was tired beyond words and was in despair until a friend, linking his arm in mine, said by an inspiration, "Come to the Melodium. Always the best show in London; and this week better than ever. Let's have as good a dinner as Lord RHONDDA, Sir ARTHUR YAPP and our own consciences will permit and then go to the second house. Twice nightly, you know." It was a brain wave! Not since last week, when, after my invariable habit, I was again among the audience of the Melodium, have I been so beatifically happy.

My weariness and harassments began to melt away directly we entered the great comfortable auditorium, so tastefully decorated with just those touches of brightness here and there that mean so much. The costly curtain had not yet risen, for my friend and I were early; we know enough about the Melodium programmes to be unwilling to miss a moment of them. The superb orchestra was playing a sparkling tune, keeping time with the brilliant conductor as only the Melodium orchestra can, while the anticipatory crowd flocked in all agog for the joys to come. It did me good to see them. Let the pessimists and Lansdownites who would make England downhearted go to the Melodium and watch the thousands there all intent on innocent diversion. Let the food queue grumblers see how cheerfully these sensible folk will stand outside the early doors for hour after hour, never uttering a complaint even though it rains and snows. An object-lesson indeed!

But to the wonder of the programme, which seems to me—perhaps I am wrong, but that is the impression conveyed—to improve every week. Think of such a galaxy of stars in one evening as Bonnie Bessie Rabia, the Great Little Much, the Eight Imbecile Grocers, Reely and Trewly, Posco, and those favourite mirth-makers, the Levi Lewis Co. in a side-splitting sketch, "The Best 'Ole." Imagination boggles at it. It is too lavish. But that is the Melodium way.

The head and front of the evening was, of course, the one and only Bessie Rabia, who was at the top of her form—over the top, I might say, to use a phrase which will appeal to the many military patrons of this favourite house of entertainment. I don't know what it was—probably the electricity that this woman of genius always infuses into an audience—but her effect was astounding. Always topical and trenchant, I hardly need say that she has a song about Food Control. More than a song—an epic, with such a tune to it! We all came out humming it, while those who were fortunate enough to remember the words sang it too, revelling in the sly satire of its lines:—

Now RHONDDA is a wonder, I don't think;
Let Sir ARTHUR YAPP
Take away our pap,
But we must have something to drink.

Feats of dexterity are always fascinating, but never can there have been quite such perfect juggling as that evinced by Posco, the marvellous boy equilibrist. CINQUEVALLI in his palmy days was a master, but I venture to consider Posco even greater than he. Certainly some of his tricks—notably balancing a walking-stick on the very tip of one finger for nearly a minute of time—CINQUEVALLI never offered the public at all.

And then the back-chat couple—what can I say of them? I have heard many exponents of this difficult art in my time, from the Two MACS onwards, but none of them can compare in wit and alertness with the Melodium humorists, Reely and Trewly. Which is the funnier it would be hard to say. Go and make up your minds about it for yourselves; that is my advice. I defy anybody, however tired, to hear Reely wish Trewly "A Yappy New Year" without feeling the better for it. No tonic like an honest laugh.

The acrobatic troupe called the



"Do you know, Aunty, I can get both my feet into one of these socks you've made for me?"
"But surely, my dear, it's not so easy to walk that way?"

Imbecile Grocers galvanised the house by their drolleries and evolutions.

If there is a better performer on a one-string fiddle than Grimalkin I should like to hear of him.

Standing up now and then in my seat I was able to recognise other members of the audience, which numbers twice nightly some of the most distinguished personalities in London. To my great satisfaction I saw that a very near neighbour of mine in the stalls was "CALLISTHENES."

"MAN POWER SCHEME.

Conferences held during the week in connection with a Government bomb-out scheme between representatives of the Trade Unions and Sir Auckland Geddes, concluded this afternoon."—*Provincial Paper.*

That ought to shift the slackers.

From *The Black Man's Part in the War*, by Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON:—

"The Nilotic race is . . . remarkable for the disproportionately long legs of their men and women. They extend on the eastern side of the Nile right down into the Uganda Protectorate."

What a pity that this remarkable tribe should not have been brought to the Western Front, where they could so easily take barbed-wire entanglements in their stride.

OUR MIGHTY ATOMS AGAIN.

"THE RAMBLER," in *The Daily Mirror* of the 16th, informs us that "Mr. Harry Grattan's little daughter is promising to follow in her father's footsteps," and adds, "Although still a tiny mite, she has astonished her school teachers by writing 'revues.'"

But is it fair to stop here? The histrionic profession has no monopoly of precocity. Philosophers are to be found in every second pram and our nurseries are thronged with amateur strategists. The musty maxim, *Si jeunesse savait*, has long been relegated to the scrap heap. Youth *does* know, and means to let us know that it knows.

A few striking concrete examples of this prevalent juvenile activity may serve to justify our statement.

Thus we understand that Master ANTHONY ASQUITH, of whom little has been seen in the illustrated papers since the resignation of the late Prime Minister, has nearly completed his great paraphrase of *Paradise Lost*, in which the principal characters are assigned to modern politicians. His tutors are said to be absolutely petrified by the brilliant characterisation and majestic imagery in which the work abounds.

Then the hereditary instinct for biography has declared itself with irresistible force in Master CHURCHILL, who has been engaged from his earliest infancy on a Life of his father. This colossal work will occupy ten volumes, seven of which are already written. The advantage of living in the same house with the hero depicted is too obvious to call for comment. Even BOSWELL only occasionally enjoyed this privilege.

Instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely; it is enough merely to mention the forthcoming Love Sonnets, written by the granddaughter (aged two) of a Labour Leader, or the *Essays by a Flapper*, who is none other than the grandniece of a well-known Earl (belted). It is only right to add that the young lady in question has reached the comparatively mature age of thirteen. But Messrs. Stodger, who are about to publish her book, have issued a preliminary prospectus containing a sworn affidavit by their reader, made before a Commissioner of Oaths, that beside these Essays those of BACON are a thing *pour rire* and those of ADDISON and LAMB positively puerile.

Our Civilian Army.

"Most of the men were in khaki, but a few military uniforms varied the monotony."—*Ladies' Paper.*

THE HERO-BIGAMIST.

"WHAT," said Francesca, "does the Recorder really do?"

"The Recorder?" I said. "I am not quite sure about him, but I *think* he does quite a lot of recording."

"Do you mean that he fills up his spare time with it?"

"No," I said, "I don't mean that. In fact I mean just the opposite. It's his business to record, and he fills up his business time with it. But we never see him recording. He does it in the dark, you know, and then in his spare time he acts as a Judge—at least that's how I fancy it's managed. But what has made you so keen on Recorders this morning?"

"This paper says that the Recorder had before him a man charged with bigamy."

"They will do it," I murmured. "They find it difficult to keep away from marriage when they've once got started."

"Well, this man had fought at Mons."

"A splendid exhibition of heroism," I said.

"That is exactly what the Recorder said; he said that the man was a hero, and he was going to treat all Mons fighters brought before him as heroes. So he discharged him and——"

"And there was loud applause in court, and the Recorder said the court was not a theatre, and if it occurred again he would have the court cleared!"

"No," she said, "I don't see that."

"That's odd; they mostly say that."

"Perhaps," she said, "it's only full-blown Judges who say that kind of thing. Anyhow, I don't see that the Recorder said anything of that kind. He just told the man he was a hero and let him go; and he added that he meant to deal with all similar heroes in the same way."

"It's a grand recognition of courage," I said. "In these namby-pamby days we ought to reward a display of the primitive virtues."

"But what," said Francesca, "about the poor second woman? She doesn't get much of a show, does she?"

"No," I said, "she doesn't; but then, you see, she never fought at Mons."

"Then of course," said Francesca, "she isn't a hero, and so she has got to take her punishment for having believed a hero who deceived her."

"The Recorder didn't say anything about her, did he?"

"No," said Francesca, "I can't find that he did. He just invited all heroic bigamists to trot up before him and he'd see that nothing was done to them. That sounds like abolishing the Ten Commandments in favour of the old army."

"It means more than that. If it is logically carried out it means abolishing the Criminal Law of England."

"But perhaps Recorders are not logical."

"I don't think they have to pass an examination in logic in order to become Recorders."

"No," she said, "I should think not. And yet women are not allowed to go to the Bar or to be promoted to the Bench."

"But you can soon alter that. In about a quarter of an hour from now six millions of you will have votes, and you will then be in a position to tell the Recorder what you think of him."

"I shan't think too much of him," said Francesca, "even if he does allow heroes to dabble in bigamy." R. C. L.

War Geography.

"Skegness and Harrogate were the coldest places on the English coast, with 12deg. and 8deg. of frost respectively."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Our contemporary ought not to give away military secrets like this. The next thing we shall read is that Harrogate has been bombarded by a submarine.

"QUIEN TIENE LENGUA Á ROMA LLEGA."

Spanish Proverb.

"*He that hath a nimble tongue may even get to Rome.*"
So say the lightfoot gipsy folk who know all Earth as home.
But since the world is very big they drift about in Spain
And take their fill of wandering and then set out again.
Some lead, along the Seville road, a life of dusty ease,
Some cross the rolling Mancha and the snowy Pyrenees,
And northward to the Puy de Dôme and eastward to Marseilles
They clip the mules in patterns and they dock the donkeys' tails.

Alas! the world has lost its way, as never gipsy could,
And shells are blasting from our sight deer-track and beechen wood,
Where FRANÇOIS PREMIER loved to hunt and soothe his soul of old
When sated with an Entente's pomp and sick of Cloth of Gold.
The little twilight winds at dusk which stirred the sleeping leaves
Now moan around each riven branch while all the forest grieves
That where the wood-smoke used to rise from gipsy fires aglow
The star shells and the Verey lights now hissing come and go.

Yet you may find the gipsy men spread far from sea to sea;
'Tis still the land of Romany wherever they may be;
And some are back in Egypt, whence the earliest Gippy came;
They may take the field as soldiers, yet the wandering's their game.
And, though the *chals* must risk their lives in many a bitter fight,
Still on Piave's blood-stained banks their brazier glows at night,
For under arms the wander-folk yet find a chance to roam
Where he that hath a nimble tongue may even get to Rome.

SALVAGE.

JUST now the authorities are taking a keen interest in salvage. This means that we, the 2nd Royal Fermanagh Fusiliers, when not actively engaged in fighting battles, sally out in parties of thirty, forty and sometimes more, and mop up any material that may be lying about—shells, shell-cases, corrugated iron, bully-beef tins, picks, shovels and rifles. Yesterday, X Company, led by Captain O'Neil, set forth at 6 A.M. with instructions to collect shells, shells and yet more shells from a certain corner of Y area. At 3 P.M. the party returned, the men had their dinners, "got down to it," and all was peace.

At 5 P.M. our Adjutant received instructions "to report in person at Division H.Q. (Q) without delay." Q did not keep Maloney long, but passed him on to another dug-out, two doors off, where a Brigadier-General of Artillery, complete with Staff-Officer in attendance, awaited him.

"Ah, are you the Adjutant of the Fermanaghs?" he began. "I wish to congratulate you on the magnificent way your men worked this morning."

Maloney, glowing with pride, waited for him to continue.

"Two thousand shells did they shift from Y area; and my men have had to spend the whole afternoon shifting them back again. You collected the whole of one of my Advance Ammunition Dumps."

Maloney met the Brigadier with his undefeated smile. "Ah, Sir," said he, "aren't they the bhoys!"



War Plumber (replying on the telephone to desperate appeal for replacement of a burst cistern). "WELL, MADAM, IF THE NEW CISTERN IS URGENTLY REQUIRED FOR THE FRONT, AND YOU CAN SEND US AN 'A' CERTIFICATE, WE CAN PROBABLY TACKLE THE JOB THE WEEK AFTER NEXT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THESE German writers! Well might the one just inhabitant of the Fatherland (supposing such an individual to exist) cry aloud to be saved from his propagandists. The latest solo upon the Teutonic trumpet is played by no less high-sounding a performer than Lieutenant-General Baron VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN. This gentleman occupies, it appears, the position (to which however there are other claimants) of "the most distinguished soldier-writer of Prussia," his expositions of the noble science of the jack-boot having procured for him, by a deliciously native touch, the decoration *Pour le Mérite* (Peace Class). The exalted Herr Baron has embodied his most distinguished conclusions upon the world-tragedy (which is not at all what he would call it) in the little book before me, *Deductions From The World War* (CONSTABLE). These deductions could hardly have appeared at a moment more unhappy for their author or more fortunate for a world that was perhaps in some danger of believing the Prussian wolf repentant. To all who have been conscious of the lure of such an amiable folly let me commend the deduction which sums up the Baronial philosophy: "Any such agreements [to prevent future wars] will after all only be treaties which will not on every occasion be capable of holding in check the forces seething within the States. The idea of a universal league . . . would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation." So there you have it. Not for the first time, but seldom more forthright, have their own pens condemned the murderers of faith.

I suppose that what C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON don't know about the dramatic possibilities of the motor-car is hardly worth knowing. Their new volume of stories, *Tiger Lily* (MILLS AND BOON) shows their store of petrol-adventures to be still unexhausted. Probably, but for considerations of crispness, the book would have been called *He Who Stole and Rode Away*, since this is the title of the longest and most important tale in the collection. It is a brisk affair of an heiress, of fortune-hunters and (of course) a god in the car, and gets its topical interest from the fact that the scene of it, ranging from Innsbruck to the Piave, has lately attained some tragic notoriety. Some of the other stories are concerned with gambling at Monte Carlo, always a background rich in suggestion and intrigue; but though these provide usually a promising situation they left me, for the most part, with a feeling that the *dénouement*, explanation, or whatever it is, had scarcely fulfilled this promise. Can it be, I wonder, that Mrs. WILLIAMSON murders the victim, or arranges the *coup*, or generally complicates matters after this exhilarating fashion and then leaves poor Mr. W. to find the best solution he can? One other story tells of the trick played by a rich young woman upon an equally rich young man who criticised her philanthropic methods; it is called "A Cure for Wealth"—a bad title, since the young man was so far from being cured that his relapse (he married the millionairess) left him richer than ever. It is a merry little piece of nonsense that would make a good curtain-raiser.

In view of the perpetual interest that attaches to the greater crimes of violence down the ages, Mr. RAFAEL

SABATINI has done a shrewd thing in his *Historical Nights' Entertainment* (SECKER), gathering together for our delectation, in a sanguinary sheaf, some horrific tales of sundry nights of terror, and presenting his historical characters in a setting of known fact with plausible embroideries of conjecture. Of these thirteen tales—ominous number—no fewer than eleven are tales of murder, private or judicial, achieved or attempted. This would perhaps seem a somewhat morbid idea of entertainment; but the author does not focus on the horrors, but rather on the play of motive and the traits of character. And I must say, who am no expert and can oppose no counter-contentions to his audacious theories, that he has contrived a very respectable entertainment. RIZZIO, DARNLEY, Lady ALICE LISLE, COLIGNY's Huguenots, GUSTAVUS III., CESARE BORGIA's brother GANDIA and some three thousand citizens of Nantes, are among the list of the victims, and the tragedy-comedy of the great Affair of the Diamond Necklace and an escape of CASANOVA from prison are the only two bloodless episodes. I think I dare commend the book even to the gentle. The average unregenerate man ought to enjoy it all hugely.

Mr. GERARD FIENNES, in *Sea Power and Freedom* (SKEFFINGTON), states that "the British boy, taught history in the schools, can name five British victories on land to every three at sea," and goes on to remark that the proportion is a strange one for the greatest Sea Power in the history of the world. If his book compels attention to the elementary fact that the British Empire has depended for its development upon its sea-power it will do a sound piece of service. We are, and always have been, far too ready to take our Navy for granted. Mr. FIENNES, though very rightly claiming the Battle of Jutland as a British victory, argues that, if it was not so decisive as a people nourished on the traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar were inclined to expect, the fault did not lie with the Navy, but with the loose talkers who have never appreciated the changes which modern developments have brought with them. We want to be educated before we have any right to criticise, and I suggest Mr. FIENNES' book as a pleasant and profitable study for those of us who have neglected to instruct ourselves in naval affairs. Here you will find an account of both ancient and modern Sea Powers, a carefully considered judgment upon our Navy's actions in the present War, and some excellent illustrations. "Whenever," says Mr. FIENNES, "a tyrant has come into conflict with sea-power it has broken him." It is a consoling thought, and I recommend it as a tonic to the most determined pessimists.

Capt. BRETT YOUNG's latest romance, *Marching on Tanga* (COLLINS), deals with all manner of fascinating things such as sound boys choose for their literature; yet it is no novel, but a volume dealing in all seriousness with a part of the campaign in East Africa now happily concluding. If this is not glorious adventure I do not know what is, and it would seem that there still may be glamour in war. As a history of General SMUTS's sweep down the Pangani river, beginning later than the conquest of the Kilimanjaro country and ending before the approach to the Central Railway, the book is a businesslike account of a fighting retreat by the Huns and of resistance much more strenuous on the part of tsetse and mosquitos; yet when it is told by the author, now home from listening to strange bird-songs in a land where the stars are strange, it is no wonder that it becomes something infinitely more. There is a glow of tropic heat and beauty about it, a vista of dry desert and hard blue mountains, and a sense of the bigness of the new crude land that has gained a soul from the fighting travail of lean suffering invaders. And the book has a hero, or rather two. One is the writer, though little enough he seems to guess it, and the other is the General whose greatness warred with the greatness of waste Africa and wrought upon it victory. Not often has actual war been written in terms of such artistic beauty.



Shopman. "DON'T YOU WANT NO DOG BISCUITS TO-DAY?"
Sporting Miner's Wife. "DOG BISCUITS! WE CAN'T AFFORD DOG BISCUITS. OUR DOG 'S GOT TO EAT WHAT WE EATS NOW."

Given a story-teller who knows the wild places of the earth and the speech and trafficking of men who live dangerously, and novel-writing becomes an easy matter. For novel-reading is essentially the pastime of men and women who live in easy-chairs, have three meals a day, and policemen to keep the tramps away—circumstances under which the call of the wild never fails of its appeal. To-day the Spirit of Valour is abroad in the world and mere danger has lost much of its attraction, but the Spirit of Adventure never beckoned so insistently; and men who sniff at fifteen-inch shells in France can thrill at the popping of the novelists' six-shooters in the Alaskan wilderness. All of which is a prelude to the practical statement that you should buy *The Triumph of John Kars* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), read it and send it to the Y.M.C.A. for the delectation of our fighting men. You may be too sophisticated to enjoy it yourself—that is your misfortune—but they will not be, and the important thing is that you should send it to them. Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM is a past-master of this type of fiction, and his story of the Yukon lacks none of his accustomed entertainment. The lure of gold, the glamour of saloon and dance-hall, Indians and trappers, fur traders and prospectors, all contribute to our entertainment. The villain is perhaps a little too villainous, and the hero rather more heroic than mortal hero could reasonably be expected to be. That is of no consequence. The types are truthfully drawn, their talk is real talk, and we are made to realise the enduring warfare between the iron North and the unconquerable soul of Man the Pioneer. More than that for five shillings no decent reader would demand.

"The Milan Municipal Council, which is a socialist body, has issued a stirring appetite to the population."—*New Zealand Herald.*

A silly thing to do during the food shortage.



Grocer. "I'M VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT WE HAVE NO LUMP SUGAR."
Lady. "BUT I *MUST* HAVE LUMP. HOW DO YOU EXPECT FIDO TO CATCH A SPOONFUL OF DEMERARA FROM THE END OF HIS NOSE?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour that the War Bond Tank at Nottingham so far forgot itself as to try to bite Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD in the leg has been traced to Bolshevik sources.

* * *

"The basis of the Labour Party," said Mr. SMILLIE, "must be broadened to include brain-workers like Lord BERESFORD." This looks like a nasty smack at Commander BELLAIRS, M.P.

* * *

The village of Crundale, in Yorkshire, is to be sold by auction. To ensure brisk bidding there is some talk of throwing in a couple of pork chops with it.

* * *

A Sunninghill tradesman opens his shop three days a week as a butcher and three days as a fishmonger. Our own butcher opens one day a week as a purveyor of meat and five days as a matter of habit.

* * *

For the convenience of German prisoners of war desirous of escaping from British internment camps, we understand that it is likely, in order to avoid confusion, that the queue system will be introduced.

Great interest has been aroused at the Front by recent journalistic sensations, and there is some talk among the troops of asking Sir DOUGLAS HAIG to send a special correspondent to the Fleet Street theatre of war.

* * *

"Pineapples cut into slices," says a Cricklewood fruiterer, "make an excellent dish." This is much better than the old custom of swallowing the pineapple whole.

* * *

"If the standard price of milk in your district is 7½*d.*," says *The Evening News*, "do not ask for a pennyworth, but two-fifteenths of a quart, and one-thirtieth of a pint instead of a halfpennyworth." The latter suggestion sounds very promising and has the hearty support of the milk-trade.

* * *

"Better days in store," says a notice in a Ramsgate shop window. What we want is Butter days.

* * *

A dairyman charged with selling unsatisfactory milk explained to the Bench that his cows were suffering from shell-shock. He himself is now suffering from shell-out-shock.

* * *

Field-Marshal VON HINDENBURG indicates that he is preparing a scheme to combat the British Tanks. This lends colour to the recent rumour that the German troops were being served out with tin-openers.

* * *

An admiral butterfly seen basking in the sun on the Dorset coast has been captured by a resident. The intrepid fellow, in a graphic description of the encounter, sticks to his story that the butterfly snapped at him several times.

* * *

At a London police court a man was alleged to have sold a bottle of coloured water as whisky to a Scotsman for fifteen shillings. Restoratives are still being applied to the victim.

* * *

Thieves who broke into a Surbiton provision store ignored the cash and consumed a quantity of salmon, condensed milk and apples. The police theory that they were in search of food is regarded by local opinion as being quite sound.

* * *

With reference to the gentleman in the North of England who boasted that he had a reply by return of post from the War Office, we are asked to state that it was due to an oversight.

THE STRANDING OF "GOEBEN."

MEHMED LETS HIMSELF GO.

ALLAH is good! He makes me laugh inside!
  I trip the Turkish Trot with light and free limbs
For joy of punctures blown in *Goeben's* side,
  Or (if you like it better) *Sultan Selim's*.

Beached on the Narrows' shore she lies a wreck,
  Having, in Teuton parlance, "lightly grounded,"
And there, I hear, she gets it in the neck
  All day and night by British airmen pounded.

Never again, we'll hope, the beastly thing
  (This is indeed a providential loss for us)
Snug at her moorings off Stamboul shall swing
  And stain with German bilge my balmy Bosphorus.

No more her alien officers, I deem,
  Shall here behave like little gods on castors,
Or train their cursèd guns on my harem
  To mend my manners to my German masters.

No more emerging from a year's repose
  (The time to readjust a damaged piston)
Shall she decline conclusions with her foes
  And run for harbour with a heavy list on.

Tracing to her the source of all my woe,
  I might have worn a visage yet more shiny
Had she but definitely gone below,
  "*Spurlos versenkt*" beneath the open briny.

Still, as a stranded hulk, she suits my game,
  And scarce had pleased me more by disappearing,
For I can now declare a foreshore claim
  And do a little salvage profiteering.

Meanwhile within a note to WILLIAM dear,
  Alluding to his natural annoyance,
I shall enclose a large unblotted tear,
  Like crocodiles that camouflage their joyance.

O. S.

Long-Distance Diving?

"Splendid diving at Portland, Ore., was seen a few days ago when a young fellow, on being shown a point marked on the surface by a buoy, went down into twenty-five feet of water and in four minutes located and brought to the surface the three thousand dollar family heirloom ring lost by a Philadelphia lady. The recovery of this small object from twenty-five feet of water is called the finest diving feat along the Maine coast in years."—*Montreal Weekly Star.*

We should like to have been told whether, in swimming from Oregon to Maine, he went round Cape Horn or utilised the Panama Canal.

The Lower Depths.

"During the week [ending December 26] eleven ships over sixteen hundred tons went to the bottom and one under."—*Malta Chronicle.*

"INEXECRABLE HUN SNIPES STRETCHER BEARERS."
New Zealand Times.

We should have spoken more positively on the subject.

"WANTED.—Man to Slaughter, in spare time."—*Oxford Times.*

We hazard the thought that the advertiser has borrowed his hobby from WILLIAM, KAISER.

"Trained Gymnastic and Games' Mistress required at once, in first-class Girls' Boarding School (seaside); young married lady or widow (temporarily) might be suitable."—*Yorkshire Post.*

The "tempy" spirit is very infectious.

A PATRIOT POACHER.

BEFORE the War old Abe was our village outcast. The Squire glowered on him when they met. When the Vicar preached on dishonesty everyone said what a pity it was that Abe was not there to hear the sermon; for he usually spent his Sunday mornings supervising his snares. The only person who loved Abe was Grimmond, our policeman. He proposed to rise by means of Abe to the giddy height of an inspectorship. Abe was the only person in the neighbourhood who could be relied upon to give him a case. Every few months he and the policeman walked off to the Petty Sessions together. It is true that Abe from the dock usually denounced Grimmond as a gross perjurer, but when the Chairman had said that it was quite time this poaching nuisance was stopped and had commended Constable Grimmond's vigilance and had fined Abe forty shillings and costs then policeman and prisoner walked amicably home together.

When Grimmond went off to the War, Abe was quite lonely. His only friend had vanished. He made a desperate attempt to enlist, but the British Army has no use for a recruit who has lost two fingers from the right hand through the premature explosion of a shot-gun carried under the coat. And even the recruiting officer whistled when Abe described himself as thirty-six, and advised him to go home and teach his grandchildren to speak the truth.

Life became very dull for Abe. Instead of the wily and indefatigable Grimmond, Abe merely had to circumvent our two specials—the Squire, whose rheumatism kept him indoors on all damp evenings, and the Vicar, who mooned round his beat meditating on sermons. As Abe said, "It ain't worth troubling to shove the rabbits under your coat. He jus' looks at you and says, 'Finally, brethren.' A rabbit! I could take a elephant past 'im."

It was not till the food shortage began that old Abe revived. Now, instead of sneaking away a few rabbits in the publican's cart, he walks boldly up to the station with a couple of dozen. "See here, Mr. Simmonds, I want these sending off by first train to Middleden. Don't let 'em miss it now. Those poor folk 'll 'ave nothing for their Sunday dinners if we don't keep up food supplies."

The village was thrilled at our War Bond meeting when Abe rose and said, "Put me down for twenty pounds' worth, if you please, Sir. And I think we ought to remember our 'eroes at the Front, so I 'd be glad if you 'd let me buy a War Certificate—one of them that keeps on growing—for Constable Grimmond."

The Squire's wife thanked Abe personally when he came round just before Christmas and presented two brace of pheasants to our Red Cross Hospital; and Abe replied, "Don't mention it, Mum; you 're 'eartily welcome; and if they 'adn't stopped breeding pheasants round 'ere it 's not two brace but twenty brace you should 'ave 'ad."

Then Abe came to church in a top-hat and frock-coat he had bought second-hand, and the Vicar, not knowing him, shook him by the hand and said he was always glad to welcome new residents in the parish.

But the climax came one evening when the Squire addressed our Food Economy meeting and old Abe rose unsolicited from the back to support him. People hung on his memorable words: "We got to save food. We got to increase food supplies. What we want is more 'ares and rabbits, and what I says is that, if this 'ere Ministry of Munitions keeps on 'olding up thin wire, we shall lose this blinkin' War."

Before it is over I expect that old Abe will be made at least a Member of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his services as Local Rabbit Controller.



FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.

German Kaiser. "MY POOR, POOR FRIEND! THIS IS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT THAT HAS BEFALLEN OUR BELOVED *GOEBEN*."

Sultan of Turkey (*concealing his satisfaction*). "IT IS THE WILL OF ALLAH."

THE MUD LARKS.

We fell asleep with goose feathers of snow whirling against the carriage windows, and woke to see a shot-silk sea flinging white lace along a fairy coast on one side and pink and yellow villas nesting among groves of palm and orange on the other.

"Of course this sort of thing doesn't happen in real life," said Albert Edward, flattening his proboscis against the pane. "Either it's all a dream or else those oranges will suddenly light up; George Grossmith, in a topper and spats, will trip in from the O.P. side; girls will blossom from every palm, and all ranks get busy with song and prance—tra-la-la!"

The Babe kicked his blankets off and sat up. "Nothing of the sort. We've arrived in well-known Italy, that's all. Capital—Rome. Exports—old masters, chianti and barrel-organs. Faces South and is centrally heated by Vesuvius."

We rattled into a cutting the sides of which were decorated with posters: "Good Healt at the England," "Good Lucky at Tommy," and drew up in a flag-festooned station, on the platform of which was a deputation of smiling *signorinas*, who presented the Atkinses with post-cards, fruit and cigarettes, and ourselves with flowers.

"Very *bon*—eh, what?" said the Babe as the train resumed its rumblings. "All the same I wish we could thank them prettily and tell them how pleased we are we've come. Does anybody handle the patter?"

Albert Edward thought he did. "Used to swot up a lot of Italian literature when I was a lad; technical military stuff about the divisions of Gaul by one J. Cæsar."

"Too technical for everyday use," I objected. "A person called D'Annunzio is their best seller now, I believe."

"Somebody'd better hop off the bus at the next stop and buy a book of the words," said the Babe.

At the next halt I dodged the deputation and purchased a phrase-book with a Union Jack on the cover, entitled *The English Soldier in Italy*, published in Milan.

Among military terms grouped under the heading of "The Worldly War," a *garetta* (sentry-box) is defined as "a watchbox," and the machine-gunner will be surprised to find himself described as "a grapeshot-man." It has also short conversations for current use.

"Have you of any English papers?"

"Yes, Sir, there's *The Times* and *Tit-Bits.*"

(Is it possible that the land of Virgil, of Horace and Dante knows not *The Daily Mail?*)

"Give me, please, many biscuits."

"No, Sir, we have no biscuits; the fabrication of them has been avoided by Government."

"Waiter, show me a good bed where one may sleep undisturbated."

In the train:—

"Dickens! I have lost my ticket."

"Alas, you shall pay the price of another."

A jocular vein is recommended with cabbies:—

"Coachman, are you free?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then long live liberty."

Very young subalterns with romantic notions may waste good beer-money on foreign phrase-books and get themselves enravelled in hopeless international tangles, but not old Atkins. The English soldier in Italy will speak what he has always spoken with complete success in Poperinghe, Amiens, Cairo, Salonika, Dar-es-Salaam, Bagdad and Jerusalem, to wit, English.

But to return to our train. At nightfall we left the fairy coast behind, its smiling *signorinas*, flags, flowers and fruit, and swarmed up a pile of perpendicular scenery from summer to winter. During a halt in the midst of moonlit snows our carriage door was opened and we beheld outside an Italian officer, who saluted and gave us an exhibition of his native tongue at rapid fire.

"He's referring to us," said the Babe. "Answer him, somebody; tell him we're on his side and all that."

"*Viva l' Italia,*" William exclaimed promptly.

The Italian countered with a "*Viva l' Inghilterra*," and swept on with his monologue.

"Seems to want something," said Albert Edward. "Wonder if Cæsar is too technical for him."

"Read him something from *The English Soldier in Italy*," I suggested.

The Babe thumbed feverishly through the hand-book. "'Let us get in; the guard has already cried'—No, that won't do. 'Give me a walk and return ticket, please'—That won't do either. 'Yes, I have a trunk and a carpet-bag'—Oh, this is absurd." He cast the book from him.

At that moment the engine hooted, the trucks gave a preliminary buck and started to jolt forward. The Italian sprang upon the running board and, clinging to the hand-rail, continued to declaim emotionally through the window. William became alarmed. "This chap has something on his mind. Perhaps he's trying to tell us that a bridge has blown up, or that the train is moving without a movement order, or the chauffeur is drunk. For Heaven's sake somebody do something—quick!"

Thereupon Babel broke loose, each of us in his panic blazing off in the foreign language which came easiest to his tongue. William called for a bath in Arabic. The Babe demanded champagne in French. Albert Edward declined *mensa*, while I, by the luckiest chance, struck a language which the Italian recognised with a glad yelp. In a moment explanations were over and I had swung him into the carriage and slammed the door.

The new-comer was a lieutenant of mountain artillery. He was returning from leave, had confided himself to the care of an R.T.C., had in consequence missed every regular train and wanted a lift to the next junction. That was all. I then set about to make him as comfortable as possible, wrapping him in one of the Babe's blankets and giving him his maiden drink of whisky out of William's First Field Dressing. With tears streaming down his cheeks he vented his admiration of the British national beverage.

In return he introduced me to the Italian national smoke, an endless cigar, to be sucked up through a straw. Between violent spasms I implored the name and address of the maker. We were both very perfect gentlemen.

We then prattled about the War; he



Winter Bather (during a thaw). "How insipid!"



Officer. "YOUR DRILL IS ROTTEN; YOUR KIT IS SHORT; AND YOU'RE NEVER UP TO TIME."
Recruit. "SORRY, SIR. IT'S ALL OWING TO THIS DREADFUL EUROPEAN WAR."

boasting about the terrific depths of snow in which he did his battling, while I boasted about the Flanders mud. We broke about even on that bout. He gained a bit on mountain batteries, but I got it all back, and more, on tanks. He had never seen one, so I had it all my own way. Our tanks, after I had finished with them, could do pretty nearly anything except knit.

Defeated in the field, he turned home to Rome for something to boast about. I should see St. Peter's, he said. It was magnificent, and the Roman art treasures unsurpassable.

I replied that our cathedral at Westminster was far newer, and that the art in our National Cold Storage had cost an average of £5,473 19*s.* 1¼*d.* per square foot. Could he beat it?

That knocked him out of his stride for a moment, but he struggled back with some remark about seeing his Coliseum by moonlight.

I replied that at ours we had modern electric light, MURPHY and MACK, VESTA TILLEY and the Bioscope.

Whether he would have recovered from that I know not, for at this moment the lights of the junction twinkled in at the frosted windows and he took his departure, first promising to call in at our Mess and suffer some more whisky if in return I would crawl up his mountain and meet the chamois and edelweiss.

Later on, as I was making up my bed for the night, Albert Edward poked his head out of the cocoon of horse-blankets in which he had wound himself.

"By the way, what ungodly jargon were you and that Italian champing together so sociably?"

"German," I whispered; "but for the Lord's sake don't tell anybody."

PATLANDER.

Journalistic Caution.

"Almost unbounded excitement prevailed in Napier on Thursday morning when the news came through that the Allies had smashed through the Hindenburg line. . . ."
Dominion (New Zealand).

"Wanted, Several Pounds Devonshire or other Butter weekly for invalid. Also Eggs, Fowls and Rabbits."—*Provincial Paper.*

We gather that the invalid is in an advanced stage of consumption.

"The new men are not sufficiently promoted. We believe it is a fact that not more than 4 per cent. of those who have joined the Army since 1914 have been made brigadier-generals."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Well, even 200,000 Brigadiers should be enough to carry on with.

A LITTLE BIT OF SKIRT.

IN Balham of the 'nineties I was young
And drained the cup of pleasure to the lees;
Played billiards, lounged in bars and moved among
High-collared youths who glibly talked of "gees,"
And by the wild companions of those days
Was universally proclaimed expert
At chasing (in their doggish turn of phrase)
"A little bit of skirt."

Times change—*e.g.*, on Saturday I fared
Forth to the butcher's (Ethel watched the twins);
In consequential accents he declared,
"No loins or shoulders, fillets, chops or shins;"
And then he gave the most unkindest cut
(Twinges of memory! oh, how it hurt!)—
"I'm sorry; I can give you nothing but
A little bit of 'skirt.'"

A Painful Ambiguity.

"Monthly Conference of Missionaries to the Heathen and any Seeking to Become Such."
The Life of Faith.

STAFF-WORK.

"Is this the Officers' Hospital?" Ronny called out as he came up the "carriage sweep" (*vide* House-Agents' advertisement) by which my temporary residence is approached.

"No, it's one of the stately homes of England," I answered. My bed is pushed into the window in the daytime, and from this O.P. (it is on the first floor) I command the carriage sweep and a short piece of the main road.

"I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet"—

sang Ronny. I threw an empty cigarette box at his head and bade him come up. Ronny's high spirits had to be excused, for this was the first of his fourteen days' leave from France.

"Slacker!" he said as he entered my room. "Why aren't you under military supervision?"

"The military authorities have wearied of me," I answered, "and now I enjoy half-pay and comparative freedom. Only comparative, for my sister is a veritable dragon."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Ronny. "Why should you get off scot free while I bear the heat and burden of the day?"

He came and looked out of the window, and as he did so the girl with the yellow jersey passed along the road.

"Who's that?" asked Ronny.

"I don't know. She passes every day to do her marketing in the town. I'm always weaving romances around her. Sometimes I imagine her a Cinderella ill-used by her ugly sisters—"

"She didn't look very ill-used," put in Ronny.

"—or else the pampered niece of a fabulously rich uncle. Or, in my less cheerful moments, when my leg's very troublesome, I imagine her the wife of some fat fellow with a cushy job at the base."

"What a horrible idea!" said Ronny. "But I think you ought to get to know her. I've read in some rotten book that the companionship of vivid personalities is good for the disabled. That's why I came down to see you; and I'm almost certain that the girl in the yellow jersey is a vivid personality too. I shall have to devise a scheme for introducing her to you."

"For Heaven's sake don't," I cried, knowing Ronny's schemes of old. But he remained sunk in deep and, to me, ominous thought.

"I have it," he said at length and left the room, and a little later I saw him in the carriage sweep with a large sheet of paper in his hand. He stood looking down the road for a while, and then hastily affixed his sheet of paper to the gatepost and hid behind the laurels. The next minute the girl in the yellow jersey appeared, stood a moment reading Ronny's notice, and passed on. Then he emerged from his hiding-place, took down the notice and returned to the house.

He came into my room surveying his sheet of paper with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Very good staff-work," he said. "If all doesn't go according to plan it won't be my fault." Then he displayed the following to my horrified gaze:—

"OFFICERS' HOSPITAL.
GIFTS OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED."

"Ronny," I said severely, "this is beyond a joke. This is obtaining goods under false pretences."

"We haven't obtained them yet," said Ronny. "But I hope very much that we shall."

"Well, I hope very much that we shan't."

"I rather fancy you must have lost your nerve a bit," he said, regarding me with a speculative eye. "And of course you haven't been able to observe the girl in the yellow jersey so closely as I have. When I told you that I thought she was a vivid personality I was, if anything, understating the case. You should see her eyes. By Jove, they're simply——" He rose and surveyed himself in the looking-glass. "I wonder if I'd better put my new tie on," he said, smoothing his hair.

"Luckily it's a thousand to one against her bringing fruit and flowers, which I suppose is your idea," I said. "And if she does I shan't let you butt in."

"My dear old thing," said Ronny, "I have one sole advantage over you at the present time. You are warm and dry and well-fed, and you are regarded by everyone who doesn't know you as a No. 1 size hero. But I have just this over you, that if the lady in the yellow jersey arrives bearing fruit and flowers I can step lightly to the front door and explain the—or—mistake, while you must wait here in the office for me to report."

"Well, she won't come, any way," I said. "If she does anything she'll send her gifts by an underling."

"I see you don't understand good staff-work at all," said Ronny. "We've provided for that. I should take the parcel back myself. You will see that within twenty-four hours the objective will be attained."

"And the objective is to introduce me to the lady in the yellow jersey?"

"That is so. It is purely altruistic."

"Well, I've known the Staff to err on the side of optimism before," I said.

The morning and a good part of the afternoon passed without anything to report in our part of the line. Then my sister, who had been lunching out, came in.

"You will be interested to hear I have met the girl with the yellow jersey," she said.

"You haven't!" cried Ronny and I together. Then, "Bringing fruit and flowers?" asked Ronny.

"No," said my sister. "Why should she? But she did make rather an extraordinary remark. She said she had meant to call on us to-day, having heard we were respectable—that was before Ronny arrived, of course—but that she had seen a notice on our gate that this was an officers' hospital, so thought she must have made a mistake in the address."

There was silence for a space, and then I murmured, "Very good staff-work," to no one in particular. But Ronny was already at the door.

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"To explain about the notice, of course. Where does she live?"

"Oh, this was one of your stunts, was it?" said my sister, who lapses occasionally into the vernacular. "I shan't tell you where she lives."

Ronny put on his most engaging manner.

"You're not going to be so inhospitable as that?" he said.

"I am. But it doesn't matter," she added after a pause, "for she's coming to tea to-day after all."

At that moment a light step sounded on the gravel below.

"Didn't I say within twenty-four hours?" asked Ronny complacently.

"How like the Staff!" I said.

War Work.

"WANTED, Two Dozen Living Flies weekly during the remainder of winter for two Italian Frogs."—*Brighton Herald.*

"GERMANY DAY BY DAY.

Major-General Ernst von Below was married last week to a kinswoman, a widow named Frau Else von Below, who before her marriage was a von Below."—*Daily Paper.*

It doesn't look as if this marriage were made in Heaven.

"Musician —— was similarly complimented for his cornet solo, 'The Holy City,' his encore being 'Land of Hops and Glory.'"

Suburban Paper.

The Kentish National Anthem?

"The rivers have registered a 10 to 14 feet rise, while the highest flood ever known at Stives, Huntingdonshire, was recorded."

Daily Sketch.

And you should have seen the Thames at St. Aines.



THE DURATION.

Gladys (to her mother, who is seeing her husband off to France). "MUMMY, MAY I GO AND SEE DADDY OFF TO THE FRONT WHEN I'M GROWN UP?"

THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

"OLIM," writing in all the dignity of big print in a recent issue of *The Times*, pleads for the abolition of all Embassies, on the ground that "an Ambassador is a pompous and expensive form of envoy" and "a survival of the dead past." But is not "OLIM" knocking at an open door? A good many of our Embassies have been ended by the War, and the new arrangement by which our Ambassador at Washington has been replaced by a High Commissioner with unprecedented powers who still retains the post of Lord Chief Justice of England, undoubtedly points to a reorganisation of the Diplomatic service on the lines suggested by "OLIM." Indeed the mission of Lord READING is, we understand, only the first of a number of similar appointments, dictated, in "OLIM'S" own phrase, both by convenience and economy.

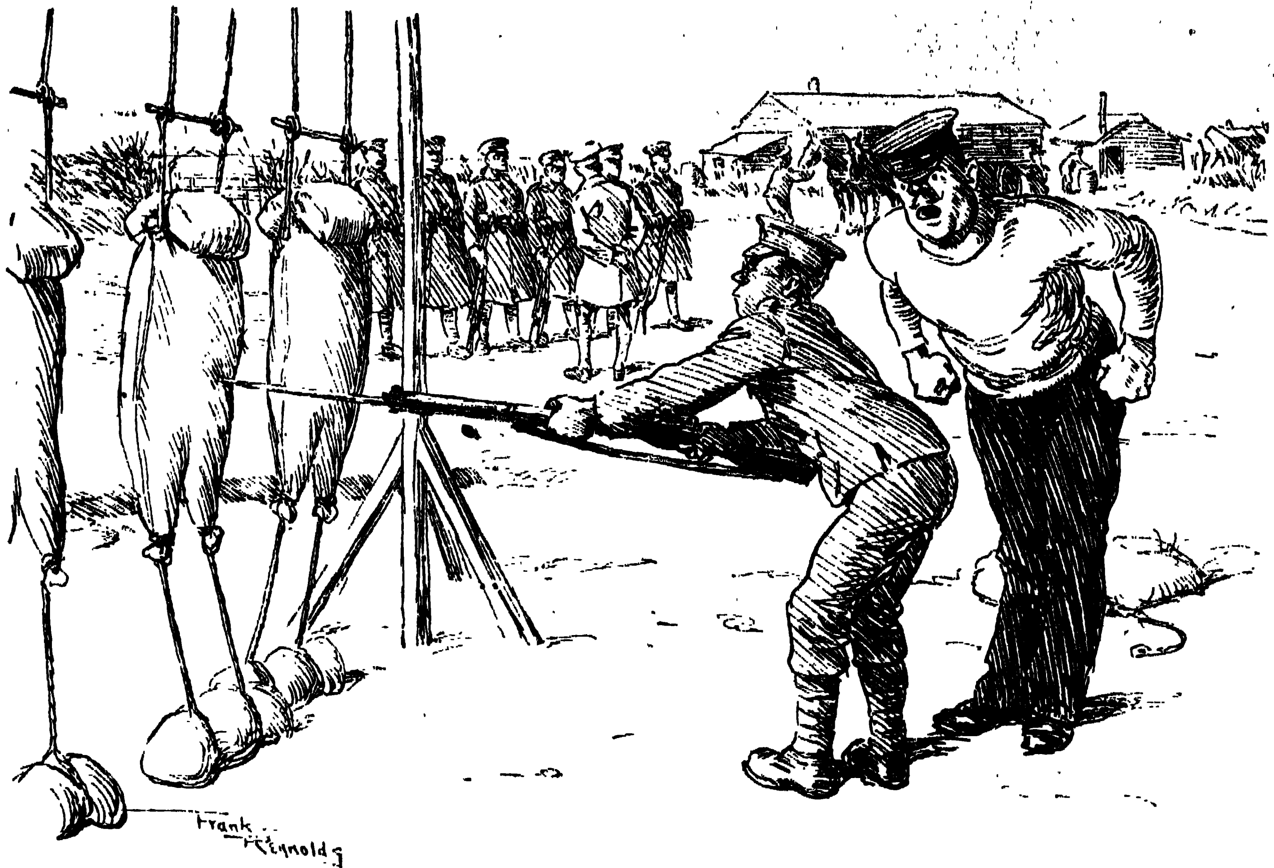
Thus we understand that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will shortly proceed as Grand Plenipotentiary and Serene High Commissioner of the British Government to the seat of the Government of the Ukraine, with the view of establishing friendly relations with the anti-Bolshevist elements. Mr. CHURCHILL'S distinguished record as a cavalry officer renders him peculiarly qualified for negotiating with the Cossacks. And in the interests of convenience and economy he has generously offered to retain his post as Minister of Munitions.

Another appointment which is practically settled and will doubtless win the approval of the entire British Empire is that of Lord ROTHERMERE to the Governorship of New Guinea. Here again the dictates of convenience and economy will be most happily consulted, for, having a most efficient astral body at his command, Lord ROTHERMERE will continue as Air Minister to provide for the urgent aerial needs of the Navy and Army, and devote all the resources of his subliminal consciousness to the solving of the problems involved.

We have also good authority for stating that Lord NORTHCLIFFE, at the urgent request of the PRIME MINISTER and the War Cabinet, will shortly proceed on a great propagandist and publicity campaign to Tibet. The exact designation of his new office has not yet been decided upon, but it will probably be "Supreme and Uncontrolled World-Interpreter of Great Britain in the Far East." A special feature of his mission will be the founding, staffing and organising of a number of newspapers, a sphere of activity in which the Tibetans have hitherto been deplorably backward. Here again the dictates of economy as well as convenience will be handsomely consulted, as Lord NORTHCLIFFE will continue in his absence to hold the post of Foreign Secretary (Extraordinary). Preparations for a suitable reception are already far advanced at Lhasa, and the GRAND LAMA is said to be in a state of intense emotion at the prospect of entertaining his illustrious guest.

"The hidden hand may find in the ultimate result that it has cut off more than it can eat."
Morning Advertiser.

And then it will get into trouble with Sir ARTHUR YAPP.



Instructor. "GO ON! KILL IT! YOU DON'T COME HERE TO BE LEARNT TATTOOIN'."

THE BLESSED ISLE.

(*Written after a short experience of Lord* RHONDDA'S *sugar-rations.*)

I FAINT, I languish. Set me on an isle
Where only nut-shells pop beneath the palm,
And turtle unto turtle all the while
Says, "Where did that one go to?"—yet is calm
(Knowing which tree it was the young ape shinned up),
And storms are not nor strafes, nor any wind up.

And further inland let me find a grove
Where the ripe cane drips juices all day long,
And build a temple by that treasure-trove
To Saccharina, subject of my song;
For worse than Fritz and his envenomed gases
I do detest this shortage of molasses.

And there the maple shall be also found
No whit less nectar'd than the Orient sweet
And just as nutritive, and all around
The woods be carpeted with bashful beet,
And vast refineries and mills be handy
Churning all day illimitable candy.

There let me sojourn for a few brief weeks
And bind the barley-sugar's golden braid,
And sticky both my hands and both my cheeks
And sport with Demerara in the shade,
And cut great cubes like glittering alabaster,
And be the batman of the Quartermaster;

And quite forget at last the fume, the fuss
Of this unsweetened twilight where we groan,
Saying, "You must not shake the caster thus,"
Or "You shall have one lump and one alone,"
Or "Herbert is a dear boy, greatly gifted,
But oh, so careless with the moist and sifted."

Ay, give me respite, give me but to breathe
That honeyed atmosphere in dreams at least,
And tread those spicy avenues and wreathe
My head with caramels and make a feast;
And let no voice of outraged aunthood speak up
When I put fourteen cubes into my teacup.

And pale but happier let me hear the call
Of duty after dalliance and awake
Ready to bear whatever may befall—
The endless wiring or the iceless cake,
The Bosch, the 5.9s, the old trench fashions,
Or even England under sugar-rations.

EVOE.

The Alternative.

"Wanted, Concert Parties and Artistes for Saturday Concerts, near Leeds; must be tip-top or useless."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We could recommend quite a number of the latter kind.

"MEAT CRISIS.

ACUTE WEEK-END SCARCITY.

After the experience which tens of thousands of people must have undergone during the past week-end it is idle to mince words."

Daily Paper.

But what else can one do? One must have something to eat.



IN SUSPENSE.

THE IRISH ANDROMEDA (*gazing wanly at her various Champions in Convention*). "IF THESE GENTLEMEN WOULD COME TO SOME EARLY AGREEMENT FOR RELIEVING THE SITUATION, IT WOULD GREATLY CONDUCE TO MY COMFORT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 21st.—In the present state of our relations with Russia it is fortunate that we have a Foreign Minister who is especially acute in drawing nice distinctions. When Mr. KING, rushing in where even an archangel might fear to tread, inquired whether Russia was still an Allied State for the purposes of the War, Mr. BALFOUR replied, "As far as treaties can make her so, she is." Even Mr. TROTZKY could hardly take exception to that admirably diplomatic sentence.

St. James's Square, once a sylvan retreat for cats and clubmen, is now a wilderness of bricks and mortar. In reply to Sir ARTHUR FELL the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS disclaimed all responsibility for the transformation, which is the work of the American Y.M.C.A. The blame, if any, attaches to the *nouveau monde* and not to our own Sir ALFRED.

Several Members intended to oppose, for all they were worth—not a large amount in some cases—the passage of the Military Service Bill. Their principal objection was that it gave too much power to the Director of National Service. But Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES has not forgotten the use of a good bedside manner, and by promising his patients to show them the prescription—that is, to lay his regulations on the Table of the House—he induced them to swallow what they seemed to regard as a disagreeable dose.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—In a carefully-balanced speech Lord CURZON admitted a platonic affection for Proportional Representation. It was "complicated" but not "unintelligible"—as if anything could be unintelligible to that massive brain!—"difficult" but not "impracticable." He would like to see the experiment tried, but nevertheless advised their Lordships to vote against it. Lord CREWE said "ditto to Mr. BURKE," but the Peers preferred the arguments of Lord CHAPLIN and Lord COURTNEY (for whom "P. R." has furnished, probably for the first time in their political lives, a common enthusiasm) and carried the proposal by a majority of ninety. Thus for the second time in a fortnight, Lord CURZON found himself in the unenviable position of *Bo-Peep*.

By way of answer, I presume, to the charge that the politicians interfere too much with the conduct of the War, the Government have decided that the soldiers shall have a chance of taking their part in politics. Accordingly to any soldier, commissioned or not, who is adopted as a Parliamentary candidate, special furlough is to be granted. It is anticipated that this new method of "wangling" a few days' leave will be very popular in the trenches.

Another injustice to Ireland has been discovered by Mr. FIELD. Ordnance-workers under the Agricultural Department in his peaceful country are, it



A GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER.
SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.

seems, paid only twenty-nine shillings a week, while similar workers at Woolwich are paid forty-seven shillings. It was delicately explained to him that the Ordnance Survey to which the Irishmen belonged was concerned with the manufacture of maps, while the special business of Woolwich was to construct the means of altering them.



BO-PEEP.
LORD CURZON.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had "nothing to add" to his previous answer about the increase in race-meetings; but, lest he should be accused of encouraging gambling, assured the House immediately afterwards that the Government had no intention of issuing Premium Bonds.

Mr. TREVELYAN complained that among the pamphlets seized in a recent raid was one containing a message to the British Labour Conference from the Bolshevist "Ambassador" in London, and demanded that the pamphlets should be at once returned, "in order that the Russian representative might be allowed to address the British working-class in what words he pleased." As his words seem to have included "gross misrepresentations of the attitude of the British Government to the Russian people" the HOME SECRETARY declined the request, and added that he was considering the question of prosecution. The House loudly cheered the discovery that there are limits to the privileges of those who "lie abroad for the good of their country."

Wednesday, January 23rd.—In the absence of Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY the SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY received the full force of Mr. HOUSTON'S daily cascade of Shipping Questions. An attempt to divert it, by the request that his tormentor should put his views in writing, was met by the reply that he had already done so to the extent of ten pages of manuscript; and Dr. MACNAMARA, fearing trouble with the Paper Commission, did not press the suggestion. But I noticed that he seemed quite interested a little later on, when Mr. MACPHERSON, in the course of an answer on Army dentistry, spoke of the care now taken "in the treatment of jaw-cases."

On the motion for the adjournment a number of Members went head-hunting. This classical sport, as practised by the Dyaks in Borneo, involved the discharge of poisoned darts through a blow-pipe, and the House of Commons has not materially altered the method. As the attack was led by Major DAVID DAVIES, formerly Private Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER, it is supposed that the Head of the Government was the object aimed at; but most of the shots went wide and hit the Head of our Army in France. Mr. MACPHERSON'S defence would have been more effective if he had not been careful to explain that he was "not speaking for the War Cabinet." The head-hunters included Mr. KENNEDY JONES, who (*teste* Mr. ROCHE) "moves in the best political circles," and Mr. KING, who only argues in them.

Thursday, January 24th.—Echoes of last night's debate were still rumbling through the House this afternoon. Mr. BONAR LAW, on the invitation of Sir HEDWORTH MEUX, strongly deprecated Press attacks upon distinguished sailors and soldiers, but when further invited to put the CENSOR into motion described the suggestion as "easier to make than to carry out."

Mr. HOUSTON'S latest complaint against the shipping authorities is that a cargo of "premier jus" has been held up in Argentina. Members who had jumped to the conclusion that the commodity was a species of "ginger" specially intended for the stimulation of Prime Ministers, were disappointed to learn that it was only "refined animal fat."

A notable addition to the many excellent maiden speeches delivered this Session was made by Lieut.-General Sir A. HUNTER-WESTON. "Forcible, eloquent, and vivid," as Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL rightly described it, this fresh breeze from the WESTON front blew away all the remaining opposition to the Military Service Bill.



Chinese Steward (to new Gunlayer). "LAST VOYAGE ME SUBMALINED."

Gunlayer. "THAT'S EXTREMELY SAD, OSWALD. HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO THE ADMIRALTY ABOUT IT?"

THE "SPOKE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—An article recently appeared in your pages, entitled "The New Industry" and dealing with the manufacture of spills, which must, I think, have deeply shocked all careful students of this subject. It cannot have been the writer's intention to mislead, yet it is strange that he should not be aware that the spill, in which he takes so childlike a delight, is already obsolete and went out, in the best circles, some time before queues came in. It has been finally superseded by the very device to which he so contemptuously refers as an "inefficacious tube," namely the spoke.

I freely admit that a spoke made out of a whole *Morning Post* is impossible and indeed ridiculous. It must be made of a single whole sheet of newspaper, and should be light and firm, crisp and hollow, and some four feet in length.

It can hardly be necessary at this time of day to give any detailed account of the properties of the spoke, but I may perhaps point out its leading features—namely, that it lies in the fender and lasts for a week.

Would you picture it in action? I take it up absent-mindedly as my pipe goes out, and without rising from my armchair, without taking my eyes off my book, I prod gently in the grate, pluck up a little head of flame, bring it with a turn of the wrist in contact with my pipe.

But what does our spillman do?

(1) He springs up.
(2) Pulls out several spills from the vase on the mantelpiece.
(3) Puts back the superfluous ones.
(4) Stoops down with the selected one.
(5) Burns his fingers.
(6) Lights it.
(7) Lights his pipe.
(8) Puts out the spill.
(9) Puts it back.
(10) Sits down and finds his pipe is out.
(11) Starts again.

It may be that he is one of those who prefer, after the sedentary life of the office, to take exercise this way in the evening. If so he is unamenable to reason. But let me tell him that in the hearts of his countrymen the spoke has already proved itself not only superior to spills but (in the immediate neighbourhood of the hearth) *superior to matches*.

I am, yours as usual,
STATISTICIAN.

"If you are unable to offer your services during the daytime you can help to carry wounded and other men at Victoria from twelve until midnight."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

It won't take you a moment.

"The Arethusa took part in the attack on Admiral Hipper's bottle-cruisers."
Harwich and Dovercourt Newsman.

A new type; believed to be a species of drinking-vessel.

OUR HEROIC ECONOMISTS.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE DESCRIBE THEIR PATRIOTIC PRIVATIONS.

BY way of setting a good example to the mob Mr. Punch has invited a number of prominent personages to inform him of the sacrifices they are making to win the War.

Lord CURZON writes:—

One of the great lessons which this War has taught us is that we never know what we can do till we try. The other day, for example, I had my first ride in an omnibus, and really it isn't bad at all. But for the other people in it I believe I should almost have enjoyed it.

A well-known Lady Novelist (writing from Stratford-on-Avon) says:—

I have recently made considerable reductions in my household stores. During such a war as this everyone must practise self-denial.

Sir Pluto Kratt, G.B.E., writes:—

It is probably on the rich that the new food restrictions bear most hardly, because the rich are accustomed to food and are in danger of neglecting some of their duties if they are deprived of it, whereas the poor will go along very much as usual. Personally I hold that one should grin and bear it. "Fortitude with Fun" has long been my own motto. When yesterday, at the Club, I ordered beef and had to put up with mutton, did I lose my temper or grumble? Not a bit. Nor should I if I ordered mutton and was forced to eat venison or even pheasant. But I warn the Government none the less that we can be tried too far.

Mr. MELBOURNE INMAN (the Billiard Champion) writes:—

Realising the seriousness of the situation I have reluctantly given up eggs. It may not generally be known that a most excellent substitute for an egg is an old billiard-ball soaked in vinegar for a day or so to soften it. I often make a dinner off two of these.

A Society War-Worker writes:—

It distresses me so to think of poor people standing about in queues waiting for bread. Surely they would be far wiser to eat cake? The reason why rich people are so seldom seen in queues is not that usually given—namely, that they send their servants instead, nor that other one, that they are served at the back door—but that they are more ready to use substitutes. For example, if I can't get Turkish cigarettes I smoke Virginian, and when I can't get Virginian I shall smoke brown paper. Everyone should help in the great cause which we have at heart.

Lord RHONDDA writes:—

The country would be electrified did it know what I and my wife really live on. Now and then it is necessary for me to come out in the open, at, say, an Aldwych Club lunch, just to assure people that there should be no need for queues at all, and so forth, but normally I exist practically on air. We have it both hot and cold. I doubt if any household has got rationing down to a finer point than we have, unless possibly our friends the YAPPS. For breakfast, the weight per person of one postage-stamp. For lunch, two postage-stamps. No tea. For dinner, three postage-stamps. And I never felt better or more in trim to tackle the problems of food distribution, which no doubt will one day arise.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX writes:—

I have given up the "Le."

Sir Trencher Mann (Ex-Sheriff of London) writes:—

I look back with a kind of horror to the days when real meat was placed upon the table, and so fond am I becoming of substitutes that I am confident that however long the War lasts I shall hail the return to normal menus with distaste. In our household substitution has been carried to a fine art. My dear wife, who is the most ingenious of women, has hit upon some wonderful devices, her aim being to find substitutes for substitutes, and some day she is confident, if her researches can be sufficiently prolonged, of finding substitutes for substitutes for substitutes, which is very high patriotism indeed and worthy of a D.B.E. For example, being unable one day to get any turbot, she caught the gold-fish and cooked them, putting in the bowl in their place some sliced carrots shaped by her clever hands exactly like its recent finny denizens. The next day, when fish was again not to be procured, she cooked the carrots. A marvellous manager! But her greatest inspiration was, when a certain famous General was dining with us, to empty the shot out of several of my sporting cartridges for caviare. Judge then with what reluctance I shall view the arrival of peace.



Sister. "NOW BE QUIET AND GO TO SLEEP."

Wounded Tommy. "I WANT TO SEE THE MEDICAL OFFICER. I WANT TO LODGE A COMPLAINT."

Sister. "WELL, YOU MUST WAIT TILL THE MORNING. IT'S TOO LATE NOW—IT'S TEN O'CLOCK."

Tommy. "TEN O'CLOCK! WHY, OUT THERE WE USED TO CARRY ON THE WAR TILL HALF-PAST ELEVEN OR EVEN A QUARTER TO TWELVE."

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

MY young friend the Hatter has done so splendidly in the War that it is hard to believe that he is the same boy who up to August, 1914, could never settle down to anything. He had plenty of talent but apparently no concentration, and by the time he was five-and-twenty had made half-a-dozen false starts. I propose briefly to relate the last of these—his effort to secure a foothold in journalism. There was no reason why he shouldn't have succeeded, as he had a trick with the pen and a nice taste, beyond the fact that he was the Hatter; life seemed to him something of a mad tea-party, and he would always sacrifice the main chance to his freakish humour. He was full of his new scheme—as he invariably was—talked to me most sensibly as his father's oldest friend, and I was so much impressed that I gave him an introduction to Crawley Bland, the



Bobbie (who is eating shepherd's pie, and has been told not to be wasteful). "MUMMIE, MUST I EAT THIS? IT'S SUCH A *PARTICKERLY* NASTY BIT OF THE SHEPHERD."

editor of *The Appreciator*. A month later he came to report progress and greeted me with effusion.

"Uncle Dick," he said, "you are a real benefactor."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose this means that you are now prosperously launched on the sea of literary journalism?"

"That's a rather large deduction," said the Hatter; "but, anyhow, I've written a review for *The Appreciator*. It hasn't appeared, and I don't think it will. But no matter; 'more was lost on Mohacz field.' I've had a great time with old Crawley Bland. I took your letter of introduction. It was shown up into his sanctum, and he 'minowdhered and minandhered and blandandhered,' as *Mulvaney* would have said, for the space of a quarter of an hour on the privileges and duties of criticism. Finally he handed me a book for review, with instructions that as far as possible I should give due prominence to the personal note, and I bowed myself out in a super-fatted condition."

"And then you went home and butchered the book?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Dick. I didn't cut it up and then sell the copy and buy a bottle of brandy with the proceeds, like *Bludyer*. I faithfully carried out my instructions, and did so all the more easily because it happened that I had been at school and Oxford with the author. So I began by observing that knowledge of an author's antecedents and environment was always helpful in appraising his work, and described how Mr. Blank, owing to the sudden failure and imprisonment of his father as a defaulting solicitor, had been obliged to cut short his academic career and take to journalism under an assumed name."

"You put that in the review?"

"Yes. You see it was greatly to his credit. Besides he never liked his father."

"Any other personal notes?"

"Not much. I said that, although he suffered from epileptic fits, he was the best bridge-player of his time at Oxford and a master of the art of ornamental objurgation—rather a good phrase that, I thought. And then at the end, after saying the book was marked by 'vitality' and 'artistry,' I expressed surprise that, having published his first novel with Broadwood, he had issued this through the house of Pougher. I put it in that delicate way just for people to read between the lines, for you know the sort of bilge that Pougher habitually prints."

"So the Editor turned you down?"

"Yes, I meant him to, after the way he had turned me up at our interview. But he wrote me a priceless letter, regretting that in the exuberance of youth I had so crudely misinterpreted his instructions."

"Hatter, you are incorrigible. What would you have done if Crawley Bland had printed your review?"

"'Imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away.' But I knew my man. Journalistic soap-boilers don't run those risks."

"So literary journalism is 'off' now, I suppose. And what's the next move?"

"I don't quite know. I'm thinking of becoming a professional singer—oratorio, Albert Hall, you know."

But he didn't. Six weeks later the Hatter deserted the Muses for Mars and has remained methodically sane ever since.

"Mr. Ben Davies will sing, assisted by many well-known vocalists. All seas free."

Evening Paper.

Count HERTLING will be glad to hear of this.

TWO LITTLE ADVENTURES.

On Friday last it became my duty to convoy to Buxford a lad aged ten years and a-half who acknowledges me as his father and is convinced that my proper task in life, during his holidays, is to minister to his amusements and to afford him my companionship. Ordinarily he is of a lighthearted, not to say rollicking, disposition; but on this occasion he was going back to school, and his high spirits were slightly dashed by the knowledge. I do not say he was gloomy, for that would be untrue, but he was conscious every now and then of life's seriousness when it has to be lived under the eyes of masters, and there came into his face, like a cloud sweeping over a sunny landscape, a tinge of regret for the less severely regulated joys of home. I do not blame him; I like to see a boy put a bold face on his return to school, but it is pleasant also to know that he appreciates his home.

Well, we jogged along in our cross-country train, and at last, after many stoppages, we arrived at Buxford as the shades of evening were closing in. Our school was two miles distant, but in the station-yard there were no taxis or vehicles of any kind. A porter who was consulted proved to be a pessimist. "Sometimes," he said, "you could get a conveyance, sometimes you couldn't;" and this apparently was some time when you couldn't. Was it any use waiting? "Well, you never could tell whether a fly mightn't turn up."

As he uttered these philosophical reflections I became aware of a movement, and up the hill there came slowly out of the heart of the shadows a—no, it couldn't be—yes, indeed it was—a hansom! How had it come here, this shabby disused gondola of the ancient streets of London? Old memories came flooding back at its aspect. I hailed it and became its temporary possessor, and the boy and I tucked ourselves into it as best we could.

It is not too much to say that our drive was a lurid one. The driver began by handling a lever and closing the doors on my fingers. All the old fears and all the old inconveniences were there. The horse, poor beast, was the slowest and the laziest in the world. It never fell down, but was always on the verge of falling, and constantly in imagination I saw myself and the boy describing parabolas in the air and landing on our heads in the middle of the slushy road.

Besides, the driver owned and used a whip the lash of which often missed the flanks of the horse and showed a tendency to entangle itself in our eyes. This led to an interchange of amenities with the driver, and what between anger, terror and strong words he and I were fairly exhausted when at last we arrived at our destination. The boy alone was calm, and I afterwards strove to impress upon him the memory of the historic occasion when he drove in a ghostly hansom with a demon driver to his school. For myself I marvel how men endured this terrifying sort of carriage for so long. This was my first small adventure.

My second had taken place before the first began, but I place it second because it was slighter and not so full of violent emotions. During part of our journey we had as a fellow-traveller a very young officer, over whose feet I tripped as I entered the carriage and with whom I exchanged reciprocal apologies. He appeared to think that this incident had given me some claim upon his courtesy, for when next he produced his cigarette-case he offered me, with a most winning smile and with extreme politeness, a cigarette. Here, I thought to myself, is a youngster who has no use for the alleged surliness of the travelling Englishman. He is probably on leave from the Front and is going to see his home. Being therefore very happy he is determined to make everybody else as happy as he can, and with this view he gives me a cigarette.

I watched him with a sympathetic interest. As our journey proceeded he became restless, and at last, when we stopped at Fiddington, he sprang up, seized his belongings and flew rather than stepped out of the carriage on to the platform. There he gave a shout, a loud and joyful "Ah!" and, rushing forward, was gathered into the arms of a lady whom I guessed to be his mother. I had only a glimpse, for the train quickly moved on and the light was beginning to fade, but that glimpse kept me happy until we came to Buxford. If this should happen to catch the eye of a young and good-looking officer who on Friday week travelled to Fiddington I should like him to realise how much pleasure he gave to a fellow-traveller by his gift of a cigarette and by his joyous greeting of a gentle lady. R. C. L.

THE HELLES HOTEL.

When I consider how my life is spent
In this dark world of sugar-cards and queues,
Where none but babes get proper nourishment
And meanly men remunerate the Muse,
I dream of holidays when Peace is sent,
But not such dreams as common persons use—
I know a headland at the Dardanelles
Where I shall build the best of all hotels.

I know a cliff-top where the wealthy guest
From languid balconies shall each day view
Far over Samothrace the tired sun rest
And melt, a marvel, into Europe's blue,
To come back blushing out of Asia's breast
And hang, at noon, divided 'twixt the two,
While shuttered casements looking out to Troy
Shall faintly stimulate the Fifth-Form boy.

There shall they have, with those delicious skies,
All that rich ease for which the Armies prayed,
Nor dust nor drought nor shortage of supplies,
But long cool glasses in the cypress' shade,
And starlight suppers, and, of course, no flies,
And in their bathing-place no mules decayed;
Shall swim in the Ægean, if they want,
Or go and do it in the Hellespont.

There shall they hear from olives overhead
The cricket call to them and no shells sing,
While painted lizards flash before their tread
And in green gullies trills the sudden Spring;
Shall walk, unblinded by disease and dread,
Where myrtle beckons and rock-roses cling,
And find it difficult to tell their aunts
The proper names of all these funny plants.

There shall they see across the storied Sound
Some snow-peak glisten like a muffled star,
And murmur, "That 's Olympus, I 'll be bound,"
And tread old battle-fields where vineyards are;
With scarred young veterans they 'll amble round
The Turks' entanglements at Sedd-el-Bahr,
And practise at a reasonable charge
Heroic landings in the hotel barge.

But there are dates when tourists shall be banned,
High dates of April and of early June,
When only they that bear the Helles brand,
A few tired Captains and the Tenth Platoon,
Shall see strange shadows in that flowery land
And ghostly cruisers underneath the moon:
And only they shall scale the sunny hills,
And they alone shall have no heavy bills. A. P. H.



"WHAT'S UP, ALF? YOU DON'T SEEM HALF IN A RAGE!"
"SO 'UD YOU BE IF YOU SAW A SLINKIN' CIVILIAN FANNING YOUR BEST GIRL WITH HIS BEASTLY EXEMPTION CARD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

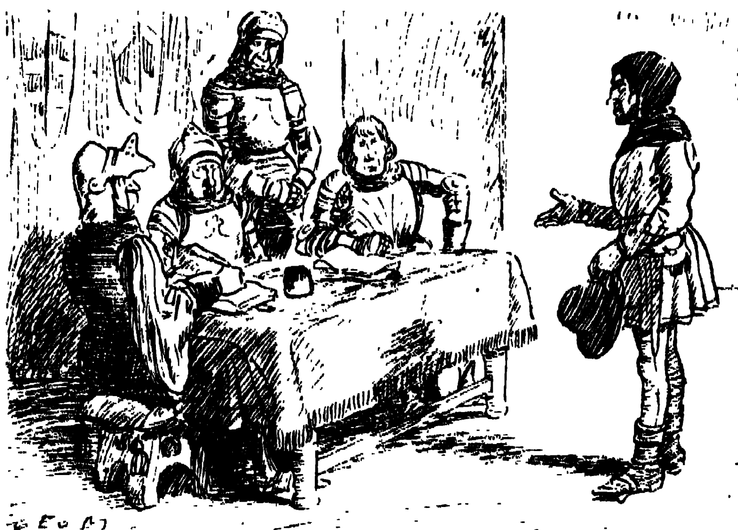
THOUGH I have found *The Stucco House* (UNWIN) a singularly depressing work, this is less my ground of complaint than a suspicion that the gloom is there for its own sweet sake, and without the excuse of any more artistic purpose. The house was that in which *Jamie* and *Catherine* continued the troubled existence which you may recall from a previous book, and brought up, very badly, an increasing family. Detestable, every one of them (the picture on the wrapper does them no more than justice, and I can't say anything worse than that), so that I found myself painfully indifferent to the long-drawn shipwreck, mutual loathing, drink, lunacy and every kind of disaster that finally overwhelms the group. But what I should like to ask of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN is (so to speak) some statement of his war-aims. What is he out for? Is the tale an indictment of conventional morality, of mental stucco-plastering, of the commercial idea or what? Surely in any case *Jamie* himself, who cared for none of these things, might have been presented as a rather more endurable character. The fact seems to be that Mr. CANNAN'S people lack humanity; they impress me as figures of tin cleverly painted to look like men and women, but empty, so that their fall produces clatter but no sense of tragedy. The pity of this is the greater because Mr. CANNAN as artist has just that quickening sense of beauty which should save him from his present fault of cold cleverness. He can give you the essentials of a scene or a situation unforgettably, whether it be like the home-coming of *Jamie* in the beginning of the book, with its wonderful sketch of Mersey-side landscape, or a sordid grotesque such as the cheese-cake episode that marks his domestic downfall. For this I should compare him to TCHEHOV, but he misses the Russian's sympathy and affection for his characters. It is perhaps the absence of this that makes MR. CANNAN'S catastrophes so hollow-sounding.

My reading of *Dust* (DUCKWORTH) has produced in me the sensation of an unexpected encounter with the antique. Perhaps because I had supposed that these careful records of Lancastrian or Yorkist domesticity had had their day. Far from it, however, here is Mr. JOHN L. CARTER detailing for us the home life of Leeds, the intolerant manufacturer-parent, the uncomprehending mother, the revolting (in both senses) daughter—in fact the whole dreary *ménage*, as though we were back in 1890 and the Repertory Drama yet slept within the womb of Time. I hardly think I need give you any precise report of it all. You know by now how the son's evening hours and courtships will be resented by the stern parent, how the business will decline, the daughter marry the curate, and all the trivial uninteresting round of it. True, when Mr. CARTER allowed us to observe his paterfamilias embracing the girl from the confectioner's, I anticipated some ray of novelty; but all that came of this was (inconsequentially) a resolve on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Curate that theirs should be a union in name alone, which of course plunged us straight into a convention even older than the Manchester School. The fact is, I am afraid that these Northern parlours are no longer the happy hunting-ground for realistic fiction that they once were; nor perhaps is Mr. CARTER equipped with the manner that would enable him to tell an arid tale refreshingly. *Dust*, in short, is a title all too fatally apt.

New and Old (CONSTABLE) is a volume of hitherto unpublished work—letters, thoughts and some graceful verses,

together with reprinted essays and criticisms—collected and edited as a memorial to a very accomplished writer and charming character by Mr. A. C. BRADLEY. EDITH SICHEL led a double life as a laborious scholar and versatile critic and as a friend of the poor and unfortunate, a friendship not bounded by gifts and easy patronage, but expressed in austere, constant, self-denying work and sympathetic companionship with her protégés. It was a beautiful life, sustained by a deep religious faith, lighted with a fine intelligence and enriched by varied interests and staunch loyalties. Of the letters—and she belonged to a generation that used the pen, not the typewriter, so that they have a gracious leisurely air—I enjoyed especially one packed with irreverent humour about the crowning of the Bards at an Eisteddfod (dare one be as flippant on so sacred a subject now that Cymry is in power?); and a letter more human than that of the usual writer on pilgrimage, describing her visit to GEORGE SAND's garden at Nohant. Perhaps the "Thoughts" selected from her notebooks do not always escape the charge of being truisms, and they are too seriously felt to be embroidered with mere wit. But here and there is a jewel of insight or wisdom. A short study of East-end life, written with a certain grim power and here published for the first time, shows the writer in an unusual mood.

Permit me to introduce you to an admirable piece of fun with a lot of sound sense attached to its tail. Its name is *Escapade* (ARNOLD), and Miss MARY CROSBIE's purpose in writing it was to help us to escape "from the pressure of war thoughts for an hour or two at a time." I have known other authors who have been imbued with the same beneficent idea, but none of them has been more successful in carrying it out. *Daphne Carey*, a rich and young American heiress, believes herself disgusted with the world of flunkeydom, and buys a small island somewhere off the S.W. coast of England, on which she means to forget all about tiresome lovers and live the simple life. On her way to the island she meets a trio of strolling vagabonds, and promptly takes them with her. All three are types, and in their special line perfectly delightful. *Justina*, a middle-aged lady who has left her rich husband because she longs for freer scope, is nominally in charge of this troupe, but as at critical moments she is always talking hot air or painting cloud effects there is no depending upon her. Her adopted daughter, *Jill*, is really the mainstay of the party, the only one who has the true spirit of vagabondage in her, the untamed creature loathing bridle and bit. *Henry*, *Justina's* son (also adopted, and no one was ever more adoptable than he), struggled hard with a poem of gigantic dimensions, and tried for all he was worth to be unconventional. But he had a suburban mind, and when attacked by measles was practically done for as a vagabond. Of course men from *Daphne's* abandoned world enter into the story and add to the fun of it, but it is the attitude of *Jill*, the real lover of the free life, to *Daphne*, who is only playing with it, that I most cordially commend. Some of us who have talked glibly about the delight of caravans and the open road will, after reading Miss CROSBIE's book, recognise sadly that this is not our natural sphere.



COMBING-OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Official Torturer (applying for exemption). "I VERY MUCH DOUBT IF A SUBSTITUTE COULD BE FOUND; AND I WARN YOU, GENTLEMEN, THAT INEXPERT TREATMENT IS SURE TO CREATE A FEELING OF UNREST AMONG THE PRISONERS IN THE ROYAL DUNGEONS."

In the early pages of *The Tempting Thought* (MILLS AND BOON) Mr. (or Miss) HYLTON CLEAVER tells us how *Betty*, the accomplished and industrious junior typist to an engineering firm in the City, is oppressed by her superior, the wicked *Miss Barkshaw*, and is rescued by *John*, the junior partner, who shortly afterwards marries her and drops out of the book. *John* is a veritable *preux chevalier*. *Bill* and *Peter* are also of this kind, only more so. *Bill* secures little *Margaret Cannon* as his own without much difficulty; but *Peter*, a confirmed romantic, gets started on the wrong path and does not find it easy going. He has once seen an attractive girl-child in a black bus outside a public-house, and he hunts for her all the world over. Eventually he finds her (but he doesn't really find her, you know) at a ball. She has become the wicked *Miss Barkshaw* (see above), and she nearly traps the foolish *Peter*, whose *Aunt Isabel* just manages to save him. I ought to add that the author writes of rowing and of Henley Regatta with a truly infectious enthusiasm. The description of the race in which "The Metropolitan Rowing Club" wins the Grand Challenge Cup is an excellent and stirring piece of work—though it is unusual, I think, for a coxswain to urge his crew on by calling upon them to "Dip! Dip! Dip!" Nor was it customary, I believe, at Henley or at other Thames Regattas to announce the end of a race by firing a pistol. These, however, are trifles. The great point is that *Peter* wins *Barbara* and thus brings to an end a sound, wholesome and interesting story.

A HEARTLESS THIEF.

'Tis not because, returning last night late,
We found my wife's few jewels, brooches, rings
And such-like, gone and with them all our plate,
I feel for thee a large Teutonic hate
And curse thee thus, O man who stole these things.

'Tis not for this I long to spill thy gore,
But, man to man, I ask thee, was it right
To use my last five matches, treasured more
Than gold, and leave their corpses on the floor,
Having thus robbed us by their precious light?

DICK TURPIN would not so have stained his fame,
Not thus would SHEPPARD his career have marred.
All just men's hatred shall surround thy name,
And for this final, Hunnish, deed of shame
A righteous judge shall give thee ten years' hard.

CHARIVARIA.

IT seems a pity that the Treasury should have decided not to issue five-shilling notes, when they would have proved so useful for wrapping up the Sunday joint.

* * *

A sensation was caused in a London suburb last week when it was reported that a young woman had accidentally swallowed some margarine.

* * *

It appears that the man charged at Eastbourne with wandering pleaded that he joined the queue at Redhill.

* * *

On inquiring about the lady who stated in the County Court that she had been frightened by a rabbit, we find that it was not a one-and-nine-penny one.

* * *

A large piece of shrapnel is reported to have fallen on a building where a Food Committee was sitting. We doubt, however, whether even this sort of thing will ever succeed in making air-raids really popular.

* * *

It is stated that the paper shortage is causing great anxiety to boot and shoe repairers, who fear that if supplies are any further restricted they may be compelled to use leather.

* * *

A commercial traveller has been summoned for using bad language to a taxi-driver. It is only fair to the taxi-driver to say that he did not know the language was bad till a policeman told him so.

* * *

The Marquis of ABERGAVENNY is selling his Monmouthshire estates, which include two mountains. He is said to be breaking up his collection of the latter.

* * *

"The Variety Artistes' Federation," says a news item, "advocate Parliamentary representation for their profession." We think they might well be content with the excellent substitutes they have in the House.

* * *

We can think of no finer example of the splendid self-sacrifice of the age than the decision of the Colchester Guardians to present the workhouse barrel-organ to the Colchester Museum.

* * *

According to a Geneva telegram, "a new type of Zeppelin is undergoing its trials over Lake Constance." Its tribulations will no doubt be undergone elsewhere.

* * *

"Lantern slides," says a contemporary, "are the latest device to be used by the Food Ministry to acquaint the public with the position of food supplies." We usually have recourse to the microscope to locate ours.

* * *

A Chicago bride has been given a revolver by her father as a wedding-present. We have before now noticed the strong objection that some women have to using the word "obey" in the marriage service.

* * *

Owing to the activities of the Pan-Germans the KAISER desires it to be known that it isn't his War any longer.

* * *

"The present Parliament," says *The Evening News*, "is the longest since Charles II." This, we understand, is denied by the Kitchen Committee, who claim that it is merely thinner, which makes it look longer than it really is.

* * *

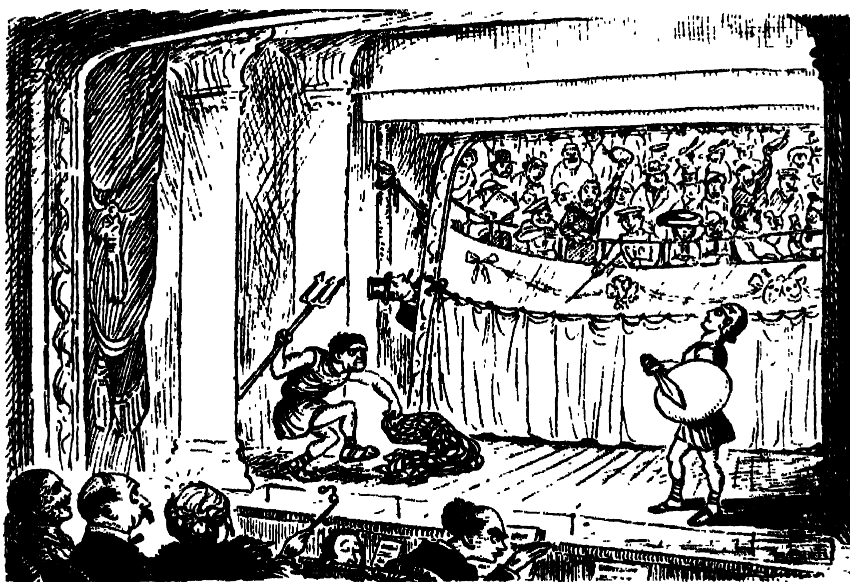
"People that have no towns have no history," said Dr. A. SHADWELL in a recent speech. But they sometimes have butter, which is a far rarer boon.

* * *

An evening paper states that a tortoise arrived at Blackheath under the impression that it was Spring. On being informed of its mistake it replied philosophically, "Well, I've got first place in the queue, anyhow."

* * *

The Ministry of Food states that under the new rationing scheme meat will include sausages. We welcome the reassuring implication.



THEATRICAL MANAGERS ARE EXPERIENCING A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE AND EXPENSE IN ENGAGING PERSONS TO ACT AS CROWDS. ONE MANAGER, IN HIS ROMAN ARENA SCENE, HAS GOT OVER THE DIFFICULTY WITH THE HELP OF A LARGE LOOKING-GLASS THAT REFLECTS THE GALLERY.

"THE SYMBOL OF THE TANK.

Ex-Provost Smith said that the £appeal t£hrough 'Julian' was made to all classes to subscribe the wherewithal for the carrying on of the war. If they kept up the start they £had made Leith would come out with a reputation a£s high as any town in the country."
Edinburgh Evening News.

The printer, at any rate, has played up splendidly.

"Families Supplied."

"Parcel, new baby, 7/6."—*The Lady.*

Safe Bind, Safe Find.

Letter received by a firm of safe manufacturers:—

"Would you kindly send me one of your catalogues, on your secret safes? I have been away two years in a foreign port, and I am coming home some time in January; and I think it would be very safe to keep my money in also my wife, it would be better for her while I am away on active service."

"The Price of Foods Commission visited a tannery to-day. To-morrow the commission will resume the taking of evidence in the boot trade."
Australian Paper.

Nothing like leather, except perhaps for eating.

Strange Behaviour of a Brougham.

"A brougham, in which a lady was riding, shied at a coal dray in —— on Thursday last, and sprang through the shop window of the premises of Mr. ——, furniture dealer."
The Cabinet-Maker.

"In any scheme of coal conservation the valuable by-products of the gaswords, essential in peace and vital in war, must also be considered."—*Scots Paper.*

Our politicians may be trusted to see to that.

"THE UNITED STATES' WAR PREPARATIONS.

AN AMAZING PROGRAMME.

America's second million million will be in the field long before the coming year is through."—*Times of Ceylon.*

"Amazing" seems the right word.

WILLIAM II. ON DEMOCRACY.

NOT for myself; I little care
For loud Imperial pomp and show;
None of the uniforms I wear
Affords me satisfaction, no;
My throne and crown, my high degree,
My busts that figure many a column on,
All are but vanity to me
Just as they would have been to SOLOMON.

From time to time I long to slough
The regal state that wraps me round,
To be reborn of common stuff
And move, like mortals, on the ground;
To seek, beyond the sacred pale,
Those joys that never gods like me know,
And lead in some sequestered vale
The simple life as led by TINO.

But oh, my people! 'Tis for them,
For their dear sake, I may not shed
This tedious orb and diadem,
Leaving my sheep unshepherded;
How would they miss, with me away,
The fold that now my flock I pen in,
And wander off, an easy prey
To Socialistic wolves like LENIN!

Being a simple German breed,
They 're not at present ripe for that;
A guiding hand is what they need
Before they play the democrat;
As I observed to TROTSKY'S crew,
I 'm all for "self-determination,"
But any step with this in view
Must first secure my approbation.

So here I am and here remain,
And, should they bleat for better food,
I must, though mine the harder pain,
Adopt a blood-and-iron mood;
Their rebel ranks with guns I 'll sweep
And into mutton have them peppered,
Which is the just reward of sheep
That strike against their loving shepherd.

O. S.

"A shoal of herrings unexpectedly made their appearance off Deal."—*The Times.*

In future Lord RHONDDA would be glad to have notice.

"Charming Black Bear Goat Fur Set in new annual design Sale Price 35/-."
Advert. in Sunday Paper.

We were afraid something like this would happen when the Russian bear started to play the goat.

From a draper's advertisement:—

"Up to date jumper . . . bordered with self material to true elastic fitting. Waist sizes 13½ to 14½."—*Daily Paper.*

We *are* "tightening our belts," aren't we?

THE PASSING OF POLYDORE.

WE had been pulled out of the battle—right out of the mud into the snow-drifts, into a rural area where the tiles were on the roof and the pigs at peace in the pleasaunce. We could hardly believe it. The two junior subalterns, who joined us last Autumn, spent hours in speculation before they realised what gave the landscape its unnatural look—the absence of crump-holes, shell-cases and army clothing awaiting salvage. The dear lads had forgotten that there existed fields of this unscarred and unlittered variety. For we belonged to an Army Field Artillery Brigade, who require neither rest, rations, re-drilling nor recreation like common gunners. The youngsters thought that peace must have been declared since there were no longer shell-splinters in their morning tea.

Obviously the occasion clamoured for celebration. At first we thought this might take the form of an illuminated address to G.H.Q., in a casket specially made by the Battery fitter, but various considerations decided us instead to have something special to eat. Plainly a pig must die. Pigs in this blessed area were prosperous and prolific. Family parties of them foraged grunting before every threshold; the straw of innumerable stables rustled to their obesity.

But there are pigs and Pigs. The Mess Secretary, whose naturally æsthetic taste had been perverted by months of thankless catering, had his eye on the very Pig we wanted—an adolescent hog in whom he saw, as the sculptor fellow saw the angel in the block of marble, innumerable savoury meals. The family who were the guardians of this noble creature we interviewed *en masse*. It consisted of husband and wife and three be-pattened daughters, all bi-lingual and expert pig-dealers. Thus they had us at a disadvantage, for while we stated our terms in French they discussed them in Flemish, returning to the language of diplomacy only when their conference resulted in a decision.

We were still in a semi-stupefied condition from the surprise of being brought out of action, and finally agreed to pay a price satisfactory to them.

So the Pig, who will live in my memory under the name of Polydore, had to be weighed. Having neglected to train him to sit patiently on the scales, his guardians had to coax him, still unconscious of his destiny and grunting amicably, into a sort of crate, the weight of which had been scrupulously balanced by an equal weight of bricks; but we didn't insist on his being tubbed before weighing-in. Polydore was an even hundred kilos. A day earlier or a day later and his price would have involved calculation and decimals.

It was rather sad to see how many volunteers there were to perform the dreadful deed of his execution amongst the very gunners whose billet Polydore had so often shown his willingness to share. They must have employed some summary method far deadlier than the ordinary civilian massacre; we heard no cry, no soprano protest, no reproachful swan song. The spectacle of his corpse was spared to us. One morning we saw him as Polydore—plump, rosy beneath his camouflage, bristling with vitality; that afternoon we inspected him as mere pale impersonal joints.

These were for the men. Our choice was his head, for we remembered appetising pictures of refectory-tables lined with round-paunched fathers smiling with one accord to see the ceremonial entry of the Boar's Head.

I will place it on record here that Polydore was a great success with the troops; he may be said to have gone down with them. Let that be his epitaph. But his head! First of all the estaminet-stove proved too small to contain it entire, and it had to be cleft vertically. This of course marred Polydore's jovial expression and made ceremony impossible. Then the senior subaltern suddenly swore off pork for life, having realised, in one of those strange flashes of insight that come to thinking men, that crackling was neither more nor less than the material for saddlery misemployed. And finally our discouragement was completed by the carver's exclamations of astonishment and even horror when the moment came for him to set about his business.

Whether all the pigs of France are similar I know not, any more than I can say whether our Mess-cook had treated Polydore's head in some abnormal fashion, but as it was presented to us upon our plates none but an Eskimo could have contemplated it without quaking. All the most succulent and adipose-forming constituents of Polydore's diet seemed to have gone to his head. We do not happen to number any avowed Eskimos in the Battery, and so we abandoned the dreadful remains of our feast to the limber gunners, who were at the time short of lubricant for their axles. Next day the axles of every gun-carriage but one were lavishly over-greased, while the limber gunner responsible for the exception figured, dreadfully bilious, on sick parade. Never again shall I see the familiar fatuous full-faced smile of the porker without a shudder and a disquieting internal emotion.

Truly beauty is but skin-deep.



WEARY WILLIAM.

Little Willie (*calling on his Imperial Parent during the Berlin strikes*). "YOU'RE NOT LOOKING YOUR BEST TO-DAY, FATHER."

The Kaiser. "NO, MY BOY; I THINK I WANT A REST FROM WHAT OUR FRIEND HERTLING CALLS 'THE UNBROKEN JOY OF BATTLE.'"

A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP.

"WHEN is a semi-silvan retreat not even that?"

There are doubtless several answers to this poignant conundrum, but the one which concerns me the most is, "When a private munition factory sits down within a bomb's throw of it."

If the space between my hedge and the factory wall were not piled up with the mortal remains of disembowelled motor bicycles, superannuated hip-baths and other gew-gaws of civilised life it would be more bearable.

Narrow as this space is, it was wide enough for a bomb (unnoticed by the Press) to drop into during the last air-raid. The resulting distribution of favours and a wish for a little relaxation caused me to write to the Managing Director of the works (Drainford Munitions, Ltd.).

DEAR SIR (I wrote),—Doubtless you are aware of the attack on the Drainford front last night. That your Company's delightful edifice was unoccupied and that my household had foregathered in the wine cellar at the time are matters for congratulation to all concerned.

My particular object in writing is to ask if your Company can give me any information as to the whereabouts of one of my chimney-pots (the kind my chimneys wear, not the sort with which you and I used to decorate our heads in happier days) which has mysteriously disappeared since (and, I believe, owing to) the explosion of a bomb belonging to your Company; but chiefly as to the present habitat of a patent cowl, its complement and constant companion for many years, which seems to have accompanied the chimney-pot in its flight.

Eagerly awaiting your favourable reply,

I am, Yours faithfully,
AUGUSTUS WINTER.

P.S.—Thanks for the half bicycle, the bucket of perforated design, and the two cans deposited on my lawn, which however I do not require. Perhaps you will send for them.

This drew a formal reply in the following terms:—

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of even date and in reply I beg on behalf of my Company to express regret for the loss of your roof ornaments owing to the raid, but regret that I can give you no information as to their whereabouts.

I am, Yours obediently,
JAMES J. BALDWIN,
Managing Director.

James seemed to be entering into the spirit of the thing, so I thought I would carry on a bit more, and sent across the following reply at once:—

DEAR SIR,—Yours of uneven date (your typewriter is wobbly, isn't it?) to hand.

Am I to gather from your cold and formal letter that your Company are taking no steps to find out the whereabouts of my property, carried off, or at the least driven away, by this bomb, which was undoubtedly their (your Company's) property?

This is how I look at it. The Huns were clearly aiming at your Company's esteemed works (and it wasn't a bad shot either), therefore the bomb was intended for your Company, *ergo* the bomb was *ipso facto* presented to and belongs to your Company as aforesaid.

From these premises (not my house, you understand; I'm using the word in its legal bearing) it follows that, if any part, piece or portion thereof alienates the affections of any of my property or causes it to leave my demesne, thus depriving me of its use, functions, and, if I may use the term in this connection, usufruct (and the cowl was a particularly fruity design of my own, carried out by Simpson Brothers, of the London Road), then and in that case I hold that your Company is morally bound to inform me as to where your bomb has taken my property, as aforementioned.

Trusting that after this clear exposition of the case they will reconsider the matter and make a clean breast of it,

I remain, Yours hopefully,
AUGUSTUS WINTER.

James, as I happen to know, is practically the sole proprietor of Drainford Munitions, Limited, and also an ironmonger in what is known as a large way of business in Market Street, Drainford. He is quite a decent chap, but as keen as mustard to do business. Next evening I received from him the following letter (with enclosure):—

DEAR MR. WINTER,—I am writing to you in a friendly way to ask why you persist in writing such absurd letters to my Company. The Government are holding themselves liable for air-raid damage up to five hundred pounds, and I should suggest your writing to them on the subject.

In the meantime I am sending you our current catalogue, and trust that, should you obtain pecuniary satisfaction from the Government, you will favour me with your esteemed commands.

Mrs. Baldwin joins me in kind regards and best respects.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES J. BALDWIN.

I found this answer most disappointing, and I sent a reply to it by hand, addressed to James at the shop in Market Street:—

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—Thank you for your letter and interesting catalogue; but surely these are spring and summer cowlings, and I want one that will do for hard winter wear as well. The sample on page 231 is the nearest in appearance to my lost treasure, but is too rococo in design to suit my rather severe chimney-stack, I am afraid. If you have some of those delightfully designed carpet tacks shown on p. 160 kindly let bearer have about half-a-pint.

Yours faithfully,
AUGUSTUS WINTER.

I also wrote to him as Managing Director of Drainford Munitions, Ltd.:

Re Air-Raid.

DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that in my previous letters I may not have made it sufficiently clear that my anxiety to recover the missing cowl arises from particular affection for it. Designed by myself, it has withstood



TOMMY IN ITALY.

"THEM FLOWERS WERE GIVEN TO YOU AS A DECORATION, ME LAD, AND NOT TO CAMOUFLAGE YERSELF WITH."



Private Smith (late assistant to palmist, etc., Bond Street). "Who'd have thought it? They seem to know me."

the down-draught and the breeze for many years, and I doubt my ability to plan such another. Moreover, the delay would make my life more unbearable than it is at present, what with the price of marmalade and carpet tacks. You would scarcely credit the price of a tumblerful of the latter nowadays in Drainford. I know, having recently purchased some in the town.

I can only add that the assistance of a search party from your Company's esteemed premises would greatly oblige.

Yours faithfully,
Augustus Winter.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above my gardener, a most worthy soul (but for his habit of cutting the cheese for his elevenses with a pocket-knife that he uses for cleaning his pipe), has found the cowl, practically intact, in the rain-water cistern on my roof.

P.P.S.—*Re* the selection of ironmongery deposited in my garden: as I shall not be placing any orders with you, kindly send for the samples at your earliest convenience.

I fear I may have unintentionally hurt James's feelings over the price of his carpet tacks; at any rate the correspondence has now closed.

BALLADE OF FREE VERSE.

Up to the end of the great Queen's reign
Pegasus proved a tractable steed;
Verse was metrical, mostly sane;
"Fleshly" singers who wished to exceed
Seldom, however great was their need,
Held that prosody was a crime.
Critics were one and all agreed:
"Poets will never abandon rhyme."

Now, inspired by a high disdain,
Grudging the past its rightful meed,
Georgian minstrels, might and main,
Urge that verse must be wholly freed
Now and for ever from rules that lead
Singers in chains to a jingling chime,
Slaves of the obscurantist screed:
"Poets will never abandon rhyme."

Milton and Tennyson give them pain;
Marinetti's the man they heed,
Grim apostle of stress and strain,
Noise, machinery, smell and speed.
Yet the best of the British breed,
Fighters who sing mid blood and grime,
Lend new force to the ancient rede:
"Poets will never abandon rhyme."

Envoy.

Prince, *vers libre* is a noxious weed;
Verse that is blank *may* be sublime;
Still, in spite of the Georgian creed,
Poets will never abandon rhyme.

The Meat Shortage—A Drastic Remedy.

"Another new Order regarding the sale of Sheep, and bringing sheep into line with other cattle, stated that a farmer may slaughter his own household on condition that seven days' notice is given to the Food Committee."

Provincial Paper.

No more Illiterate Centenarians.

"By the new Bill no child could leave school, in no reason whatever, until it was 114."

Macclesfield Courier.

"The proposal to constitute a Ministry that will deal with matters arising out of the War situation is viewed with favour and as reflecting the policy of Mons. Posthuma."

Amsterdam Paper, quoted by "The Times."

This, after three and a-half years of war! *Eheu fugaces, Posthuma, Posthuma.*

"At Tunbridge Wells, Arthur ——, aged thirteen, was ordered six strokes with the birch on his birthday."—*Evening Paper.*

We are sorry for Arthur, whose birthday, we understand, was always a tender point with him.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

Undoubtedly it was the best billet I had ever met in all my wanderings with the B.E.F. True the room had more than a flavour of the calf that occupied the stable next door. You could not stamp upon the tiled floor without bringing down fragments from the ceiling. A boiler in the adjoining kitchen bulged through the wall and occupied a quarter of the already sufficiently limited space; a large worm-eaten clothes cupboard took up another quarter, and the manure midden of the Garde Champêtre might have been a trifle further from the not too spotless window. But the room contained --oh, rapturous sight--a bed! and little Germaine, my landlord's five-year-old daughter, watched from the summit of the midden my first ecstatic embrace of its voluptuous oat-flight mattress and eider-down quilt.

You know the expression of the diffident man who wants to tell you something but cannot quite make up his mind to do so. That was how Germaine looked at me and the old-fashioned clothes-cupboard. The thumb of one hand fairly corked her little grenadine-smeared mouth (she had lately lunched); the other grasped Antoine, a cockchafer, miserably suspended head downwards on a length of cotton.

Twice she ventured into the room and twice uncorked herself—once to absorb a proffered peppermint, and once to introduce me formally to the dangling Antoine. For the rest she watched in silence the disinterring of my household gods from pack and pockets and their enthronement upon the flat top of the cupboard (most particularly did she watch the cupboard). And always she watched with that air of being on the point of making some tremendous announcement. At times the suspense became positively oppressive. Encourage her as I might, she could not apparently bring herself to give away the dreadful secret of the clothes-cupboard. Was she nerving herself to disclose the family skeleton, or did maiden modesty prevent her from extracting some article of apparel? No, it could not be that, for if I left the room she seemed to wait in a sort of silent agony for my return. I gave it up, and for the next half-hour forgot Germaine and her undivulged secret in the composition of a "green envelope" letter home.

Then suddenly I became aware of a huskily reiterated whisper of "M'sieur." There was no ignoring the beseeching importunity of that appeal, and I turned to find Germaine, flushed and eager, standing with one pudgy fist on the handle of the mysterious cupboard. I felt instinctively that the crisis had come. With a gesture worthy of Professor Valentine presenting to a large and expectant audience the illusion of the Disappearing Donkey, Germaine flung open the doors and revealed, clear against the black interior, a pair of tiny white kid button boots!

For the space of ten seconds she let me feast my eyes upon the ravishing spectacle; then, apparently deciding I had had as much as was good for me at a single dose, reclosed the cabinet and uncorked herself to whisper the one word, "Dimanche."

That was enough. Germaine re-corked herself and silently departed with an air of complete satisfaction.

THE BALLAD OF PRIVATE CHADD.

I sing of George Augustus Chadd,
Who'd always from a baby had
A deep affection for his Dad—
In other words, his Father;
Contrariwise, the father's one
And only treasure was his son,
Yes, even when he'd gone and done
Things which annoyed him rather.

For instance, if at Christmas (say)
Or on his parent's natal day
The thoughtless lad forgot to pay
The customary greeting,
His father's visage only took
That dignified reproachful look
Which dying beetles give the cook
Above the clouds of Keating.

As years went on such looks were rare;
The younger Chadd was always there
To greet his father and to share
His father's birthday party;
The pink "For auld acquaintance' sake"
Engraved in sugar on the cake
Was his. The speech he used to make
Was reverent but hearty.

The younger Chadd was twentyish
When War broke out, but did not wish
To get an A.S.C. commish
Or be a rag-time sailor;
Just Private Chadd he was, and went
To join his Dad's old regiment,
While Dad (the dear old dug-out) sent
For red tabs from the tailor.

To those inured to war's alarms
I need not dwell upon the charms
Of raw recruits when sloping arms,
Nor tell why Chadd was hoping
That "if his sloping-powers increased,
They'd give him two days' leave at least
To join his Father's birthday feast"...
And so resumed his sloping.

One morning on the training-ground,
When fixing bayonets, he found
The fatal day already round,
And, even as he fixed, he
Decided then and there to state
To Sergeant Brown (at any rate)
His longing to congratulate
His sire on being sixty.

"Sergeant," he said, "we're on the eve
Of Father's birthday; grant me leave"
(And here his bosom gave a heave)
"To offer him my blessing;
And, if a Private's tender thanks—
Nay, do not blank my blanky blanks!
I could not help but leave the ranks;
Birthdays are more than dressing."

The Sergeant was a kindly soul,
He loved his men upon the whole,
He'd also had a father's *rôle*
Pressed on him fairly lately.
"Bravo Chadd," he said, "thou speakest sooth!"
O happy day! O pious youth!
"Great," he extemporized, "is Truth,
And it shall flourish greatly."

The Sergeant took him by the hand
And led him to the Captain, and
The Captain tried to understand,
And (more or less) succeeded;
"Correct me if you don't agree,
But one of you wants *what?*" said he,
"And also which?" And Chadd said, "Me!"
Meaning of course that *he* did.

The Captain took him by the ear
And gradually brought him near
The Colonel, who was far from clear,
But heard it all politely,
And asked him twice, "You want a *what?*"
The Captain said that *he* did not,
And Chadd saluted quite a lot
And put the matter rightly.

The Colonel took him by the hair
And furtively conveyed him where
The General inhaled the air,
Immaculately booted;
Then said, "Unless I greatly 'err
This private wishes to prefer
A small petition to you, Sir,"
And so again saluted.

The General inclined his head
Towards the two of them and said,
"Speak slowly, please, or shout instead;
I'm hard of hearing, rather."
So Chadd, that promising recruit,
Stood to attention, clicked his boot,
And bellowed, with his best salute,
"*A happy birthday, Father!*"

A. A. M.

"A pacifist meeting was broken up yesterday. A crow rushed the pulpit, pulled the pastor down by his coat tails, threw him bodily across the auditorium and out of the back door."

Peking Gazette.

Good bird.



REPRISALS OFF.

"DID NURSE TELL YOU I'D BEEN NAUGHTY, MUMMIE?" "NO, DARLING."
"WELL, THEN, I WON'T TELL YOU THAT NURSE DROPPED THE TOAST IN THE FIRE."

THE MINISTRY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

THE suggestion of the manager of the Coliseum, made at lunch at the National Liberal Club (luncheon-rooms generally having become the new forum), that his employer, Mr. OSWALD STOLL, should be appointed Minister of Entertainment, quickly led to developments. A meeting of the entertainers and managers of London was called on Sunday to discuss the matter. The new knight, Sir HENRY TOZER, was in the chair, supported by a galaxy of talent.

The Chairman opened the proceedings by a few remarks as to the gratifying recognition recently accorded by the Crown to the Music Hall profession. (Hear, hear.) Doubtless, he said, a Minister of Entertainment would be a useful functionary. It was notorious that the soldier on leave and the tired war-worker found their greatest relief in theatres and music-halls—(Cheers) —and the propaganda play had, he was sure, a fine future—if done rightly. (Laughter.) So far, judging by the specimens which had been produced at the Coliseum, these plays could not be said to have been a shining success. What they had now to do was to select with the utmost care the right man. (Hear, hear.)

Lieutenant GROSSMITH said that the Minister of Entertainment must be someone in touch with the world—one who moved about and was seen, not a mysterious recluse. He proposed Mr. LAURILLARD for the post.

Mr. LAURILLARD said that he greatly valued the proposition which had been so unexpectedly—(Cheers)—made by his friend, whom they were all very glad to see there to-day, knowing as they did how difficult it was for him to snatch a moment from his naval duties; but he, the speaker, did not feel qualified to fill the post alone. With Lieutenant GROSSMITH to share the burden he might consider it.

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN said that he failed to see what a Minister of Entertainment would do. Every manager who knew his own business and was at all alive was a Minister of Entertainment as it was. What would Mr. STOLL do if he were appointed? Would he impose a revolving stage on every theatre? Was the propaganda play to be a staple? If so he, the speaker, was entitled to be heard, for he was the only person present who had been successful with it.

Mr. ALFRED BUTT said that he considered the suggestion of a Minister of Entertainment a good one, even though he might not approve of the particular way in which it was made; but obviously a man should be chosen who not only was at the head of the profession but had already been entrusted with Government administrations.

The Acting Manager of the Palace, following, proposed Mr. ALFRED BUTT as the best possible Minister of Entertainment.

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY said that in his opinion it was a mistake to appoint a manager. Try as they might to avoid it, managers were almost certain to do something beneficial to their own places of amusement; whereas a comedian had no such axe to grind. He named no names, but he would remind them—as something of an augury—that there was present a comedian who not only had been successful in organising a number of War concerts, but who had earned the significant title of "Prime Minister of Mirth." (Cheers.)

Mr. STOLL, rising with a dignity all his own, said that he was both pained and surprised by some of the remarks to which they had listened. He had understood that his own appointment to the post of Minister of Entertainment was certain; and to hear so many other suggestions was distressing to him. Obviously he was the most fitting person, because in a peculiar way he combined intellectual and practical gifts. He understood finance, he understood HERBERT SPENCER and he understood the British public. Also he had never been seen without his tall hat. (Cheers.) Furthermore he came from Wales, where England was accustomed to find her saviours. Should he be appointed he could promise them that he would be unremitting in his energies and——

Mr. STOLL was still speaking when a messenger arrived from Downing Street with a note, stating that the PREMIER had no intention of establishing a Ministry of Entertainment.



Officer. "Do you call yourself a soldier?" *Recruit.* "No, Sir."
Officer. "Then what the devil do you call yourself?" *Recruit.* "A camouflaged civilian, Sir."

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

"Watchmen, what of the night?"
"Rumours clash from the towers;
The clocks strike different hours;
The vanes point different ways.
Through darkness leftward and right
Voices quaver and boom,
Pealing our victory's praise,
Tolling the tocsin of doom."

"Optimist, what of the night?"
"Night is over and gone;
See how the dawn marches on,
Triumphing, over the hills.
Armies of foemen in flight
Scatter dismay and despair,
Wild is the terror that fills
War-lords that crouch in their lair."

"Pessimist, what of the night?"
"Blackness that walls us about;
The last little star has gone out,
Whelmed in the wrath of the storm.
Exhaustless, resistless in might,
The enemy faints not nor fails;
Thundering, swarm upon swarm,
He sweeps like a flood through the vales."

"Pacifist, what of the night?"
"We hear the thunder afar,
But all is still where we are;
Good and evil are friends.
Here in the passionless height
War and morality cease,
And the moon with the midnight blends
In perennial twilight of peace."

"Soldier, what of the night?"
"Vainly ye question of me;
I know not, I hear not nor see;
The voice of the prophet is dumb
Here in the heart of the fight.
I count not the hours on their way;
I know not when morning shall come;
Enough that I work for the day."

"Two well-known clerics, the Bishop of Exeter (Lord William Cecil) and Lord Victor Seymour, vicar of St. Seymour's, South Kensington, are the sons of peers, and hold courtesy titles."—*Daily Paper.*

So, apparently, does the latter's benefice.

Mr. Punch's Appeal for Raid-Shock Children.

31st January, 1918.

Dear Mr. Punch,—We are very grateful to your readers for their quick and generous response to your appeal for the poor children suffering from air-raid shock, who are being cared for at our Home at Chailey.

But, like *Oliver Twist*, may we ask for "more" help, as every post brings fresh applications for admission?

Believe me, Yours sincerely,
The Hon. Treasurer,
The St. Nicholas Home for Raid-Shock Children, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

Our Commercial Stylists.

From a Winter sales advertisement:—

"MILLINERY
Beautiful Copies of the inimitable Parisian Models."—*Daily Paper.*

"Canadian Home Rule."

"After consulting its supporters the Quebec Government has decided to enforce prohibition in the Province of Ontario from May 1, 1919."
North Mail.

Ontario, we understand, proposes to return the compliment by enforcing conscription in Quebec.

Message from a battery position to the wagon-line, overheard by the telephone operator:—

"We have had no officers' mess rations for 48 hours; please send up some buffer springs and mineral jelly."

Iron rations indeed!

"A telegram from Vienna to the *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten* says Dr. M'Kerle, the Hungarian Premier, had an audience with the Emperor."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Our contemporary is to be congratulated upon having been the first to discover this distinguished Scotsman.

The Literary Manner.

"He is an ornament to the Church he adorns. His flexible and learned style are a positive delight to anyone who can appreciate the fine points of English."
Sunday Paper on Dr. Henson.

We gather that the writer of this passage is an authority on style.



THE HOME FRONT AND THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.

Civilian (*on a visit to the trenches*). "WELL, ARE WE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR?"
Tommy. "JUST NOW, MATE, THAT DEPENDS ON YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ON ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 28th.—By way of a little gibe at the usual effect of Lord RHONDDA'S regulations Mr. WRIGHT inquired whether he would fix a price for wood-pigeons, sparrows and rats. Feigning an obtuseness which I am sure he does not possess, Mr. PARKER replied that it was a question for the Food-Production Department, and drove the questioner to explain that if only the FOOD-CONTROLLER would fix prices for these pests they would immediately disappear.

Armagh virumque cano. Mr. JAMES LONSDALE took his seat to-day in the room of his brother, now Lord ARMAGHDALE. He was escorted up the floor by Sir EDWARD CARSON, who looks twice the man he did before he decided, a week ago, to practise his well-known virtue of resignation. When he left the previous Temple of Coalition it was to act as a battering-ram. Now, it is understood, his *rôle* will be rather that of a flying-buttress.

The Commons got through a lot of work in a short time. Mr. WHITEHOUSE and other patriots opposed the clause in the Registration Bill which empowers a policeman to require any man to produce his card. This, they said, was "sheer Prussianism"—a thing which, except in Prussia, they cannot abide. But the House accepted Mr. HAYES FISHER'S assurance that the British constable, like another celebrated character, "is not a Prussian," and passed the Bill.

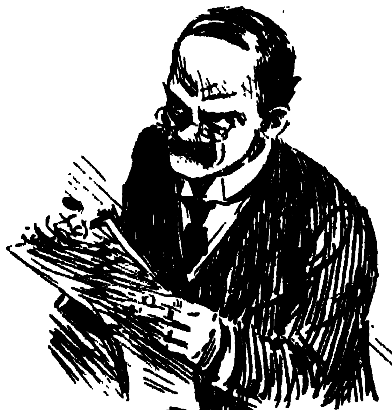
Tuesday, January 29th.—In view of a recent magisterial utterance, to which Mr. Punch has already drawn attention, I ought perhaps to say that the Marriages Provisional Order (No. 2) Bill is not a statute for the encouragement or condonation of bigamy. It is the Order that is provisional, not the marriages.

Mr. FORSTER rejected as absurd the report that in a stone quarry near Calais, now worked by the Labour Corps, a dentist could possibly be employed. Yet one would have thought no profession would feel so much at home in a stone quarry.

Letters on purely family matters are occasionally delayed by the CENSOR'S department because, according to the HOME SECRETARY, they are too long to be read, or too illegible. "But if they are illegible," asked Mr. HOGGE with the adamantine logic of the Scot, "what harm can there be in passing them?"

On learning that the minimum price for potatoes had been fixed at ten shillings less in Scotland than in England, Mr. WATT was mightily indignant. "It was," he said, "another instance of the Englishman bullying the downtrodden Scotsman." Mr. CLYNES, whom he accused of this tyranny, is, I should estimate, just about half Mr. WATT'S fighting weight.

The House of Commons owes all its powers to its control of finance, yet, except on Budget nights, finance is the one subject which is sure to empty it. There was hardly a quorum while Mr. SAMUEL and other Members of the Select Committee dilated on the growth of national expenditure and suggested means of curbing it. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER listened patiently, even when Mr. SAMUEL quoted "A chiel's amang ye" in an accent which BURNS (ROBERT, not JOHN) would have failed to recognise. This may have upset Mr. LAW, for his endeavour to explain his recent speech on the conscription of capital will hardly increase his reputation as a sound financier. Students may be interested in the "psychological movements in the mind of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," as Mr. ASQUITH called them, but investors prefer a more tangible security.


MR. PARKER FEIGNING AN OBTUSENESS.


SCOTLAND BULLIED BY ENGLAND.
MR. WATT. MR. CLYNES.

Wednesday, January 30th.—Where the fair sex is concerned the Senior Service never forgets its chivalry. On learning that pheasants might be shot during the close season Sir HEDWORTH MEUX hoped that Mr. PROTHERO would discriminate in favour of the hens. I regret to say his example was lost upon Mr. KING, who, in drawing attention to the food difficulties in boarding-schools, laid special stress on the desirability of not reducing the rations of growing boys. "And why not growing girls, too, Mr. KING?" came in an audible whisper from where the grille used to be.

When the Lords' amendments to the Representation of the People Bill came up for discussion the Government temporarily abdicated its functions and left Proportional Representation to a free vote. With the reins on its neck and no fear of the Whip, the House kicked up its heels in fine style. All the party-households were divided against themselves. Tory twitted Tory, Radical railed against Radical, Labour belaboured Labour. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was cradled in the Caucus, was sure that under "P.R." party-organisations would be more rampant than ever.

Lord ROBERT CECIL, who sees in "P.R." an umbrella against "the dangerous storms to come," denounced his late colleague as a "vehement and violent obscurantist."

Similarly when Sir GEORGE CAVE, most moderate of men, ventured to mention a few of the practical difficulties in the way, he was promptly accused of "unintentional exaggeration" by Mr. BALFOUR, whose enthusiasm for "P.R." is partly caused by the reflection that had it existed in 1906 he might still be Member for Manchester.

I rather think that Members in general shared the view of Mr. ASQUITH, who was all for trying "P.R." experimentally in somebody else's constituency, but recoiled in horror from the thought of its introduction into his beloved Fife. In the end "P.R." was knocked out by 110, the largest of the many majorities recorded against it this Session.

Thursday, January 31st.—To suppress Mr. LYNCH takes some doing. But where Ministers and even Mr. SPEAKER have failed Mr. J. H. THOMAS succeeded. The patriot from Clare

loudly demanded a further "comb-out" of the *embusqués* in Government offices, and declared that "Whitehall sticks in the gizzard of the public." Then a voice from the Labour benches, in quiet but penetrating tones, asked, "Does the over-anxiety on this question come from Ireland?" and Mr. Lynch collapsed into silence.

The efforts of the Peers to improve the methods of election to the Lower House met with a further rebuff. *Non tali auxilio* was the feeling of the majority of the Commons, who decided to reinstate the "Alternative Vote" which their Lordships had eliminated. The debate revealed some ignorance as to the exact meaning of the subject-matter; but it is not true that a Scottish Member, much concerned about food substitutes, was heard to inquire, "What are these Alternative Oats, and are they any good for porridge?"

HEAD-COVER.

Lions have strength; the nimble flea
Depends on his agility;
But, being slow and feeble, Man
Protects himself as best he can.
After three years of war my brain
Bids me take cover from the rain.
Work! O grey matter, in my knob
To wangle me a cushy job.

* * * * *

I often think it would be grand sport
To join the Inland Water Transport;
Yoho! a sailor's life for me,
But in the Inland Water T.
At ease on deck in well-creased slacks
I'll watch men marching by with packs,
And thus—by proxy—feel once more
The stern realities of war.
Then, on the other hand, although
I'd like to be an R.T.O.,
And live in luxury with all
Kirchner's best pictures on my wall,
I can't help feeling that I oughter
Try for Divisional Soda-Water;
Or I could rest for many moons
Ground-officer to kite balloons,
Whose uniform is much more gay
Than that of our Y.M.C.A.
At other times I think I'll go
Down to Etaples as Pierrot –
I think it would be rather jolly
And quite a rest to be a Folly,
Although they tell me that the gem
Of cushy jobs is A.P.M.

* * * * *

And if in after-years my son
Asks me what mighty deeds I've done
In the great War, I'll simply yank him
Over my knee and soundly spank him.

"However, you cannot for ever bask in the shade."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

We never bask in the shade for more than a year or two at a time.



Colonel (a renowned Spartan, to new Sub.). "I do hope it's not going to rain, Mr. Crisp.
New Sub. "Well, Sir, if it does they can put on their great-coats."
Colonel. "Oh, they'll be all right. I was thinking about your furs."

The Irish Touch.

"The Department of Agriculture prosecuted John —— for having caused a brood sow to be slaughtered without a licence from the Department. Defendant admitted the offence, but stated that the animal had met with an accident, and that it was essential to kill it in order to prevent her death."

Northern Whig.

"The official description is as follows:
Emily (aged 13), light blue hair, blue eyes, dressed in black skirt and green blouse, black boots and stockings.'"—*South African Paper.*

With hair that colour, Emily should be easily identified.

"Maxim Gorky . . . had a vicarious career before he won fame as a novelist. He had practically no childhood."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

He seems to have begun his vicarious career by being changed at nurse for a grown-up man.

"Teacher wanted at nights to learn young lady to write English language."

Glasgow Herald.

Badly wanted.

"There were food queues at Northampton. Meat and fish were in very short supply and rabbits almost unobtainable. There was a rush for substitutes."—*Daily News.*

Poor pussy!

"Wilts.—Charming seven-roomed cottage to let, furnished (or apartments). Free air raids."—*The Lady.*

But why Wilts? London can supply them just as gratuitously.

"The plumbers were working 48 hours to the day last week. Even the piping days of peace had nothing to equal it."

Stirling Sentinel.

It's the pipe-bursting days of war that does it.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The Emperor of* AUSTRIA *and Count* CZERNIN.)

The Emperor. My dear CZERNIN, the only question is are we to have peace? It is quite useless to discuss anything else, except in so far as it bears upon that question.

Count Czernin. I quite understand your Majesty, being, in fact, of the same opinion myself, and——

The Emperor. So far as it goes that is good and has my entire approval; but order to make our views prevail we must proceed from words to deeds. Have you thought of the matter in that light?

Count C. That is precisely what I have done. I have indicated by every means in my power that Austria desires peace and must have it. It is only a few days ago that I made an appeal to the PRESIDENT of the United States.

The Emperor. Yes, that was well done. You carried out my wishes to the letter. But why has nothing come of it?

Count C. I must remind your Majesty that in this business we do not stand alone. We have allies whom we must carry with us if our words are to have any result.

The Emperor. Yes, I know. FERDINAND of Bulgaria, MEHMED of Turkey, and WILLIAM the German—Heavens! what a collection! Merely to mention their names leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Are we to be for ever depressed and wretched because we cannot shake ourselves free from these contemptible

Count C. If I may venture to say so, your Majesty utters my sentiments with regard to them. FERDINAND, the slimy fox, cares for nothing except his own personal safety; the Turkish Sultan is a mere pawn moved hither and thither by the Prussian WILLIAM, and the Prussian WILLIAM——

The Emperor. Stop, CZERNIN, stop! The trade of being an Emperor in Austria is difficult enough in all conscience without the interference of this Potsdam drill-sergeant and professor of unctuous piety. There is something about this man so rancid that I can hardly bear even to think of him. Let him bluster as he likes, I, at any rate, am determined that Austria shall not be dragged down to utter ruin by such a man.

Count C. Bravo, your Majesty, bravissimo! There spoke a real Emperor and father of his people. For the War your Majesty is no way responsible. You came to the throne of your forefathers when it was already raging, and now, moved by the miseries of mankind, you are ready to come forward and speak the word of release. But I fear your Majesty will find yourself stopped at every turn by this Prussian.

The Emperor. Then we must proceed without him. It is not we in Austria who are hated and distrusted; it is he alone; and I do not believe that it is written in the Book of Fate that the world is to perish because a Prussian is arrogant and mean. We are not yet over the precipice, though we are near to its edge. I desire to draw back while there is yet time, and so I bid you work with all your might for peace, which alone can save us.

Count C. Your Majesty may rely on my whole-hearted efforts. The devil is in it but we shall get the better of this Prussian parvenu with his sabre-rattlings and his stampings about in jack-boots. I will in all things obey your Majesty's commands, so that your far-sighted designs for peace may, if it is still possible, be carried out.

The Emperor. Good! And if there be a chance of letting the Prussian know what we think of him I beg you will not hesitate to seize it.



MR. PUNCH DESIRES TO SUPPORT THE APPEAL OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL COMMITTEE FOR THE FUND THAT IS BEING RAISED TO ENDOW A COLLEGE OF NURSING AS A THANK-OFFERING FROM THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO BRITISH NURSES. GIFTS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE HON. TREASURER, THE VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY, AT 16, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W. 1.

"Boy for newspaper office, age about 14 or 15 years, state age."
Daily Dispatch."

Also state how old he is, when he was born, and how long he has been a boy.

From a Southsea hotel prospectus:—

"THE CANOE LAKE.—This sheet of water between the Esplanade and St. Helen's Parade is used chiefly for model-yachting. Its total area is about 8¼ acres. A portion is laid out for tennis, croquet and bowls."

As aquatic sports these are new to us.

LONDON RIVER.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail once more,
Cruising round the waterside with the Peter at the fore,
Half a score o' sailormen the sea 'll never drown
(Seven days in open boats a-drifting up and down!),
Out to find another ship and sail from London Town.

Half a score o' sailormen broke and on the rocks,
Linking down Commercial Road, tramping round the Docks,
Half a score o' sailormen, torpedoed thrice before—
Once was in the Channel chops, once was off the Nore,
Last was in the open sea a hundred mile from shore.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail again—
And her cargo 's all aboard her and it 's blowing up for rain!
Half a score o' sailormen that won't come home to tea,
For she 's dropping down the river with the Duster flying free,
Down the London River on the road to the open sea!

C. F. S.

THE LAWS OF MUSIC.

[Dedicated with profound reverence to the author of the coruscating article on the same subject in a recent number of *The Times.*]

"Rules and schools are made for fools," as Squinchler says in his *Aphorisms for Artists*—a work proscribed at all academies, but of priceless value in encouraging fruitful revolt against systems and soulless precision. Music has its laws, but they cannot be stated with mathematical exactitude. Thus the law of centrality, the first law which the composer obeys, can easily be misunderstood by formalists. Of three things in a row one must be in the middle, but that does not make it central.

And as with geometry so with arithmetic—its rules are a broken reed to the musician.

The laws of music stand apart from all other laws, since they are most triumphantly obeyed by those who are entirely unconscious of their obedience or of the existence of the laws themselves. Mozart, as we showed recently, knew nothing of the law of centrality, but if we look at the texture of his work, the density of the stuff, the quality of his fibre, or at the period, the sweep of the effort and preciousness of the moments, we recognise that he was at least subliminally conscious of its paramount and insistent value.

This then is the first of those laws to hearken to which is better than the fat of rams—that things which are in the middle are not necessarily central, and that conversely things which are central must not be middling. There are four others of hardly less vital importance, all of which are splendidly obeyed by our younger composers.

The law of antinomy, which Squinchler in one of his luminous prefaces defines as a reconciliation between the categorical imperative and the cosmic paulo-post-futuristic permissive, is that which young composers follow when they synthesize divergent planes of emotional content instead of leaving them to emerge independently in their intrinsic fluorescence. It is this law which Squinchler himself nobly illustrates by the two immortal semiquavers that intrude upon the quavers in the penumbra of his *Aldebaran*. The law of obscurity, which darkens without hiding and produces an atmosphere at once fuliginous and translucent, suggesting a tropical twilight, is better displayed in Bobolinkoff's excursions into the crepuscular inane than in such square-cut tunes as "John Brown's Body" or "O Dem Golden Slippers." As Percy Cornstalk observes in one of his homely but pregnant apophthegms, "It is better to aim at nothing and hit it every time than to score a monotonous string of bull's-eyes." The most luciferous image of all antiquity was that of the Chimæra, *bombinans in vacuo*, and Diarmid McGralloch has translated it into terms of harmony more thoroughly than anyone, unless we except Bertram Bucktrout.

The law of exacerbation, which recognises the paralysing and enervating effect of tranquillity and prescribes a constant series of onslaughts on the principal nerve ganglia, is more loyally supported by Hercules Blogg than by Berlioz or Richard Strauss. And lastly the law of curvature demands that the melody shall be sensitive and serrated and titillate the hearer voluptuously. Mendelssohn and Spohr mistook the curve for that of the railway arch, but Prtnkévitchsvtnchtchitzky and Quantock de Banville know that it should droop like an intoxicated parabola.

These and their like are the laws which bind musicians; but the books never mention them. They are only to be found in war-time in the pages of *The Times.*



First Munitioner. "My old man's won this medal. Don't it make yer jealous?"
Second Munitioner (with great hauteur). "Not me! My Bill went out to kill Germans—not collecting soovenEers."

AT THE PLAY.

"Love in a Cottage."

I imagine the author of *A Man of Honour* and *Human Bondage*, tongue in cheek and one eyelid mischievously pendulous, spreading his elbows to the roguish work of writing *Love in a Cottage*. "I will give them," says he, "heaps of money; Como and Paris; some titles; some amusing lines and a few little quips of my own; a few of other people's, well worn, so that they at least will be recognised with the tribute of familiar laughter. I have done this sort of thing before, but this time I will not be merely artificial, I will be preposterous; not just pleasantly and flippantly shallow but deliberately and conspicuously insincere; my satire shall not be merely obvious, it shall be positively crude. And you will see they will come and eat it out of my hand. . . ."

In the First Act the Hotel Splendide on the Lake at Como shows you a disgruntled millionaire, his spouse, a tyrannical hypochondriac; a sweet runaway wife, hired nurse of this unattractive patient; sundry women whose tongues wag against so unsuitably pretty a dependent; and sundry males competing for her favour and mitigating the severity of her bondage. The only soft spot in the old millionaire's money-bound heart, by the way, is his fatherly affection for our charming *Sybil*. A letter announces the suicide of her unsatisfactory husband and her inheritance of half-a-million, subject to the condition of her not remarrying.

Act II. gives us our heroine charmingly gowned. Toadying to the new rich takes the place of the feline gossip and tyranny. Our *Sybil* flippantly accepts the hand of a fortune-hunter who doesn't know of the will's limiting clause and who beats an ignominious retreat when he does; she refuses the proper hero, a pleasant philosophical young doctor who neither covets nor possesses the wealth that everybody else, including *Sybil*, thinks so desperately important. He takes his refusal without dismay, biding his Fourth Act. And *Sybil*, after distributing largesse to the parson and two shameless spinsters, stretches out her arms to Paris and freedom with a full purse.

And then (Act III.) comes disillusionment. At her famous fancy-dress ball, to which an exiled minor king is coming incognito, one of her guests borrows ten thousand francs and another blandly proposes that she shall be his mistress to save him the trouble of working for a living. So that when a telegram from the young Como doctor bids her come quickly to help a friend she forthwith leaves her house by the window while the already announced royalty is mounting the stairs. Possibly she is apprehensive as to the size of the loan he will require or the nature of the liaison he will propose. The curtain deprives us of the sight of the royal chagrin—which is a pity.

It is, then, a disillusioned beauty that in Act IV. comes back to the azure Como . . . Money is a disaster. Nobody loves the rich—poor things. They are only milch cows . . . It is her friend the millionaire who is in trouble. His money is rising up and throttling him. Even as she is soothing him and reconciling him to life with money (so arduous and dubious a reconciliation)—the par-



A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR TO LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Martin Arrol . . . Mr. Gayer Mackay.
Sybil Bruce . . . . Miss Marie Löhr.

son interrupts to beg her for help for his church, and the two spinsters try to negotiate a loan, which so annoys the old man that he goes off and shoots himself. And the doctor has hardly certified life to be extinct before he returns to press his rejected suit and the twain declare for *Love in a Cottage*. A most convincing sermon, is it not, on this misery of riches?

Miss Marie Löhr makes her first trial of the adventure of management. She has every reason to read the omens as favourable. "Her fortunate keel" should "touch golden sands," in the words of her modest and polite programme sonnet. She has the one indispensable quality for success on the London stage—a charming prettiness, which she uses with excellent effect in the many changes of becoming costume for which her thoughtful author had provided. She was best in her little moods of quiet roguishness. If she did not seem to feel the more solemn passages—well, perhaps she had such excuses as I have indicated.

Mr. Mulcaster's doctor was a very pleasantly handled young man, the most satisfactory of the author's characters. Exquisite touches of humour and tenderness in Mr. Valentine's grim millionaire were good to see. Miss Haidee Wright had to waste her fine powers on that foolish puppet, the millionaire's invalid wife, and Miss Ellen O'Malley's cleverness had little or no scope in the peg part of a companion. Mr. Gayer Mackay scored excellent points as the asinine and mercenary lover . . . I cannot think the players believed in their play, which should have an excellent run. T.

MUSINGS ON MARMALADE.

["The price of marmalade has hitherto remained uncontrolled. The omission is now to be rectified, and we understand that during the present week an Order will be issued by the Food Controller fixing the maximum retail price at 11*d*. a pound."—*Times, Jan. 29th.*]

O marmalade, though bread and meat
Contribute more to our nutrition,
One meal at least is not complete
Without thy bitter-sweet addition.

Far back in days upon the Cam
I mind me how, in strictest training,
From thee—'twas otherwise with jam—
There was no call for our refraining.

Thenceforth from youth right on to eld,
With an allegiance staunch and stable,
Have I enthroned thee, unexcelled
Emollient of the breakfast-table.

The home-made brand I most esteemed,
Although at need I condescended
To purchased substitutes, which seemed
Of glycerine and turnip blended.

Still, though the vulgar name of "Squish"
Aptly at times described the mixture,
Some form of marmalade, in dish
Or pot, was at my board a fixture.

But for a solid year at least,
Through war's demands on my exchequer,
Thy tonic attributes have ceased
To stimulate my morning pecker.

I missed thee, but thou wert too dear—
My purse was never a Golconda—
When lo! on my enraptured ear
Falls this new Order of Lord Rhondda.

The glorious news is going round
Which indicates the resurrection,
Priced at elevenpence a pound,
Of this delectable confection.

And yet misgiving fills my mind
About this plan of maximumming;
For price means nothing if we find
The thing itself is not forthcoming.



'Who's he, Father?" "He's a beefeater." Is that why Lord Rhondda shut him up in the Tower?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Free Press (Allen and Unwin) is a reprint in volume form of certain articles by Mr. Hilaire Belloc which I remember in the trenchant pages of *The New Age*. In them he sets out to prove that the Common (or Capitalist, as he calls it) newspaper is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished; and conversely that the hope of the future lies in a Press genuinely free both from the shackles of private ownership and the tyranny of advertisement. In one respect at least I should join issue with Mr. Belloc. Never, I fancy, was what we call the influence of the Press so apparently great but in reality so slight. We may all, or most of us, buy more papers than ever before; but as for that pathetic faith, which I seem to recall from the early days of 1914, by which a statement read in *The Daily Something* became *ipso facto* more probable than not—where, oh where is it now? Still, after making allowance for Mr. Belloc's prejudices (notably that eagerness *chercher le juif* which is still an obsession with him) the fact remains that he has stated clearly and well an exceedingly strong case; though I cannot think that he is altogether kind in his comparison of the notes in *The Spectator* to "the conversation of commercial travellers in a railway carriage." That any indictment of the "advertisement-run" papers naturally resolves itself more or less into a puff of certain organs notoriously not thus supported is perhaps unavoidable. Mr. Belloc's little book is a half-crown's worth of special pleading over which anyone, with whatever result to his convictions, may spend a stimulating hour.

In a dedicatory letter Mr. Hugh Walpole explains that *The Green Mirror* (Macmillan) was written before the War and almost excuses himself for allowing it to be published Both explanation and excuse are unnecessary. Mr. Walpole is dealing with a subject which will be as vital when the War ends as it ever was. It is not so much a story of family life (though it is that) as of Family. The *Trenchards* —we have here their history through three generations— were obsessed with the Family Idea. (Incidentally I may say that longevity was a habit of theirs, and to crowd uncomfortably under one roof was another.) Unfortunates who were neither *Trenchards* nor connected with them simply did not count. Whether in London or Cornwall, which for some unintelligible reason is called "Glebeshire," the *Trenchards* fortified themselves against the outer world. Through their defences a young man thrusts himself and has the temerity to fall in love with *Katherine*, of the youngest generation, the joy of the whole Family. How the intruder is absorbed into and deadened by the *Trenchard* atmosphere is cleverly told; though the process of assimilation would have been more impressive if he had had a really strong will of his own. The triumph of the book is *Katherine's* mother. Till now I never appreciated how devastatingly selfish a devoted mother can be. Though Mr. Walpole's wealth of detail is doubtless justified by the nature of his theme, I confess that at times it strained my patience. On the other hand I would gladly have been told more about *Vincent Trenchard*, who is announced to be coming home from Eton, but (though I anxiously looked for his arrival through many pages) never puts in an appearance. An Eton boy's breezy presence among so many ancient and middle-aged people would have been a welcome tonic. It is a great pity that he got mislaid.

Stepsons of France (Murray) is a very happy title for Captain P. C. Wren's collection of tales of the French

Foreign Legion. These episodes, sometimes blood-curdling, in the outlandish careers of individual legionaries, be they English, Scottish or American, serve indirectly as an indication of the fighting spirit of France. If her stepsons are like this what must her sons be? The tales are said to be true, but I find it hard to believe that the gay and lively imagination of the author has not had some play. True, the depôt of this regiment was once the ultimate collecting-place of the world's most reckless, adventurous and abandoned rips. Even for them, however, life could not have been such a concentration of brutality and romance, terror and humour. But no matter if Captain WREN has touched up the picture a bit; these infantry units of the grand French army deserve to be advertised on flaming posters. I hope he will do the same for the other magnificent troops to whom he refers from time to time in particular the Chasseur Alpin requires to be better known out of his own country. Meanwhile it should be noted that these tales do not touch upon the present War. This, I think, is just as well. The achievements of the Legion in the line are better left to the historian to be recorded—as they have been decorated—collectively. Readers of Captain WREN'S stories, who should be very many and various, will not only enjoy these reminiscences of the past; they will be impatient to know of all being done in the present by the Legion.

I have been reading a small book called *A Communion of Sinners* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), with the result that I would give a good deal for a quiet conversation with Miss EVELYN SHARP, who wrote it. She has apparently composed the sketches in this volume to express the detestation of war that is of course common to us all. Whether she objects to the present War chiefly, or to wars in general, is a point that may be left obscure. What is by no means obscure is the perplexed irritation of the author over the fact that the majority of her fellow-countrymen should have found even the horror of war preferable to certain other unpleasantness, to national dishonour for example. On every page that she devotes to this problem you will read plainly the vexation of a clever pleader devoid of arguments; in their place she can give us nothing but vain reiteration of the physically revolting aspect of bloodshed (as if there was a man or woman to-day who did not understand as much!), mingled with uneasy sarcasm at the simplicity of mind that would brave such terrors for an ideal incomprehensible to the better-informed writer. There is a certain sameness, not to say monotony, about the method of Miss SHARP'S propaganda; the "quiet" puppet, generally "in the corner," figures largely, with what the author clearly intends as unanswerable objections. "'Why are the Germans called Huns? And why have we gone to war with Hunland?' proceeded this tiresome young woman. The old gentleman pretended not to hear." Really, of course, Miss SHARP is far too intelligent not to estimate such rubbish at its proper value; one recalls work of hers in the past, contributions to *The Yellow Book*, for example, as proof of this. And one feels sorry for her to-day.



Mistress (to general, who has been sent on an errand). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MARY."

Mary. "WELL, MUM, THE BUTTER QUEUE GOT MIXED UP WITH THE 'IPPODROME QUEUE, 'AN BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS SWEP' IN."

Elizabeth Allenby in *An Officer's Wife* (JENKINS) was the victim of a vexatious will, which made her whole income conditional upon her remaining single. No doubt it was right in principle, but somehow it wasn't made to seem natural in fact, that, having roused her *Tony* up to an enthusiastic proposal, she should lie about this in the fear that the proposal might be held up by chivalrous feelings on her account. After all, he was very, very young and she was very, very pretty, and they were together in a conservatory, and the lights were low and the palms were accommodating; it only needed an "I'd sooner be as poor as poor with you, darling, than as rich as be blowed by myself," and I don't think *Tony* would have given the matter another thought until some few weeks after the honeymoon. However, once they were married the sequel developed naturally enough; and the fatal will behaved in an entirely normal and life-like manner by remaining valid till the very end. I thoroughly approved of *Captain Grant*, whether he was to be regarded as a virtuous villain or a not too persistently heroic hero. *Hannah*, as occasional chorus, gave great satisfaction, and I have met few women more delightfully detestable than *Mrs. John Luttrell*. There was, too, a noteworthy sympathy for the feelings of other officers' wives which will please many. A word of advice, in conclusion, to LOUISE HEILGERS: she should not permit her women to use improbable cattishisms; and next time she should get a man to edit her slang and bring it up to date. *Tony*, meaning to be intensely human, appeared at times, by reason of his selection of words, to be slightly common.

The Chronicles of St. Tid (SKEFFINGTON) gives us yet another opportunity to admire Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS in his out-and-out West-Country mood. Here we have sixteen sketches of St. Tid, which is the Phillpottsian for Delabole, and although none of them is remarkable all are readable. Possibly the characters are not quite so quaint as we are accustomed to find them in the author's West-Country tales, but what we lose in humour we gain in trueness to life. For my own part I am never more content than when Mr. PHILLPOTTS has seated a bevy of his creations comfortably in an inn, and I may stay with them

"Until the clock with muffled chime asserts that it is closing time,
And o'er the fields now white with rime the company retires."

In this book there is not much bar-parlour gossip, but the tale which appeals to me most is suggestively called "'The Green Man' and 'The Tiger.'" However low this taste of mine may be, Mr. PHILLPOTTS is responsible for having created it, and I am grateful and unashamed.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no truth in the report that the postponement of the sale of the MEDICI Letters at CHRISTIE'S is due to a belated offer on the part of the CENSOR to put a few finishing touches to them.

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Nor is there any ground for the rumour that the stoppage was due to the fact that the A.S.E. had not had time to consider the matter.

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DR. DELMER CROFT, the American "Old Moore," states that in his opinion the end of the world will come in the year 3187 A.D. Every effort is therefore being made to push on with the War in order that the two events shall not clash.

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The *Lokalanzeiger* points out that Sweden has offended Germany. We have felt for some time that Germany was annoyed about something.

The Ministry of Food is carefully watching the production of sausages. It is evident that there is much nervousness existing among sausages, for they seem of late to be going about in groups.

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Broadstairs residents claim to have heard the cuckoo, while from Ramsgate comes the almost incredible story that a butcher has been seen in full bloom.

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The *Kölnische Zeitung* denies the story that, while shaking hands with the CROWN PRINCE at a Berlin meeting, a neutral journalist had his pocket picked. At the same time it would be wise in future to insist on LITTLE WILLIE showing both hands.

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People are requested by the authorities not to use the telephone during air-raids. Should it be absolutely necessary it is suggested that the conventional "Are you there?" should be replaced by some phrase less likely to depress the operator, such as "How are you all at home?" or "A nice bright night for the time of year."

The finding of the Government Commission that someone was to blame for the Halifax disaster has caused profound dissatisfaction in naval circles.

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Two recaptured German prisoners who escaped from a Welsh internment camp were found to be carrying haversacks filled with food. It is understood that the kindly fellows were greatly disappointed at not being able to carry out their idea of sharing their plenty with less fortunate British civilians.

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The American millionaire who recently offered to buy a pair of tanks has since notified the Government that to ensure safe delivery the creatures should reach New Jersey before the mosquito season begins.

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"It is Germany," says a Hun paper, "who will speak the last word in this War." We agree. And the last word will be "Kamerad!"



Officer. "DON'T YOU SALUTE AN OFFICER WHEN YOU SEE ONE?"

Labour Tommy. "I AIN'T IN YOUR CRUSH, SIR. I'M IN MR. JONES'S COMPANY."

Violets are reported from a Sussex garden, and Mr. OUTHWAITE, who as a patriot would prefer them to be onions, will ask a question about it in the House of Commons.

* *

A ghost, with a "clutching hand," has been seen at Gillingham. There is a popular superstition that a Quartermaster-Sergeant was hanged there in the reign of CHARLES II.

Any attempt to brighten up the literature of the day should be encouraged. We are glad to note that the January issue of *The London Telephone Directory* has been brought up to date by the inclusion of the postal number of the various districts. By carefully remembering this number and adding it to the telephone number which you want, it may be possible to get through to the wrong number without voluntary aid from the operator.

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According to *The Evening News* a London bus conductor, upon seeing a cheese in a shop window, stopped the bus. The cheese however still sticks to the story that it did not signal to the bus.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

[A country Vicar has lately forbidden his Curate to appear on the amateur stage in pyjamas.]

'TIS difficult upon the stage
  Proprieties to keep;
What should a poor young Curate wear
  As he poses himself for sleep?
If his pink pyjamas he selects
  The Vicar declares he 's shocked;
If he chooses to don a night-shirt
  He 'll probably be unfrocked.
Retaining his regular clerical garb
  May save the Church's face;
But is going to bed with your trousers on
  An infallible sign of grace?

"Handsome, Blue-fronted Amazon Parrot; plain Talker; cheap."
Provincial Paper.

We fear that the bird's talk was plain to the point of rudeness.

Headline from an article on domestic economy:—

"FISH COQUETTES."
Evening Paper.

We understand that the main ingredient in this attractive dish is what lawyers call a *feme sole.*

From a story entitled "The Girl who was Incompetent":—

"She had exactly twenty shillings in her purse. Six of the twenty would go for the week's rent of the shabby little back bedroom she inhabited, the remaining fifteen lay between her and starvation."

It is absurd to call a girl incompetent who can turn pounds into guineas.

Indian Food Hogs.

"'Don't congratulate me,' he would say in a tone of injured brusquerie, 'it was the men who did it,' and he was as genuinely uncomfortable as if he were wearing borrowed plums."—*Times of India.*

This and the other habit of wearing ripe tomatoes should be discountenanced in War-time.

"The Committee wish to impress on the supporters of the hospital all over Ireland that the Matron can utilise vegetables of any sort, especially potatoes, eggs and poultry."
Irish Times.

We have heard of "asparagus chickens," but the vegetable egg is new to us.

LETTERS FROM THE HOME FRONT.

My dear Reginald,—I sometimes fear that in the ordered conditions of your trench life you lack imagination to picture the cruel rigours of war as we suffer them at home. You who, except when you leave the beaten track for a few days' excursion into the enemy's lines, can always count upon that regularity in the service of meals which is so essential to a right assimilation of food—it is difficult for you to grasp what it means to be uncertain where your next pat of butter is to come from. Will you believe it that last Friday a friend of mine, after an exhausting round of golf, could get nothing more sustaining at the club than a dozen of oysters, a medium-sized sole (Dieppoise), an omelette aux fines herbes, and a couple of pêches Melba? No cheese at all, mark you.

You cannot have figured to yourself what is likely to be the effect upon one's self-respect of being forced to live on a diet of vegetables for five or six hours on end (it may come to this!), when all one's life one has ridiculed the fanaticism of those who adopt the vegetarian creed. Nor can you conceive the humiliation endured by the citizen of a free country when he is compelled to present an official sugar-card before he can be served with sweetening matter. You are indeed fortunate to have none of these disintegrating anxieties to distract you from the performance of your daily duties.

And what do you know of the indescribable horror of the queue, you who have never so much as seen one, except outside a cinema palace or a music-hall? For you can hardly call it a queue, in our bitter sense of the word, when you move in single file up a communication trench to relieve some unit in the firing-line. In the first place your forward progress is relatively swift and continuous; and, secondly, you are at least fairly well assured, as we never are, of attaining your object at the end. You seldom arrive to find disheartening notices posted up on the enemy's parapet: "No whizz-bangs to day"; "No snipers"; "No gas," and so forth.

Still, you must not think that we are complaining. Rest assured that we bear these sacrifices, however involuntary, with a reticence worthy of the race. You should be proud of us. Grumblers there are, of course, here and there, but I for one have no patience with those who protest that they would give a good deal for a week or so at the Flanders front.

I naturally say nothing of the perils to which we are exposed on the Home Front. After all, your own life out there is not entirely free from danger. You too run a certain risk from enemy bombers. But you have your compensations which I think you may be apt to overlook. You engaged yourself to be a soldier and it is your business—and therefore, no doubt, your pleasure—to be bombed. With us civilians it is what I may call an extra—an imposition which we never undertook to tolerate. In your case, again, it is part of a daily routine which has by now, I hope, become an unconscious habit with you. With us, on the other hand, these air-raids are so desultory and spasmodic in their incidence that we have not yet acquired the familiarity which breeds indifference.

Further, unless you deliberately project yourself into the zone of your own barrage you are largely immune from the attacks of British guns. Whereas we, as often as once a month or even more, are compelled to seek cover from the devastating duds of our Metropolitan artillery.

You will recognise, then, my dear Reginald, that, though you and I share the common burden of Armageddon, it presses on us in very different ways. You are engaged, if I may so say, upon an interesting expedition after big game in foreign parts, where everything has a spice of exotic adventure. But here the War (which we never went out to meet) *comes home to our very doors*.

Once more I am not complaining. Nothing could be further from my thoughts than to wish to unman you by the tale of our sufferings. I only want you to understand what we are bearing for your sakes, because, if I know anything of your sympathetic nature, a full comprehension of the facts will only strengthen you in your determination to complete the overthrow of an enemy who is causing so much inconvenience in the home circle.

Ever your affectionate Guardian,

O. S.

Not a Swan's Song.

"The Navy Department has notified the owners of the American steamer Texas, which was reported two days ago to be singing after being rammed, that the ship is safe."

Daily Paper.

"Disabled Soldier seeks Financial Help.—Would any lady or gentleman interested in soldiers and poultry write?"—*Times.*

One of the "Bantams"?

"WOMEN AT THE FRONT.

PRIVATE DENOUNCES 'GROSS LIBELS.'

In the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury at Westminster the Archbishop of Canterbury, dealing with the question of women's work at the front," etc.

Provincial Paper.

When did his Grace join up?

MY WICKET.

As I sit in this bleak camp, in the depths of a North-country winter, a sudden ache comes over me for Summer and the South and freedom. I want to babble (like *Falstaff*) of green fields—of green fields and white flannels, of gay blazers and frocks, of the smell of cut grass and all the keen clean leisureliness of country-house cricket. And so, until my day-dream is interrupted by the voice of the Sergeant-Major crying aloud that the company is ready to have its feet inspected, I will talk to you about my most memorable wicket.

It happened at a house in Sussex, where I was the only civilian—I mean layman in a Pan-Anglican team of clergymen.

I was a stranger, and the prospect of meeting the clergy in bulk made me very nervous, so before starting I wrote myself a short but warmly expressed testimonial of character from the Bishop of Sodor and Man as moral support. However, they proved a most cheery company—and they could certainly play cricket. We stayed in the whole of the first day, making over four hundred.

Our opponents had several first class bats, and their first three wickets produced two hundred runs; then there was a slump in the standard, and the innings closed for two hundred and twelve. They followed on at three o'clock, determined to play out time if they could.

The heroes of their first innings—a gunner Major and a Cambridge Blue—came in again and gradually took root. Bowler after bowler was tried without success. Runs came slowly, but runs had ceased to count; the whole question now was, could we get their first three wickets down in time for the subsequent procession to repeat itself?

As usual, I had at the beginning of the game warned my captain that no useful purpose would be served by putting me on to bowl.

On this occasion, however, things were desperate. The captain came up to me. "Have you *never* bowled?" he asked.

"Hardly ever, unless I was captaining the side."

"Well, have a go this end. How do you want your field? Are you fast?"

"Far from it." I gave a glance round the field. "They'll do as they are, except that I want one man on the leg boundary to stop the pulls."

"Right. Hugh, you go."

Hugh, a fat and benevolent-looking curate with a pair of enormous spectacles, sighed dismally.

"Be merciful," he pleaded as he



UNDOING THEIR BIT.

QUEUE OF CONSCIENTIOUS DISGORGERS PATRIOTICALLY EVADING PROSECUTION.

passed me; "I'm horribly short in the wind."

My first ball to the Blue was a superb long-hop to leg. The batsman smote it contemptuously past the square-leg umpire, and Hugh, after a wild sprint of fifty yards, failed by inches to save the boundary. The Major at my end grinned. Hugh was not a graceful runner.

I signalled to him to stay where he was and bowled again; the thing pitched twice before it reached the batsman, again on the leg side. Hugh, rushing back to his original position in another frantic effort, again just failed to reach the ball. This time he sat down and rested his head in his hands before throwing in.

"What about having another man out there?" suggested the captain.

"I don't think so. You see, in theory I'm bowling entirely on the off, and at any moment I may begin to do so in fact."

"Um!" he said. I don't know what he meant, but the Major, who seemed to have a strong sense of humour, gave a gurgle of laughter.

My third delivery was a short one just wide of the leg stump, and the batsman, with the careless certainty of habit, whacked it to the old place behind the square-leg umpire. I didn't see anything to laugh at, and I'm sure Hugh didn't, but the Major lay on the ground and shouted.

"Bowler's name?" piped our host's thirteen-year-old daughter suddenly from the score-tent.

"Other," I said hastily. "A. N. Other." But it was useless to try to hush it up. Everybody on the field seemed to be shouting my name for the next ten minutes, covering me with confusion.

As I took off for my next ball I suddenly noticed that the captain had, without further consulting me, reinforced the apoplectic Hugh with a long-legged prebendary from extra-cover. Annoyed by this insult, I determined that, at any rate, the next ball should pitch on the off side of the wicket.

It did.

Point was very nice about it, but I could see that he was more hurt than he would admit. He insisted, however, that it was his own fault entirely; he ought to have been on the look-out. Mid-off pointed out that the previous balls had each scored four to the batsman, whereas this one merely added one to the extras; which showed a very gratifying improvement on my part.

I delivered my next amid a tense hush of expectation. It was (at last) according to schedule, a slow one, pitching on the off and breaking in. But the batsman—a man of few ideas and hawk-like eye—hooked it round straight at the unfortunate Hugh, who was wiping his dewy spectacles and continued serenely to do so while the ball trickled between his legs to the boundary.

A roar of laughter went round the field, and the Major showed signs of hysteria. He was so far gone that the fact that my next two balls were good length and had to be treated with respect seemed to him to be the crowning absurdity of the whole incident.

The field changed over and the captain came up to me.

"Reluctantly," he said, "I must take you off. We have all enjoyed your over very much, and if we only had a little more time to spare. . . . However, you must come down later on and do it for us again, and we'll ask Hugh down for the day."

Our fast left-hander began his run. . . .

"But look here," you say, "if you were taken off at this point, what about your wicket?"

Well, as a matter of fact it was, so to speak, a posthumous wicket, but still mine by all the laws of cause and effect. For, as the left-hander delivered his first ball to the Major, that happy warrior once more lost control of his emotions, began to laugh and was bowled. He staggered back to the pavilion with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

This was the turning-point of the game. We won ten minutes from time by an innings and thirteen runs. No arguments of mine could persuade the youthful scorer to credit me with my wicket, but I think no right-minded person will deny that——

"Oh, all right, Sergeant-Major. I'm just coming."



Worker's Wife. "'URRY UP, FATHER. ONE OF OUR CHICKENS 'AS LAID A EGG IN NEXT DOOR'S PIANNER!"

A MATTER OF TEMPERATURE.

I HAD not seen Frederick since we were at school together until the other day, when I came across him standing in the snow and regarding, with a fine air of proprietorship, the R.E. timber dump of which he is in charge. It was a nice dump. I told Frederick so. I said he must be a proud man to have control of such unlimited fuel.

"Not fuel," said Frederick, turning a pale eye on me.

The temperature of our Mess, I remarked, was so inhospitable that I felt I could not possibly ask a long-lost friend into it. So he led the way into his little office, where we sat before a roaring log fire.

I talked about the dear old school. I quoted the sentiments of the Eton Boating Song. I said how well we held together—always ready to extend a hand to one another in the hour of need. I regretted my slackness in the old days and discovered an admiration for the virtues of application and perseverance which had always characterised Frederick. I put in some violent coughs, attributed them to a weak lung, and mentioned a tendency to chilblains. Sapping up from yet another direction, I quoted a report which argued that *moral* was a matter largely to do with the temperature of the blood. Now I come to think of it, I'm afraid I did most of the talking. I got little more than monosyllables out of Frederick, certainly not so much as a handful of shavings.

Clearly Frederick was not a case for diplomacy. Timothy, my batman, who overheard my impotent ravings later in the day, also came to this conclusion. On that as on other occasions Timothy decided to act and enlightened me only after the event.

I gather that a bored and frozen sentry, whose duty it was to guard Frederick's dump, beguiled some mo-

ments that night in friendly converse with one who stayed to chat in spite of the dark and the cold. "Did he know," this one asked, "a bloke called 'Enery Coleman—a little fair chap with a ginger moustache?" No, he did not. He knew Bert Coleman, who was in the same section. Bert Coleman was a little chap, but you wouldn't hardly call his moustache ginger; it was darkish-like. There was also a Corporal Coleman in the Umptieth Company—the same Division. Corporal Coleman was fair, but hadn't got no moustache. And so on until two shadowy figures, heavily laden, had crossed out of the dump behind the sentry and were lost in the blackness of the night.

The quest of 'Enery Coleman was resumed twenty-four hours later. The sentry, touched by the pathetic story of Mrs. Coleman, who sighed for news of her 'Enery, forgot his duty, forgot the dump and forgot even to blow his fingers and stamp his feet. He was helpful; he suggested that 'Enery might have shaved his moustache, might now be a corporal. He gave elaborate directions to the place where Corporal Coleman might be found. Timothy could hardly get away from him, he was so interested in the Coleman case.

Then Timothy tried daylight, forswearing the aid of 'Enery Coleman. With two men and a hand-cart he trundled briskly into the dump just as Frederick emerged from the other side of it. Timothy owed much, I understand, to the moral effect of the hand-cart.

"Cold morning, Corporal," Timothy said politely. "I just seen your officer. Nine pit-props, eight feet long, six inches diameter," he added, consulting a piece of paper. "Shall we take 'em off of that heap?"

"No, my lad," said the N.C.O., who regarded a private of infantry as something very easy, "you'll take 'em from 'ere." And he carefully selected nine particularly twisty pit-props that might have been designed by ARTHUR RACKHAM. "Now you can sign for 'em," he added.

"That'll take us three journeys," says Timothy. "I'll sign when we got the nine. Now, boys, up wiv 'em!"

They got eight pit-props away in two journeys and sacrificed, a little regretfully, the ninth . . .

Timothy told me all this afterwards, and I was very stern with him. I cited K.R. and the penalties for theft from a comrade. He told me, in fact, just after I had received a note from Frederick which had followed us to billets in another village. "A series of mean thefts from my dump," Frederick wrote, "are clearly traceable to your Battalion, if they come no nearer to you than that. I know perfectly well that you will plead an alleged inability to trace the individual delinquents as an excuse for your unwillingness to take proper disciplinary action. It only remains for me to say that any pleasure I may have felt at renewing our acquaintance, happily never intimate, is overshadowed by regret that one who had an honourable upbringing should associate himself, in sympathies and probably in deeds, with those who are habitually addicted to larceny of this order."

I replied:—

"DEAR FREDDIE, To receive a letter from you gave me a warm glow of pleasure. If you won't let me thank you for timber, believe me I am grateful for your bark. You will be glad to know my chilblains—particularly Frederick, named after you—are now much better.

"P.S.—Do you happen to have a man named Henry Coleman in your Field Company?"



Staff-Sergeant (instructing). "STOP WHISPERIN' TO 'IM IN PUBLIC! D'YOU THINK IT'S A BLOOMIN' SECRET THAT YOU'RE A BEGINNER?"

There was an old man of St. Bees
Who lived for a month on tinned peas;
Then he stood in a queue
From eleven till two
And asked for "two plops, if you choose."

"BREST NOGOTIATIONS."
Evening Herald (Plymouth).

This looks like a misprint; but it is really an inspiration.

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the damn pillow hard."
Glasgow Daily Record.

But we question the propriety of thus accentuating the poet's meaning.

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

I.

A Rat Offensive and a Counter-Attack.

If anybody had told me a few weeks ago that Elizabeth was ever likely to be of the faintest use either to us or to any other family of human beings, I should merely have smiled. Our latest general and the worst who has ever commanded us, a veteran of forty-six, combining a most forbidding appearance with every fault domestic flesh is heir to, she had, at the time of our move into the cottage, successfully baffled three several attempts on our part to dismiss her. On the first occasion she had informed us next day (with tears) that she forgave us; on the second she had declared that she never accepted notice on a Sunday; on the third she had refused to deal with us in the matter save through the medium of her solicitor. Finally we took her with us to the cottage. It was just possible that the kitchen range might kill her; at any rate there could be no harm in trying.

Rats are really rather romantic animals till they take to shedding their fur on the butter. Then it is time to put your foot down. The great difficulty is to put it down in the right place, that is, on the rat. Hardly any man has ever done it successfully except by a fluke. And of course women never attempt such a thing; they prefer to leap on to the mantel-piece.

We might have known that there would be rats in a country cottage. It was true that our landlord had omitted to mention the fact; but now I come to think of it almost the only matter he did mention was the rent. He is a man of few words, disregarding inessentials and going straight to the heart of things.

On the third night after our arrival they started. It seemed to be a race-meeting, and was possibly one of their ordinary fixtures, though from the number of events and competitors I was inclined to regard it at the time more in the light of a joy-gathering to celebrate our advent. The course was roughly circular and embraced the whole of the ground floor below the boards. Next day we missed a loaf of bread, a pound of margarine and part of a ham, so no doubt refreshments had been included in the programme.

On the following night proceedings were quieter, but morning brought evidence of still greater activity in the larder and the store cupboard. We all felt that something must be done.

The problem was, what. Of course there are several varieties of poison, all guaranteed "to destroy the vermin and leave absolutely no odour behind." I bought a bottle; but my wife disliked the idea of leaving poison about the house, even at night, since the younger of our two children had more than once been known to walk in her sleep, and, as every parent knows, there is scarcely an hour of the twenty-four when a little girl of three years old is not hungry. Elizabeth advised us to pour tar into their dug-outs. No rat, she said, could abide tar on its feet. My objection to this was that the enemy could easily counter by constructing fresh dug-outs, so that such a plan of campaign would merely end in the eventual honeycombing of the whole place.

"Why not try a trap?" suggested my wife.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I do not know," I said, "the precise number of rats there may be at the present moment in and about this cottage. Possibly it runs into hundreds. With a trap we might, or we might not, catch a couple a week. Is it worth it?"

"No," she agreed.

That was really my point all through. Half-measures, I felt, were useless. By hook or by crook I must devise some fearful devastating blow which would either slay them or drive them from the cottage *en masse*. Nights and days dragged wearily by, nights of fitful sleep broken by the horrid riotings of our invisible foe; days of deepening anxiety and desperate aimless resolves. And then quite unexpectedly it fell, the blow I dreamed of dealing. But it was not I who inflicted it.

One morning at breakfast-time Elizabeth announced that two rats had run over her face in the night. I did not believe it, and for a very good reason. She said that in her dread of the creatures she had gone to sleep with her candle alight by her bedside. Had the room been in darkness I could have understood the accident happening. But on her own confession the woman's face must have been visible. She stuck to her story, however, and a little later to my surprise I came across a dead rat just outside her bedroom door. There was no mark of violence on the body, which appeared plump and well-nourished. Suddenly I understood. Elizabeth had spoken the truth. I picked it up by the tail, carried it into the kitchen and showed it to her.

"Heart failure," I said.

Presumably its companion survived the shock and got off with nothing worse than a bad scare. But the word must have gone round, for since that night there has been no trace of a rat either in or anywhere near the cottage.

THE PHRASE OF THE MOMENT.

Whenever there's a notice in the paper
Of trouble in the country of the Hun
Which makes me cut an optimistic caper
Or fancy that the "cracking" has begun,
Some leader-writer, promptly intervening,
This deadly phrase discharges at my door:
"'Twere rash to overestimate its meaning;
'Twere foolish its importance to ignore."

If Labour in some influential section
Displays a wholesome hatred of the Bolsh;
If weighty words, condemning insurrection,
Fall from the lips of, say, Archbishop Walsh;
Our Mentor, still oracularly screening
His vacillation, takes again the floor,
And begs we won't attach a serious meaning
To statements which we oughtn't to ignore.

Or if again some reassuring cables
Hint at a healthier attitude in Spain,
Or indicate the turning of the tables
Upon the Trotsky crew in the Ukraine;
Or if we get a lull in submarining,
That fatal phrase again is to the fore:
"We ought not to exaggerate its meaning,
Nor yet its true significance ignore."

Suppose I read that Austria is seething
With discontent, that Turkey's in the dumps,
That Little Willie's youngest child is teething,
That Hindenburg is smitten with the mumps;
As sure as death or taxes or spring-cleaning
It comes just like the raven's "Nevermore":
"'Twere rash to overestimate its meaning;
'Twere folly its importance to ignore."

The need of duly sifting fact from fiction
Cannot be too persistently upheld
In dealing with a foeman whose addiction
To "shamming dead" has never been excelled;
But though our mood should not be overweening
There's no excuse for this eternal bore
Who bids us not to overrate the meaning
Of something that it's folly to ignore.



"Listen to this, Mrs. 'Iggins. 'German official. The enemy were repulsed at all points.'"
"'The enemy'? Do they dare to call us 'the enemy'? Imperence!"

WAR-TIME APPAREL.

There is a shop in Holborn that I find it very difficult during war-time poverty to get out of. Even in these days of high prices everything is absurdly cheap there. There are baskets of socks costing almost less than a leash of sausages a pair; silk ties at fourpence-halfpenny each hang in serried rows above one's head; pyjamas that would startle a cab-horse to be had for the price of a pound of tea, and gloves for next to nothing at all.

I was passing the door the other day, at least I hoped I was, but a basket of ties at the door drew me in to see if there were others less garish at the same price inside, and I was lost.

When I had bought two ties, one black with white spots and one ditto with purple ditto, I paid ninepence and prepared to walk out. As I got near the door the string which was holding up the port-side of my trousers gave notice and I turned back. A bunch of rare and refreshing braces met my gaze and I retired to a secluded part of the basement to fortify myself with tenpence-halfpenny-worth of trouser anchorage.

My next attempt at leaving was more futile than the first, and I found myself in the basement, wearing a new bowler at four-and-elevenpence. With the silk lining of my old bowler marked "Superfine" inside my new purchase I felt like a temporary gentleman.

By this time my loose silver was thinning, and a nail-brush and a comb reduced my exchequer by another tenpence-halfpenny.

"Do you mind leading me out?" I said to a rather attractive French or Belgian shop-assistant, extending my hand and shutting my eyes. But she was evidently "the girl who took the wrong turning," because when I opened my eyes I found myself in front of boxes of wash-leather gloves, and she was saying enticingly, "Look, Sare, only two-and-elevenpence and wash like new. Try a pair on. Ah, zey fit you perfectly."

Whether the engaging smile made the fit seem more satisfactory or not, I certainly parted with another two-and-elevenpence and made a determined rush for the exit; but, chancing to bump into a short stout gentleman who was apparently in charge of the sock-enclosure, I was fined one-and-twopence for my carelessness, receiving in exchange a pair of socks that will compel me to show a few inches of them on the least provocation, so fascinating are their clocks, which almost tell the time.

I then gave myself up for lost and ran amok. By the time I reached the door I was staggering under a load of haberdashery and outfittings; my overcoat pockets were full of ties, collars, studs, socks, gloves, a nail-brush, a tooth-brush, a comb and the remains of my old braces, which I was ashamed to leave behind, and the string on them was too useful to be abandoned. I had under my arm a parcel containing a pair of purple-and-white-striped pyjamas, a pair of ditto dittos of an even rarer vintage and a cotton shirt of choice blend.

As I met the chilly air of Holborn I found that all my loose cash had melted away, and, in order to raise enough capital for my bus fare to Charing Cross, I was obliged to re-enter the shop and realise a couple of collar-studs.

"One takes off one's hat to a player who is—horrible dictu!—unafraid to play English music."—*Daily Paper.*

We recommend songs without those horrible words.

A squeamish young man of Red Hill
Once declared that "pigmeat" made him ill;
Now he plunges his fork
Into cold fat boiled pork
(When he gets it) with hearty goodwill.



Indignant War-Worker. "And she actually asked me if I didn't think I might be doing something! Me! And I haven't missed a charity matinée for the last three months.

THE LAST SACRIFICE.

(Addressed to Amanda, who is about to feed her pets.)

Fall in the pigeons. Fall them in two deep,
Pouters in front and fantails to the rear;
And while you dig the scoop into the trough
Now for the last time make them cover off
And prove the little squad and proving weep
Over their toes a pardonable tear.

So bright they are, so beautiful and gay
That all men joyed to hear their hovering wings;
Only the jobbing gardener, Mr. Brown,
He never could abide them. But the town
Loved to behold them, tossed like driven spray
O'er the high church. Yet they eat corn and things.

Mere ornamental fowls, and not like those
Their active brethren of the service brand,
Who, borne in osier baskets up the line,
Care not a button for the 5.9,
And sometimes roost upon the Major's nose
And eat their rations from the Colonel's hand;

Then, when the boys advance beyond the bags
To none knows where, because the wires are cut,
Come softly fluttering to a General's door
With tales of love and tidings of the War,
And he puts on his spectacles and wags
His finger at the dears and says, "Tut, tut!"

No, they are not like these. The nodding plumes
To rearward are a ceremonial dress;
The forward bulging of the sheeny kit,
That anyone might say would pass them fit—
That is but empty pomp, and none presumes
To comb them out. The birds are not G.S.

Nor are they doves; they are not fit to bear
Soft olive branches for the Hun to take
And send again, a camouflage of lies,
Saying that everywhere men fraternise,
And now 's the time for Labour not to spare,
But strike for home and sweet exemption's sake.

Still they must serve, although my heart is torn
And the great tear-drop wells into my eye.
What—have they eaten then the utmost grain?
Form fours! and march them to the bagpipes' strain,
And when they reach the irrevocable bourne
Halt and left turn, and fall them out for pie.

Evoe.

"It is the time of testing. Not once nor twice in our rough ideal story have such trials come."—*The Globe.*

We infer that somebody has again borrowed our contemporary's copy of Tennyson.



CAIN.

MORE THAN FOURTEEN THOUSAND BRITISH NON-COMBATANTS—MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY THE KAISER'S COMMAND.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 4th.—The long-drawn-out struggle between the two Houses over Proportional Representation reminds me of a chapter in *Out of the Hurly Burly*, describing the fate of *Cooley's* yellow dog. The dog died and its owner flung the corpse into *Max Adeler's* garden. *Max* returned it, *Cooley* riposted, and so on *da capo*, until, at the end of a far from perfect day, all that remained of the unfortunate animal was its tail, which *Max's* hired man, who had taken the place of his wearied principal, interred in the cabbage-patch.

Far be it from me to suggest which of the protagonists who have been bandying the unfortunate "P.R." backwards and forwards during the past few days resembles the objectionable *Cooley* and which the blameless *Max*. Suffice it to say that to-day the *corpus vile* was in the custody of the Peers and that, on the motion of Lord Selborne, boldly seconded by Lord Lansdowne, who advised their lordships not to be afraid of "the bogey men at the other end of the corridor," they once more flung it, curtailed by the omission of the counties, back to the Commons.

Content with this assertion of their powers, the Lords proceeded to pass sundry other Bills brought from the Lower House. On the Redistribution of Seats (Ireland) Bill some of them protested against giving two more members to that already over-represented country: but they did not insist on a division, and meekly acquiesced in the Government's proposal to amend the schedule by substituting "Parnell Street" for "Great Britain Street." It was only "a drafting amendment," as Lord Peel explained; yet to those who remember 1886 and 1893 it symbolises a revolution.

Tuesday, February 5th.—Before resuming the contest with "another place" the Commons had a little business of their own, in a list of 184 Questions. The information extracted from Ministers was, as usual, in inverse ratio to the curiosity of the questioners. Still the House as a whole was glad to hear that if the Germans transferred their officer-prisoners to air-raid areas we should not hesitate to do the same. Ex-Colonel Lynch was at first a little disappointed to hear that the Versailles Conference had not yet appointed a Generalissimo for the whole of the Allied forces. On second thoughts he came to the conclusion that warrior-statesmen of the kind required do not grow on every tree, and decided to get his old uniform—"same I commanded the Irish Brigade"—out of cold storage.

One of the best stories of the War Office has been relegated to the limbo of legend. Mr. Forster can find no trace of the fortunate wheelwright who was alleged to have received two successive cheques for £95 in payment of an account for 9*s.* 5*d.*



THE WESTMINSTER NEIGHBOURS.

Shades of 1906! To think that in 1918 we should hear from a Government including a large infusion of Liberals that they were employing Chinese Labour—not in South Africa, but in Berkshire. Truly the wheel has come full cycle in Cathay.

When *Cooley's* dog again came over the fence—in official parlance, when the House entered upon the consideration of "the Lords' amendments to Commons' amendments to Lords' amendments" to the Representation of the People Bill—Members tempered their animosity with a certain amount of discretion. They did not want to be left with the tail on their hands or, in other words, to lose the Bill altogether. They would not, however, have "P.R." at any price. London and Birmingham joined in protest against the proposal to make the boroughs the subject of this electoral experiment. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, untrammelled by office, is becoming quite a lively speaker, referred to an argument advanced in the Upper House that "P.R." would be a safeguard against revolution. "Let them try to keep out the Atlantic if they like," he exclaimed, "but why should I be the mop?"



"WHY SHOULD I BE THE MOP?"

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's reply to Lord Lansdowne's speech.

Having knocked out "P.R." by a majority of 97 the House, as a sop to the Lords, decided to confine the Alternative Vote to the Boroughs. The voting was on strict party-lines, the proposal being carried by 195 Liberal, Labour and Nationalist Votes, to 194 Conservative. It was a great chance for Mr. Pemberton Billing to show the importance of a really Independent Member. But, alas! he was absent.

Wednesday, February 6th.—"Last day, take it all in play," as we used to say at school. I suppose there was a good deal of make-believe about the vehement oratory heard in both Houses on this the final day of the Session. When Mr. Balfour heard Mr. Chamberlain fulminating against the Peers (who had again inserted an attenuated version of "P.R." and again knocked out the "A.V.") for their audacity in trying to tinker a Bill for the election of the Commons he must have imagined that he had somehow got back to 1884, and that the voice was the voice of Joseph, not Austen. For the moment it looked as if rather than allow the Lords to insert even the thinnest end of the wedge of "P.R." the Commons would sacrifice the Bill altogether and refuse the franchise to eight million people, three-fourths of them women.

[But are there really six million women prepared to make statutory declaration that they are over thirty?]

Some pleasant chaff by Mr. Balfour, who had no idea that his right honourable friend and late colleague held such strong views about the House of Lords, and by Mr. Asquith, who only wished he had had his eloquent assistance eight years ago, brought the House to a more businesslike mood. A final effort to retain some semblance of the Alternative Vote was defeated by a majority

of 18; and then the Government, putting on their Whips for the first time in the long history of the Bill, carried the motion to agree with the Lords' amendment by 224 to 114. And so ended the seventh Session of a Parliament which by its own rash Act should have committed suicide two years ago. The KAISER has a lot to answer for.

TO THE WIFE SILENT IN WAR-TIME.

FAR as the Empire's bounds are flung,
She shall be honoured, she be sung,
Who keeps safe locked within her breast,
Unboasted, unbetrayed, unguessed,
Bound as with triple chains of gold,
What things her soldier-lord hath told.
O woman, in our hours of ease,
Careless in chatter as the seas;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
(In point of fact, precisely now),
Accept the homage of a bard
Who knows it more than common hard
To bear, unmoved, from age and youth,
Rumours, where you must know the truth;
To hear them ever asking why
And smiling put the question by.
But when the Dawn shall break at last
And the long vigilance be past,
Be yours this recompense sublime
To say, "I knew it all the time!"
And stand confessed by old and young
The heroine who held her tongue.



Jones. "YOU'RE LOOKING RATHER BELOW PAR. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE NOW?"
Robinson. "I'M WORRYING ABOUT WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN THE WAR'S OVER."

THEIR STRANGEST WAR EXPERIENCE.

FAMOUS AND TYPICAL PEOPLE ON THINGS THAT HAVE STRUCK THEM MOST.

Mr. PRINGLE, M.P.

The strangest sight of the War that I can recall is the presence of the PRIME MINISTER in the House of Commons.

[Several other Members of Parliament have written to the same effect.]

Vacuus Viator.

The War has been so full of striking incidents that I have some difficulty in selecting only one; but I could not help being struck by a police-court scene which I chanced to witness in the country the other day. The defendant, who lived in a place where even margarine was hard to get, was prosecuted for having in his possession a secret fifty-pound firkin of butter while drawing margarine at the same time. Two things struck me with peculiar force. One was that he was fined only a guinea and was apologised to by a grovelling Bench. The other was that he was a clerk in what a well-known lady novelist calls wholly hoarders.

Mr. LESLIE HENSON.

Nothing, I think, has made such an impression on me since the inception of this vast European struggle as the interest of the public in the question (which could be decided only by the proper authorities) as to whether I should or should not go into khaki.

Mr. Thomas Atkins.

It was during my last leave a week or so ago that I saw the strangest sight of this war. I had just arrived in London and as usual I had two or three Bosch helmets with me as presents for my pals and a parcel or so for the old woman, and I was coming away from Victoria all jolly when what should I see but a long line of people, shepherded by policemen, waiting to get into a grocer's shop. "Nothing in that," you'll say—and perhaps there wouldn't be to you; but it was a striking experience to me because they were all waiting for that horrid stuff, margarine, while one of the parcels I was carrying to the missus contained six pounds of the best fresh butter from Boulogne!

Mr. John Smith.

The thing that has struck me most in this War was a piece of shrapnel in the last air-raid.



Food-Control Visitor. "What is the name of your butcher?"
Servant. "George, Mum. An' we're goin' to be married in April."

DEAD-MULE TREE.

A Song of Wisdom.

It 's a long step round by the Crucifix for a man with a mighty load,
But there 's hell to pay where the dead mule lies if you go by the Bailleul road,
Where the great shells sport like an angry child with a litter of broken bricks,
So we don't go down by the Dead-Mule Tree, but round by the Crucifix.

But the wild young men come bubbling out and look for an early grave;
They light their pipes on the parapet edge and think they 're being brave;
They take no heed of the golden rules that the long, long years have taught,
And they WILL *go down by the Dead-Mule Tree when they know that nobody ought.*

And some of us old ones feel some days that life is a tiring thing,
And we show our heads in the same place twice, we stand in a trench and sing;
We lark about like a kid just out and shatter a hundred rules,
But we never go down by the Dead-Mule Tree, we aren't such perfect fools.

And the War goes on and the men go down, and, be he young or old,
An English man with an English gun is worth his weight in gold,
And I hate to think of the fine young lads who laughed at you and me—
Who wouldn't go round by the Crucifix but died at the Dead-Mule Tree.

A. P. H.

HIS FINAL ARROW.

(*With apologies to Sir* Arthur Conan Doyle *and "His Last Bow."*)

My name is Potson, as all the world now knows. I am only a poor doctor and suffer from the consequences of a wound received in a border skirmish in Afghanistan many years ago. It is not for any merits of my own that my name has become celebrated, but because I have enjoyed the friendship and the society of the most illustrious and most detective man known to this or any other age. That man, as every reader will have guessed, was Picklock Holes. It was his custom, when engaged on one of those marvellous feats of investigation which made Continents shudder and Scotland Yard grow green with envy, to take me with him, not so much to help him—I never aspired to that—as to be the recipient of his confidences and the foil for his humour. "Potson," he would say to me, "you are not clever; in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, you 're a fool; but if I want any one to tell me how many beans make five you will do for the job as well as any other man. Of course you ask silly questions, but they don't worry me now and therefore I can endure you."

"My dear Holes," I used to murmur, "I love your quaint harshness and could not do without it. Lead on and wherever you go I 'll follow."

I am now about to relate the last and perhaps the most



Stout Coast Defence Gunner (to ditto). "'ALL RATIONS TO BE REDUCED EXCEPT FOR MOBILE FORCES.' ARE WE MOBILE, JIM?"

striking example of my wonderful friend's genius. Everyone will remember the sensation that was caused a year or two ago by the discovery that there was a shortage in the accounts of the FOOD-CONTROLLER of one lump of sugar and three standardized bread-crumbs. All kinds of guesses were hazarded to explain the deficiency and to discover the culprit who was responsible for it, but none was successful. It was thought at one time that German spies, whom this country, by the way, has never sufficiently hated, were responsible for the loss; but this supposition proved to be untenable. At last the War Cabinet decided to call in the assistance of Holes, and he, as usual, summoned me to his side. Without a moment's delay I repaired to the Baker Street room on which Holes had conferred the dignity of his presence. I found him deep in calculations. Without looking up or even responding to my greeting he continued to cover sheets of paper with mysterious formulæ until at last he noticed that I was there.

"Potson," he said, "we learn from the arithmetic books that nine times twelve is a hundred and eight."

"*Are* a hundred and eight," I ventured to object.

"Brainless chatterer," he hissed, "is this a time for grammatical subtleties? Can you tell what this is?" and he handed me a fragment of something green.

"It belongs," I said, looking at it carefully, "to the vegetable kingdom."

He gave me one of his piercing looks. "Any fool," he said, "could have told me that. Do you not see that it is a strawberry leaf, and do you not remember that, according to my *Detective's Manual*, a strawberry leaf is always a clue of the first importance? Let us proceed. We will eliminate the strawberry and the cream, because there is no cream to be had, and the strawberry has already been eaten, and we then find ourselves brought up against a ducal coronet."

"Holes," I said, "you are a perfect marvel."

He waved me aside and continued: "Proceeding twice, according to the well-known theory of 'Next Things,' we find that the next thing to a ducal coronet is a Duke, and the next thing to a Duke is a Marquis. This leaf was found in the back-garden. Therefore it was found *outside*. Now fetch *Who's Who*, and look at this entry, '*Outside, family name of the Marquis of Bobstay.*' Ah, Henry Brabazon Beltravers, Marquis of Bobstay, I think we have got you fixed at last, and shall bring your career of crime to a close." In a moment we had flung ourselves into a taxi, and in about ten minutes we had arrived at the palatial mansion of the Marquis of Bobstay. We found his Lordship at home and were ushered into his library. He is a stout man and evidently well fed. Holes grappled with him at once, and after a short struggle produced from the Marquis's breast-pocket a glistening lump of sugar. The bread-crumbs were discovered in the ticket-pocket of his Lordship's overcoat. On the following morning the miserable man paid the penalty of his wickedness.

"Holes," I said, as we came away, "what made you think of this?"

"I never think," said Holes; "I always know."

"Wanted, General Servant, able to cook young girl willing to learn preferred."—*Beckenham Journal.*

If the young girl is willing to learn we think she might be given another chance.

AT THE PLAY.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

THE statement in an advertisement column (reproduced from a critical judgment) to the effect that the new farce at the Savoy was "ONE BIG SCREAM," might have excused the gloomiest forebodings. And at first they appeared to be justified when Mr. PAUL ARTHUR, as an American speculator, started with an irritating smile (directed into open space) long before anything funny had been said. We had also to suffer a good many preliminary platitudes on the social necessity for telling lies. But as soon as that delightful artist, Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS (in the part of *Robert Bennett*), registered a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would speak "nothing but the truth" for four-and-twenty hours, we knew that all was well. Only to watch the eloquent spasms of his knee-joints always gives me confidence.

Some of the embarrassments that were bound to follow from his deadly candour—as when he was forced to tell a charming young lady that her hat was "awful" and her singing "terrible"—were easy enough to foresee; but there was a touch of freshness about the ironic satisfaction which he took in exposing the frauds of his partner *Ralston*—an exposure which in the end cost that unscrupulous financier a good deal more than his share of the wager. For *Bennett*, in love with his daughter, had undertaken to invest the sum of ten thousand dollars which she had raised for a charity and turn it into twenty thousand, *Ralston* having guaranteed to double any sum that she collected from twenty thousand dollars upwards; and the exposure of his attempt to plant shares in a worthless quicksilver mine on some of his friends determined a number of them to subscribe heavily to the charity and so get back on the guarantor.

I kept wanting to ask Mr. MATTHEWS why he did not run away and hide himself till the twenty-four hours were up; but the answer to this question, as to so many other obvious ones that I am often tempted to ask from my stall, is that, if playwrights were as intelligent as their audiences, there would never be any plays at all.

Apart from the fun of things, our sympathies were kept all the while at high tension. Would *Bennett* hold out to the end, even unto 4 P.M.? As the curtain rose on the last Act the clock was at 3.25. Thirty-five more minutes of agony for him and for us! Happily Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as a reverend victim of fraud, entered to the relief of the teller of truth, and helped to eke out the dreadful minutes with a courage that came again and again and could scarce have been more nobly iterative if he had been aware (he was not privy to the wager) that he was killing time in a great cause.

As *Ralston*, Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY'S robust methods were suited to his part as leader of the offensive. Mr. MATTHEWS, defending the beleaguered Palace of Truth, could afford to nurse his strength up to the end; and though it was a near-run thing he always had some reserve in hand. Miss RENÉE KELLY as *Ralston's* daughter was graceful and fairly sympathetic. Miss DOROTHY MINTO, who played a music-hall flapper, was given little chance for her *gamineries*, but she had one effective moment, when she recited with great gusto a tag from melodrama about the seduction of innocence.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A TOO TRUE LOVER.

Gwendolyn Ralston . . MISS RENÉE KELLY.
Robert Bennett . . . MR. A. E. MATTHEWS.

Altogether it was quite a good farce, though I confess that I rather envied the susceptibility of an impressionable young subaltern behind me who just barked for joy at every sentence. Still, I was always glad that most of the humour was neither too subtle for me nor too Transatlantic. And I can assure President WILSON that this picture of American Society, where the one man who shows any attachment to the Truth charges ten thousand dollars for telling it for the duration of twenty-four hours only (he lies freely and naturally the moment his wager is won), shall not be allowed to shake my confidence in the good faith of our latest Allies.

"NAVAL TRENCH COATS."
Advt. in "Men's Wear."

Most useful when ploughing the ocean.

THE "GOWRIE."

THE *Gowrie* wis the gangrel's name,
A trawlin' boat o' evil fame,
Twixt Forth an' Tay she went an' came
A score o' times a year;
Her skipper's name wis Sandy Tait,
Auld Robbie Lumsden he wis mate,
Her crew wis ony that wad dae't,
An' I wis engineer.

Eh, Sirs, she wis a fearsome boat,
The owner wudna spare a groat
Tae gie the feckless lass a coat
O' paint, or grease the gear;
An' ilka time I gaed below
I thocht tae hear her boilers go,
An' ilka time I prayit low,
"Goad help the engineer."

Tae see her on the Sabbath day,
When dawn wis breakin' grue an' grey,
Gaun skelpin' east ayont the May,
Wad draw an angel's tear;
The reid rust lay on her like dew,
She loupit like a kengeroo,
An' ilka soul on board wis fou—
Except the engineer.

Thae four years syne, I'll testify,
Had ony Gairman lads been nigh
An' seen yon shamefu' sicht gae by,
They micht hae raised a sneer;
For a' the tongues o' Leith wad gie's't:
"Is yon a boat or is't a beast?"
"Hae! are ye heidin' west or east?"
"Hae! whaur's yer engineer?"

Ah, weel, it shows ye never ken
When dealin' wi' seafarin' men;
The *Gowrie*'s kin' o' changed since then,
An' gin ye wis tae speir,
Ye'se find that Tait's got braw new breeks,
That ae crew sticks tae us like leeks,
An' we've been sober ninety weeks,
Mate, man an' engineer.

Aye ance a week the *Gowrie*'s seen
At Leith, Dundee or Aiberdeen,
But whaur she gangs till in between
I canna mak' sae clear;
But Lumsden's bocht a guinea knife,
Tait sends mair money till his wife,
An', man, but I've been seein' life
While I've been engineer.

"Whit wey?" Awa' an' haud yer tongue!
But heed ye this bit sang I've sung,
The best's no' a' the saints among
When works o' war appear.
What gars the *Gowrie* pay again?
What's changit wild tae sober men?
Speir o' the Gairmans, ***for they ken***;
I'm nae but engineer.

Iron Rations.

"To Farmers and Poultry Keepers.—20 cwts. of nails taken from cases, 12/6 per cwt."
Manchester Evening News.



Absent-minded Old Lady (handing in sugar-card at railway ticket-office). "HALF-A POUND, PLEASE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOR the first time in the history of English letters a book has been written capable of inspiring me with a wish to visit China. This epoch-making result followed upon my perusal of *The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills* (LANE), a story of the modern Orient so sympathetic and knowledgeable and showing such an insight into the life that it describes, that I should place it well above any attempt to translate China for Western minds that has previously come to my notice. Miss EDITH WHERRY has, I believe, an earlier tale of the same *genre* to her credit, which I appear to have missed; this is certainly a misfortune that must not occur again. The present plot—an English child found by a mourning Chinese mother, brought up as her own son, winning the greatest honours of learning in the Celestial Empire, and then (inevitably for story purposes, but how I regretted it!) learning the secret of his birth and giving up all to become a wanderer—is cunningly fashioned to show as many aspects as possible of native mind and character. Throughout, too, you will be fascinated by Miss WHERRY'S local colour—in the strict sense of the word; her pen-pictures of Chinese scenes have all the brilliance of paintings upon rice-paper. Some day, as I say, I mean to confirm their truth for myself. But for the present, when piracy and preoccupation combine to keep us home-bound, there should be the warmer thanks to a clever lady for providing an unsinkable ship (dare I call it a trim-built WHERRY? Perhaps not) to transport us to this land of strange and fragile beauty, still whispering from her porcelain towers the last enchantments of Eastern faërie.

I am interested to note a revival in confessedly "humorous" fiction; the latest volume of this kind that has come my way being one with the rather odd title of *Drifting (with Browne)* (HEINEMANN). Its author is Mr. BYERS FLETCHER, and he has contrived a book which, if it is not distinguished by any specially dazzling wit, affords a pleasant enough entertainment in its quiet, rather haphazard fashion. There are two main characters in the tale the one who tells it and *Browne*; also a valet to look after *Browne's* comforts, and later to save his life, and a sister of the narrator for him to marry. You will observe that Mr. FLETCHER, recognising that humour in bulk is apt to become unwieldy, has diluted his with some proportion of sentiment. Unfortunately his touch here lacks (I thought) the restraint that makes the lighter passages so agreeable, and indeed verges perilously upon the sloppy. Far more to my taste were some of his reminiscences of such matters as the deal in rubber shares (if indeed one should jest upon so grim a theme!) or the amusing story of how not to get the better of an old-furniture dealer. The conclusion of the whole matter is that *Drifting* is a volume to be tasted rather than gulped. One legitimate ground I have of curiosity and complaint. Why should the title-page content itself with the curt announcement, "Illustrated," and convey no further clue to the artist of the many clever and spirited drawings that adorn the text? Surely this is modesty in excess.

Captain Britten Austin is one of the few writers of war fiction whose perspective has not been spoiled by his experiences. I do not mean to suggest that in *Battlewrack* (Hodder and Stoughton) he does not see war as it is. That he does, and can depict it powerfully and even terribly, such stories as "Verdun" and "Pro Patria" in the volume before me sufficiently attest. But he never makes the mistake of giving way to that atmosphere of sombre realism with which most war-tales are so easily and so naturally clothed, which adds so much to their value as heroic literature, but takes away so much from their worth as fiction. In romance, whatever its theme, if it is to perform the common function allotted to this kind of light literature, not only must the incidents and the actors be largely imaginary, but the whole must be informed with a spirit of pleasurable adventure not always very notably apparent in the real thing. In advancing this safe platitude I am far from implying that fiction cannot find, in the monstrous system of chemical annihilation that we call war to-day, something of the same allure that it found when war was a comparatively bloodless and picturesque affair of battleaxes or bell-mouthed blunderbusses. At any rate we may hope that Captain Austin will continue to see things through the romantic spectacles which every good novelist carries in his pocket, and that his next sheaf of stories will maintain the excellence of his first.



COMBING OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Old Gentleman (who has just tak dose of elixir to restore him to youth). 'Dash it! This stuff may make me liable to military service.'

Mr. Jack London wrote *Michael, Brother of Jerry* (Mills and Boon) for the purpose of stirring up the feelings of humane people against the public performances of trained animals. In a foreword he asks us "to express our disapproval of such a turn by getting up from our seats and leaving the theatre for a breath of fresh air." By such silent protests he considers that managers will understand that these performances are unpopular, and will remove them from their programmes. This then is Mr. London's purpose, and a sound one without any doubt. *Michael*, in the hands of his beloved master, *Dag Daughtry*, sails the high seas and performs tricks from sheer love of life and his master. But *Dag*, the dearest of old villains, had stolen *Michael*, and in turn his idol is stolen from him. Then the painful incidents in *Michael's* career begin. He falls into the hands of animal-trainers, who cannot find out the wonderful trick he possesses, and treat him with abominable cruelty. At last they discover it, and eventually he gets back to a more friendly atmosphere. But his cheerful spirit is crushed, and no soberer dog ever stepped the face of the earth. The author's sincerity and skill make this tale of *Michael's* tortures intensely moving. When Mr. Jack London died, animals lost a very true friend and the world of letters a spirited writer. And never again can I watch a performance of trained animals.

In her delightfully illustrated book, *Mexico: From Diaz to the Kaiser* (Hutchinson), Mrs. Alec Tweedie gives us a personal study made by the light of her own experiences rather than a strictly historical account of a given period; and it is natural enough that the writer should now and again be tempted aside into fascinating digressions. So, though she has invited her readers to Central America, they have to play a rather irritating follow-my-leader to China or Flanders or Finland as she chooses, and return—sometimes along the track of almost identical phrases—to the deeds and policies of her hero, the great President. Not that the smoothness of her narrative suffers much, for certainly there is little enough smoothness in the brutal procession of recent Mexican politics, but it did seem at times that the writer would have made better use of her material had she been less willing to lecture for their good various people all round the world—myself and President Wilson, for instance. Mrs. Tweedie declares herself as, first and most, an admirer of Diaz, and, secondly—with reservations—a supporter of Huerta, who might, she contends, have pulled his country together but for the action of the United States; while of course she is not slow to expose the wiles and duplicities of the ubiquitous Teuton. Her remedy for the condition of Mexico, which, alas! (to use a word of which the authoress is distressingly fond) does not hold much present promise of civilised stability, would seem to be some form of advisory control, which must by no means extend to inclusion in the Union by her great neighbour, though she seems to have half a hope that England may take on the job instead. Heaven forbid!

Emily Trevor-Ward was an ordinary pleasant English girl, whom her brother had invited to South Africa for a holiday. While waiting his arrival at Lourenço Marques she opens a telegram addressed simply *Trevor-Ward*, to find that it is for her brother, announcing the imminent arrival of a lady who signs herself "Wife." As nobody had supposed him married (as a matter of fact he was not), and as the lady, when met by *Emily*, turned out to combine every manifestation of the socially impossible, you will perceive that Mrs. Horace Tremlett's latest story, *Emily Does Her Best* (Lane), opens with a sufficiently intriguing situation. I wish I could add that it continues as well; but the fact is that, while the setting and the side issues are bright to brilliancy, the main problem of the relationship between *Jack Trevor-Ward* and *Pipsy* (the deplorable name of his alleged spouse) remains both obscure and, to my old-fashioned taste, not quite what one expects from an apparently harmless comedy of light-hearted adventure. But all the rest is capital fun. There are some excellently vivid scenes of life in the Portuguese town during the early months of the War, a sufficiency of espionage, and one admirably arranged surprise for a startling finish. Mrs. Tremlett writes evidently of things she has known and seen, and with an infectious gaiety of style that I should have enjoyed whole-heartedly had not the plot of her tale kept me always a little out of ease. But at least her freedom from convention is undeniable.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a German periodical the CROWN PRINCE recently presented the Captain of a particularly successful U-boat with a gold watch and chain. The report does not say whose.

* * *

The COAL-CONTROLLER is stated to have gone down a coal-pit for the first time last week. On emerging he told a reporter that he would have recognised the stuff anywhere from the pictures he had seen of it.

* * *

At a recent dance in a Sussex village a young lady appeared as "Margarine." Nothing more has been heard of the young man who disappeared as a "One-and-nine-penny Rabbit."

There is a strong feeling in the country that the opponents of the Government should make a clear statement of their vendetta aims.

* * *

The police are reported to be looking for a well-dressed man who was seen to deposit a bunch of carrots on the doorstep of the House of Commons on Tuesday in Food-Surrender Week.

* * *

A neutral correspondent reports from Amsterdam that Food-Surrender Week in the Ukraine does not promise to be the success that was anticipated by the Huns.

* * *

An exceptionally fine diamond has been given to the Red Cross for the sale at CHRISTIE'S. It is said to be worth its weight in butter.

Gloucestershire police declare that the deserter who was found concealed in a wardrobe in his mother's bedroom would in all probability have escaped detection if he had not attempted to allay suspicion by making a noise like a musquash coat. He seems to have heard the "Tinkle, tinkle" story.

* * *

According to Professor ARTHUR KEITH, eating alters the human face. For ourselves, we do not expect to undergo any facial change for some time.

* * *

A dairyman has been heavily fined for selling milk containing fifty-six per cent. of added water. The defence that the milk got there by accident was abandoned.

Peace has been signed between Germany and the Ukraine; the Bolsheviks have declared that Russia is out of the War, and Mr. FREDERICK MORGAN, of Wellington, has captured a queen-wasp. What a week!

* * *

The Ministry of Food is contemplating a further reduction in the strength of whisky. While declining to commit themselves on the subject of still further reductions they undertake that only in extreme circumstances will they tamper with the smell.

* * *

As a result of the epidemic of house-breaking at Brentford several nervous inhabitants now display on their garden gates the notice, "No Hawkers. No Circulars. No Burglars."



A NEW WAR TERROR.

In connection with the grampus measuring nine feet in length which appeared last week off Deal, we are asked to say that some annoyance was felt by the local Volunteers because they were not called out.

* * *

A REUTER'S message states that two Australians have motored from Fremantle to Sydney, a distance of two thousand eight hundred miles, in one hundred and seventy hours. It is supposed that they were in a hurry.

* * *

In view of the serious shortage of paper it is strongly urged that retailers of food and food-substitutes should be compelled to display announcements of what they have in stock, and not, as heretofore, of what they have not.

* * *

"There is nobody living in Germany," says Herr POLTHOFF, "who strictly speaking has not earned imprisonment." Only consideration for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S feelings has prevented us from expressing similar sentiments.

* * *

According to the German papers the Ukrainians were greatly delighted with the way they were treated by the German diplomats at Brest-Litovsk. Indeed there is some talk of having another war just for the pleasure of talking peace again.

A sensation was caused during the recent Food Hoarders' armistice when an aged pork-pie walked into a suburban police station and gave itself up.

More Strong Language.

"General von Löwenfeld, for many years commander of the corps of Prussian Guards, has been placed on the retired list, aged seventy. For many years he was the personal favourite of the Kaiser among the gilded popinjays of the Berlin-Potsdam dam set." *Daily Paper.*

"In order to keep the naval towns purely naval, the Admiralty steadily freeze out all other forms of industrial activity, and especially discourage or prohibit shipping. It would never do, in normal times, to have Plymouth Hoe choked with merchant ships."

Bristol Times and Mirror.

Of course it wouldn't. There would be no room for the perambulators.

Heading to a recent Army Council Instruction:—

"BOOTS. Steps to be taken to economise."

Solvitur ambulando.

RHONDDEL.

I WONDER, have I dined to-day?
My inner man would tell me no,
And yet an hour or two ago
I had a dinner bill to pay.
Yes, I recall the witty play
Of talk, the table white as snow—
I wonder, have I dined to-day?
My inner man would tell me no.
Only a Barmecide could say
How much to fancy's aid I owe.
Enough. Lord RHONDDA wills it so;
But still my doubts will not away—
I wonder, have I dined to-day?

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

II.

William Rufus.

William Rufus is our pig. Why we called him that I do not know; he is not red or even pink, but yellow. By all the rules he should have been bacon some time ago. Apart, however, from the firm hold he has obtained on our affections he is far too valuable an animal to think of killing. One hears sometimes of pigs being experts in arithmetic or thought-reading or dancing the minuet, but how many, I wonder, even of those more gifted of their kind, could catch a rabbit? Very few, I venture to assert. William Rufus's bag for the past three months has averaged a steady five per week. How does he do it? I will tell you.

At one end of the paddock where we allow him to range with Spearmint, our donkey, there is a bank riddled with rabbit-holes. Worming his way cautiously along the hedge to the mouth of one of these, William Rufus lies flat on the ground, tucks his legs beneath him and buries his head under a tuft of grass. As his skin is almost devoid of hair these are all the preparations necessary to complete his impersonation of a giant vegetable marrow. Thus he lies, absolutely motionless, the only trace of the excitement under which he labours being a slight extra tightening of his tail into two rings instead of its customary one. Presently a rabbit pops out, pops back, pops out again and has a good stare at the succulent-looking object. At this point a third ring usually appears at the end of William Rufus's tail.

Finally Bunny's mind is made up. "Ha!" he says, and goes greedily forward. "Ha!" replies William Rufus, and grabs him by the neck. Then he brings him to the back door, lays him carefully on the mat and rejoins Spearmint. That is all. Simplicity itself, isn't it? But genius lies in doing simple things that no one else has thought of.

With mice he is equally successful. In dealing with them he adopts the disguise of a Stilton cheese, an effect produced by humping his back into a sort of circle. He regards the mice as a perquisite and keeps them for dessert.

But it is not merely as a game-trapper that William Rufus excels. Besides keeping an eye on the children, to prevent their running across the paddock into the wood, he never fails to open the gate for them and to close it securely behind them when they go for their daily drives with Spearmint; and every evening at sunset he collects our six fowls and directs them to their roost. We have grown so accustomed to him in his *rôle* of general odd-jobber that when he develops some fresh activity, as he is constantly doing, it passes now almost unnoticed Yet I confess I was a little surprised when, a morning or two ago, I discovered that he had plaited the litter in his sty into a really artistic straw mat.

In one respect William Rufus is indispensable. Every Sunday morning, while we are away at church, Elizabeth bakes us what she calls a war-cake. Why she does this we do not know; what she puts into it we have never dared to ask. Every Sunday afternoon it is on the tea table. We accept it, as we have accepted Elizabeth herself, as one of the horrors of war. But we never eat it. As soon as the meal is over I stroll casually out into a corner of the paddock invisible from the kitchen window. William Rufus is waiting for me there. It seems more patriotic than burying it, and apparently he does not mind obliging me. Nor does his health suffer; but I suppose a fellow who can eat coal is proof against almost anything.

SENTIMENT FOR THE HALLS.

There were three persons in the room—a short fat man, who sat close beside the piano holding a note-book and a stubby pencil; a tall thin man, who occupied the music-stool and occasionally touched the keys of the instrument tentatively, much as an engineer might test the working of his machine before letting her go; and a third man, both fat and tall, who seemed to occupy the position of general overseer. The three had recently lunched, expensively, and were now smoking very long cigars, the smoke from which filled the room—fumes, one might say, of an industry working at full blast.

The little man with the note-book had been writing in it for some minutes, only pausing occasionally to moisten the stubby pencil, which he contrived to do rather cleverly without removing his cigar.

"Now," he said at last, "how about this?—

> "The thought of you will keep me true,
> Though parted many a mile;
> I want no prize but your sweet eyes,
> No booty but your smile."

The tall thin man stroked the piano, and nodded approvingly. "Herrick at his best," he observed.

"Eric who?" snapped the big-both-ways man. "Dunno his stuff; but anyhow that sounds the goods. Play it."

On the instant the tall thin man became amazingly animated. He played it. Probably other tenants of the buildings may have cause to regret the fact, since, once heard, it is practically impossible to forget it. That in this they are still a matter of some few weeks ahead of the rest of London may be a consolation or may not.

"Yes," repeated the large man thoughtfully, "it sounds all—— No!" He became suddenly emphatic and gesticulated with his cigar. "I know there was something wrong. It's that 'smile' at the end. Too weak altogether. Lets the thing right down. Can't you manage to get more punch into it there?"

The poet nibbled his pencil. "*Love—heaven above—seas roll—soul,*" he murmured to himself in an experimental undertone. All at once he brightened visibly.

"Got it!" he cried. "Change the second and last lines and the thing's done:—

> "The thought of you will keep me true,
> Though seas we two may part."

"*Us* two," murmured the tall thin man, unheeded.

> "I want no prize but your sweet eyes,
> No booty but your heart."

"Bravo!" The overseer was moved almost to enthusiasm. "That's an A1 cert. anywhere. Nothing like a good old hearty finish." He chuckled obesely at his own humour. "Play it again, Charlie, and let's have the twiddly-bits this time."

So Charlie played it again, and the twiddly-bits were duly introduced—minor thirds and consecutive something-elses of a wistful and fatally haunting pathos. And once again the voice of the expert was lifted on a note of justifiable satisfaction. "If you ask me, boys," he said, "we're on a winner."

That was some days ago. Soon, in any one of a dozen theatres, a sudden darkness will fall upon the crowded house, and rows on rows of second-lieutenants, clasping each the hand o' an adjacent flapper, will thrill to that adhesive melody, and, as the lyrics reach at length their cardiac climax, will murmur, a little awestruck as at some miracle of wonder,—

"Whoever wrote that might have known *us*."

Shakspeare on the situation:—

> "A mess of Russians left us but of late."
> "*Love's Labour's Lost,*" *Act V., Sc.* 2.

From Lord Knutsford's appeal for the London Hospital:—

> "I have been run over by a motor-lorry. which brought in £20,000, but that is the sort of thing that cannot be done too often."
> *Daily News.*

We cannot agree with his Lordship, for we have known cases when it was done once too often.



THE LIBERATORS.

First Bolshevik. "LET ME SEE; WE'VE MADE AN END OF LAW, CREDIT, TREATIES, THE ARMY AND THE NAVY. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE TO ABOLISH?"

Second Bolshevik. "WHAT ABOUT WAR?"

First Bolshevik. "GOOD! AND PEACE, TOO. AWAY WITH BOTH OF 'EM!"

THE EVIL EYE: A TRAGEDY.

"Look at that blinkin' bird, Sir," said the Mess-cart driver.

The magpie sat on the head of the horse and regarded the world with a jaundiced eye, as one who has drunk deep of the cup of life and finds the dregs distasteful.

I approached, wishing to exchange greetings with him, but the bird fixed me with such a baleful glare that I faltered in my stride and hesitated. At that moment the Mess-cart horse, angered by a fly on his nose, flung up his head, and with a bitter curse the magpie dived into the depths of the Mess-cart and was hidden from view.

Some weeks before, while we were engaged in one of our periodical attempts to cross France on foot, the magpie had appeared from nowhere in particular and attached himself firmly, but without ostentation, to the transport. At one moment there was the transport and no magpie, and the next there was the transport *and* the magpie. Like that.

The men took to him at once, though somewhat awed by his pontifical appearance and his remarkably evil eye. He was christened 'Rastus for no reason in particular, and developed a fondness for riding in the Mess-cart, slightly to the embarrassment of the Mess-cart driver, for, as the latter pointed out to me, "Does what 'e likes, 'e does, Sir. I can't argue with 'im. Fair mesmerizes me, 'e does, with that eye of 'is."

So 'Rastus settled down and became a notorious member of our flock, and his fame was noised abroad throughout the whole Division. And it was felt that, could he but speak, it would be well worth the while of even such a hardened reprobate as the Mess-cart driver to listen to him. Indeed the transport Sergeant himself, hitherto a confirmed sceptic in such matters, approached me soon after the bird's arrival in a fruitless endeavour to negotiate the loan of a silver sixpence wherewith to slit the tongue of the bird in order that his speech might be loosened.

It soon became evident that the magpie was not bound by any stringent rules of morality, but was possessed of a deep cunning and an abiding lawlessness that would not have shamed one of our leading criminals. He suffered from an enormous appetite, and, reckless of dyspepsia, would seek out and devour the most unusual articles to satisfy his craving. Thus on one occasion he appeared at the window of the Headquarters Mess during breakfast, and before the astonished and bulging eyes of the Colonel removed from his plate a sausage of noble proportions and made his exit unmolested.

At the same time he showed himself to be an ardent collector of trifles of any and every kind, and frequently caused severe heart-burnings by his habit of collecting some small article that took his fancy, and which was, on more than one occasion, its owner's most cherished possession. For instance, one day he was observed to cross the transport lines with unsteady gait, bearing with an air of unctuous pride a scarlet carpet-slipper, one of a pair belonging to the Adjutant, tried veterans that had weathered the first battle of Ypres. The hue and cry arising from this particular outrage resulted in the discovery of the criminal's "cache," a battered and rusty biscuit-tin, lying beneath the bunk of the unsuspecting transport Sergeant, and containing, in addition to the carpet-slipper, a comb, the property of his ally the Mess cart driver, three handkerchiefs of various hues, one tooth-brush of great age, a number of nails, several repellent pieces of food in an advanced stage of decadence, and a recent copy of Battalion Orders.

So matters stood when the battalion, covered with mud and glory, was removed from the line for a short rest. 'Rastus appeared to share in the general rejoicing and wore an air of conscious rectitude and intelligent anticipation that was more than human. On the march to our new home he rode pompously on the roof of the Mess-cart, casting evil glances around him, and by the wicked and sardonic glare in his eye causing the inhabitants of several villages through which we passed to hurry indoors, crossing themselves.

Arrived at our destination, he resumed his old mode of life, established a new "cache," levied a toll on every house in the village, and appeared thoroughly to revel in his depraved and debauched existence; till one day a distinguished General, at a parade of the entire Brigade, informed an interested audience that we had been chosen to return to that very spot from which we had come, and, giants refreshed, to throw ourselves anew into the fray.

'Rastus, who had attended the parade in the pocket of the R.A.M.C. Corporal, was observed to appear slightly depressed as we left the field, but in the upheaval caused by the General's words I thought no further of it until that afternoon I was informed that the Mess-cart driver wished to speak to me.

"It 's that bird, Sir," he said; "'e's committed suicide."

As he obviously wished me to accompany him to the scene of the tragedy I fell into step beside him and asked for the dreadful details. It appeared that 'Rastus had been seen to walk across the transport lines, wearing an air of settled melancholy and disappear behind the cook-house. Later in the day one of the cooks, seeking the bird to offer him some form of nourishment, had discovered the corpse floating in a bucket of water. "And it 's my belief, Sir," said the Mess-cart driver, solemnly, "as that bird knew where we was goin' back to an', not carin' for the hidea, drowned hisself."

We entered the transport lines, and I became aware of a small crowd gathered in the centre of the field. They made way as we approached, and revealed a large and war-worn bucket filled with water, on the surface of which lay the magpie, his feet pointing heavenward, and his evil eye wearing an expression so utterly angelic that it was almost impossible to recognise him.

"Look at that blinkin' bird, Sir," said the Mess-cart driver.



"'Ello, 'Erbert, got a job, or are yer food 'untin'?"

"I know not on which side truth lies."
Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P.

Judging by the newspapers, we should say on both sides.



"Wotcher expect to get, Ned?" "Wotcher mean, 'get'? I've come to pay me Income Tax."

FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENTS.

Two moments of financial embarrassment have recently been mine.

One occurred about a fortnight ago in the Strand (where they are said to be very common), and I blame no one but myself. But then I go on my blundering way through life blaming no one but myself. It happened that I wanted an evening paper, and, seeing ahead of me a ragged but far from unhappy-looking boy with a number of *Stars*, I decided to place my order with him.

There was something about him so characteristic of the London street—he had so much of the recklessness of our young adventurers—that, under a generous impulse, as I handed him a penny, I said, "Never mind the change," accompanying the remark, no doubt, with an expression appropriate to such benevolence. His own expression however was very different, having in it elements of incredulity and scorn. Holding the penny in his hand, he maintained an odd but distinctly censorious silence.

There being nothing so trying to the pure philanthropist as to have his pure philanthropy unacknowledged, I said sharply, "You might say 'Thank you' for it, anyway."

"Thank yourself," he replied. "Wot is there for me to thank you for? The *Star*'s a penny, ain't it?"

And it was. The price had just been raised and I had not heard of it.

I walked on, looking far bigger than I felt.

My other experience was in one of London's Town Halls, where I was engaged on that most pathetic of enterprises, the pursuit of a Food Card. After inquiring of many well-informed people I was ultimately directed to this abode of civic consultation, and there met with a stranger who turned out to be the friend of my life—the hall porter. Not only did he instruct me in the whole mystery, but he himself fetched one of the forms which I should long ago have filled up, and supplied pen and ink and blotting-paper, and then proposed that he should hand it in and save me the trouble of doing so.

While he was thus talking my fingers in my pocket were busy stealthily identifying among the coins a sixpence with which to reward him, when he startled me by remarking, "Oh, no; there's no need to give me a shilling. It's all in my day's work."

I have used the word "startled," but it must not be thought, even although a tide of hot blood rushed through me as I realised how narrow had been my escape, that I showed any sign of discomposure. On the contrary, for it is wonderful how rapid our muscular reactions can be and how swiftly we can readjust ourselves to new conditions, my fingers instantly, even as he spoke, relinquished the sixpence and found a shilling, and this I presented to him quite as though there had been no interruption of intent. But it was a narrow shave.

"Butter Factories Closed in Bavaria.

Amsterdam, Jan. 18.—The Bavarian Legislature has ordered the closing of crematories on account of the scarcity of coal."

Mail and Empire (Toronto).

An echo of *Kadaververwertung*?

EXCLUSIVENESS.

(*A Musing on Hospital Behaviour.*)

When night in the trenches is stilly
And raids and patrols are no more,
When China has made peace with Chile
And Turkey annexed Ecuador;
When homeward to hamlet and steeple
The soldier returns with a sigh,
I shall build me a club for the people
Who were hit in the same place as I.

There are clubs for the staid and the flighty
And clubs for the learned alone,
But give me a man with a blighty
Exactly the same as my own;
For a love that can never grow colder,
For a kinship that nothing can part,
Identical biffs in the shoulder
Are better than birds'-eggs or Art.

In the shoulder, you mark me. It rankles
When people accost me to tell
Platitudinous stories of ankles
That take such a time to get well;
Or narrate how the medico tinkers
A fore-arm that suffered mishap,
Unaware that for serious thinkers
The fore-arm is right off the map.

How they wallow in alien details
Of where they were patched by the vet!
It's the same with the elbow and knee tales—
Those persons are not in our set;
They have faced in the line of the legions
The bullets and billets of Gaul,
But their deltoid and scapular regions
Have not been affected at all.

But we, when my club has been founded,
Shall sit by the smoking-room fire,
With our coffee before us, surrounded
By shoulders we love and admire;
We shall show the decided improvements
Observed in this tendon or that;
We shall try to exhibit some movements
And empty the milk on the mat.

What a fervour will shine in our faces,
What wonderful yarns we shall spin,
Reminiscently patting the places
To prove where the pellets went in!
O fortunate place of convention,
Where shoulders of equals shall rub!
And I think I've forgotten to mention
I shall call it the Humerus Club.

Evoe.

The Latest Form of Frightfulness.

"At nightfall all the German guns in the sector suddenly opened."
Portsmouth Evening News.

"'Cui moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?' ('Why should a man die who raises sage in his garden?')."—*Common Sense.*

Or worry about dead languages either?

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

VI.

Conversation on Chapter LXXX.

George. Pray, Mamma, was the famous *Raffles* one of these "profiteers"? I think he must have lived about the time you are speaking of.

Mrs. M. No, my dear boy, his time was over before the reign we have been discussing. He is said to have been a man of good birth and position, and to have squandered his patrimony. He then became, if I may use such a phrase, a sort of gentleman robber, and pacified his conscience by robbing only the rich. But his fame is more traceable to the play made about him than to any of his own good or bad deeds.

Richard. Is it true that everybody used to smoke in those unsettled times?

Mrs. M. Smoking was then a universal practice. In earlier times men of fashion affected cigars or long rolls of leaf tobacco, but were seldom to be seen with them in public places. But in this reign all ages and both sexes engaged in a public and promiscuous use of the cigarette, a small paper cylinder filled with cut tobacco, often, I regret to say, mixed with other deleterious ingredients. Lady Babbleton, in her *Memoirs*, speaks without shame of her daily consumption of fifty cigarettes. The embargo formerly laid on smoking in places of business was removed, and even small boys were seen puffing at these noxious cigarettes at all hours of the day. The cult of the tobacco-pipe, which had previously been regarded as a vulgar and unrefined mode of smoking, attained extravagant dimensions. The fashionable pipe makers rose to a position of fabulous wealth and importance. Their shops were fitted up with a sumptuous and semi-sultanic extravagance; young men and women of the highest birth and the most polished manners were retained as assistants at very high salaries, and the power and influence wielded by the heads of these firms was so great that one of them was appointed Chief of the Staff as the result of a movement initiated by the leading paper, and another was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, though he was not ordained until after his elevation.

Mary. What a droll idea! I cannot imagine *you*, Mamma, smoking a pipe.

Mrs. M. I hope not, my dear, though my grandmother was given several pipes amongst her wedding presents, one of which I believe cost fifty pounds. The craze ultimately reached such proportions as to call for legislative interference. It began with the Act forbidding the use of cigarettes by all parents, for, as it was logically argued, it was impossible to expect the young to abstain unless their elders set them a better example. Unfortunately this method did not answer, and the age limit was reduced in successive Acts until, by the prohibition of infantile smoking and the conscription of pipes, smoking was finally stamped out.

Richard. I do not think anything entertains me more than hearing about these old customs. Pray tell us something about the books which they used to read in these days.

Mrs. M. At this period perhaps the most remarkable feature of literature was the reverence paid to young writers. I remember my grandfather telling me that he made quite a hit by a novel which he published while still at a preparatory school, but that by the time he went up to Oxford his vogue had entirely ceased, and he resigned the career of letters for that of scientific agriculture. Nearly all the most popular books of the time were written by authors who were still in their teens, and those who had the misfortune to be over twenty were driven to falsifying their birth certificates in order to satisfy the requirements of publishers. Most of the famous books of this period took the form of onslaughts on established institutions. Marriage was impeached in the nursery, the revival of child-bishops was advocated from the perambulator, and the tyranny and brutality of the Public School system was held up to execration by members of the Lower Fourth Form. It was, in the cant phrase of the time, the era of the boom of youth, of the assertion of the right of unrestrained self-expression. It was triumphantly shown that age had no monopoly of wickedness and vice, and that in varied and vivid profanity the vocabulary of youth stood supreme.

Mary. But *you* do not agree with that, do you, Mamma?

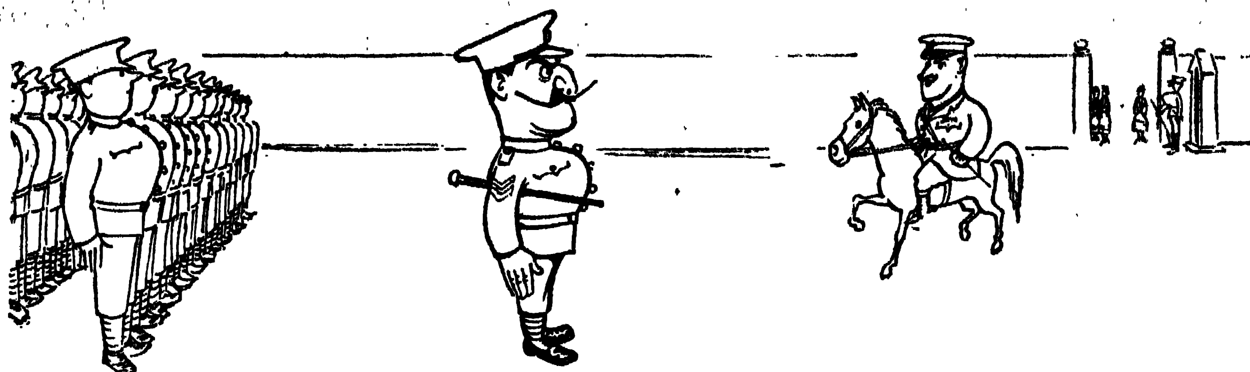
Mrs. M. No, my dear, I was indulging in the dangerous practice of irony. To proceed with my argument, the logic of youth is often unanswerable, but it lacks the ballast of experience. As a result of the enthusiasm which one of these books excited the writer was elected to the headmastership of a public school, but after a short and disastrous attempt to establish self-government by the boys he renounced his republican and independent principles and became a harsh and rigorous despot.

"OUR YOUNG RUSSIANS.

LAW TO MAKE THEM SERVE DEAD."

Daily Paper.

But will they? Lately it was hard enough to get them to serve when alive.













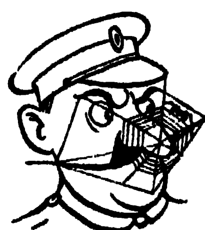


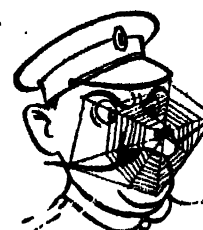














STEADINESS ON PARADE.



"Yes—yes! What is it? I'm very busy." "Darling, I only looked in to know which you feel most inclined to have for dinner—six-and-a-quarter ounces of poultry without feathers or five ounces of hare with offal?"

THE BATTLE OF OXFORD STREET.

(By German Wireless.)

John Robinson of Houndsditch
At his employer swore,
And so did Thomas Jenkins
And half a million more;
They swore at their employers,
They swore to go on strike,
With one accord their tools to down,
Because the bread was much too brown,
And bade their friends in London town
To come and do the like.

Then forth from Nelson Circus,
Queen's Cross and Charing Bar,
From Londonpool and Liverbridge,
And the Hill of Trafalgar,
In all their countless myriads
Poured the swift hurrying feet;
Through Piccadilly Place they ran,
A pair of feet to every man,
And met in Oxford Street.

In Regent Square the windows
Were battered sash by sash,
And the tall towers of Selfridge's
Fell with a sickening crash;
Thy roofs, O princely Mappin,
Lost every single slate,
And Swan and Snelgrove, Limited,
Were in an awful state.

Then up rose England's Premier,
And rode with all his might
To call the Scots from Sheper Bush,
To call them to the fight.
"Sir Scots," quoth he, "come forth with me,
Ride at your fullest speed,
And spifflicate our civic foe,
Who thus would strike a caitiff blow
In time of England's need."

The Scots with their shillalas
From Sheper Bush they came,
And from the National Gallery
The Irish did the same;
From Buckingham's proud Palace,
The Abbey and the Mint,
What troops soe'er were quartered there,
They also took the hint.

They struck those caitiff strikers,
They fought them might and main,
Till all of them were wounded
And most of them were slain;
The rest they put in prison—
Old Bailey or the Fleet,
For that they served their private greed
In this the hour of England's need,
And ruined Oxford Street.

When the Pilsener is opened
And the *Rauchtabak* is lit,
And the sausage glows on the embers
And the *Jungfrau* gloats on it,
With "Hoch" and "Hie" and "Himmel"
Still is the story told
How from St. Paul's to Padding Gate,
All red with blood the roaring spate
Of Revolution rolled.

"Jewels to the value of £1,200 were stolen on Saturday night by burglars, who broke into the house of Mr. ——, Hampstead, N.W. The stolen jewels include a rope of nearly 400 pearls."—*Daily Paper.*

"There is a steady increase in the flow of gifts for the Red Cross treasure sale which Messrs. Christie are to hold in April. The Silver and Jewellery Committee are anxious to make the sale unique by offering a rope of pearls of great price."

Same Paper, same day.

Let us hope that the craftsmen referred to in the first paragraph have responded to the invitation in the other.

There was an apparent food-hoarder
Who was charged with infringing the Order;
But on searching his store
They found greens—nothing more;
He was just an herbaceous boarder.

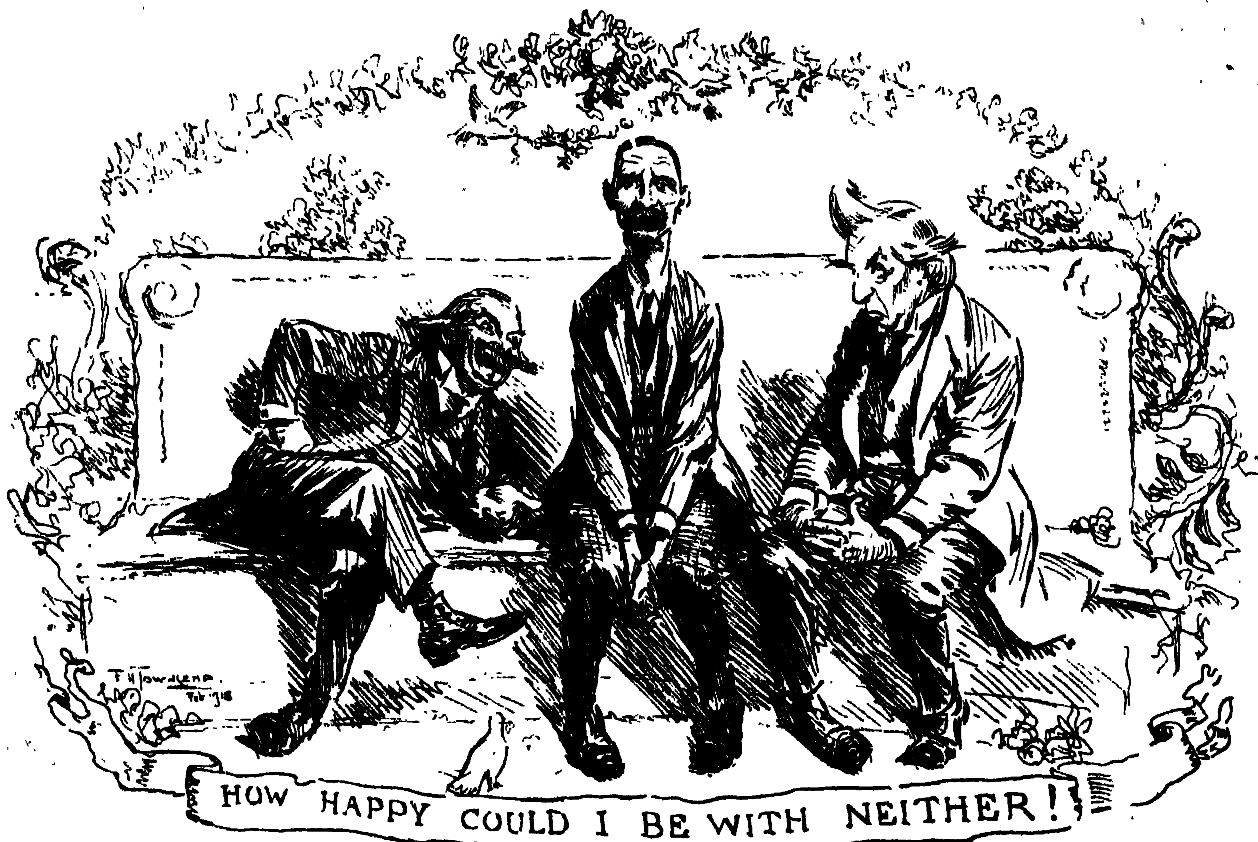


THE HOME FRONT AGAIN.

John Bull. "ROTTEN BUSINESS THIS IN RUSSIA!"

Mr. Punch. "I SHOULDN'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, SIR. WHAT WE'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS ALL THIS CURSED BACK-STAIRS INTRIGUE IN OUR OWN PRESS AND PARLIAMENT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED VALENTINE SENT TO MR. BONAR LAW LAST WEEK. BELIEVED LOST IN THE POST.

Tuesday, February 12th.—Some malicious sprite—probably a species of printer's devil—took occasion of the opening of the eighth Session of this painfully protracted Parliament to play his Puckish pranks. First he so maltreated the Speech from the Throne that when HIS MAJESTY came to read it there was no trace of its most important passage—the summons to representatives of the Dominions and the Indian Empire to take part in the deliberations of the War Cabinet.

Next he turned his attention to the Mover of the Address in the House of Commons. For the most part General LOWTHER'S maiden speech was an excellent blend of humour and commonsense, fully deserving the encomiums bestowed upon it by the Front Bench. But just once the imp of malapropinquity managed to trip him up and made him speak of our "unfounded"—instead of "unbounded"—admiration for the Navy and the Merchant Service.

The ensuing debate degenerated into a series of personal attacks upon the PRIME MINISTER by Members who, not without high example, regard this as the easiest road to fame. The only persons who have a right to congratulate themselves on the discussion are the Members of the German General Staff, who may not have learned anything that they did not know before, but have undoubtedly had certain shrewd suspicions confirmed.

Wednesday, February 13th.—There was a distinct drop in the temperature of the House. This may have been partly due to the absence of the PRIME MINISTER, whose incandescence is apt to be catching; but chiefly, one hopes, to the consciousness that yesterday's scenes had not done much to help the country's cause. No disturbance of the new mood came from Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, who is emphatically not a firebrand, but a coldly-calculating critic. In a more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger style he contrasted the comparatively meagre performances of the Administration with the perfervid prognostications of its ebullient Chief.

Of all the Ministers Mr. PROTHERO alone came in for a word of praise—not entirely, I trust, in order that Mr. SAMUEL might fire off his one and only joke about Sir ALFRED MOND sowing his wild oats in Richmond Park.

Mr. BONAR LAW, accepting a challenge that the critic had carefully refrained from issuing, declared that his speech amounted to a condemnation of the Government, and that if the House of Commons agreed with Mr. SAMUEL it was its duty to find another. Then in one of his engaging bursts of self-revelation he observed, "I have no more interest in this PRIME MINISTER than I had in the last."

The House generally seemed to agree with Mr. ADAMSON, who, before changing horses again, wanted to be sure that he was going to get a better team. At the end of a statesmanlike speech the Labour Leader declared the comforting conviction that the overwhelming majority of people, while desiring an end to the War, were opposed to peace-at-any-price.

This declaration, coming from so unimpeachable a source, should have given pause to Mr. HOLT and the little knot of Pacifists below the Gangway. But they persisted in pressing their Amendment in favour of entering upon immediate negotiations with the enemy; and, though receiving some unexpected support from Lord HENRY BENTINCK and Colonel AUBREY HERBERT, both of whom seemed for the moment to be more concerned with the misdeeds of

Pressmen at home than of Prussians abroad, they were beaten out of sight when it came to the division.

The falling away of the Opposition was in some measure due to a conciliatory speech from Lord ROBERT CECIL, who incidentally remarked that he had himself prepared a scheme for a League of Nations, but begged not to be cross examined about it. Lord ROBERT had fortified himself with a gigantic file of *The Times*, but no special significance is attached to this precaution

Thursday, February 14th.—This being the first day for Questions, Members had prepared a formidable catechism, comprising 134 items. Mr. PENNEFATHER, who desired to know what Germans meant by "the freedom of the seas," was referred by Lord ROBERT CECIL to the definition by Count REVENTLOW, who regards it as synonymous with the possession by Germany of the coast of Belgium and Northern France; but some Members appeared to consider that in quoting the COUNT as an authoritative exponent of the German mind the Foreign Office might be laying up trouble for itself. Would Britons like to be identified with the utterances of some of our own fire-eating publicists?

If Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING is to be trusted, ex-King CONSTANTINE still gets his wardrobe from London. "Anything in reason, WILLIAM," he is reported to have said to his Imperial brother-in-law, "but I draw the line at Berlin-cut trousers." There is reason to believe, however, that wherever TINO procures the garments in question it is SOPHIE who wears them.

The House discussed food with much gusto, and Lord RHONDDA, sitting in the Peers' Gallery, was the typical listener who hears little good of himself. He smiled when someone alluded to that Food-Controller of Ancient Rome who began by setting up his own statue and ended by decapitation. A "bust" of any kind is totally foreign to his present aspirations.



THE IRREPRESSIBLES.

Tommy. "AND TO THINK THERE'S A MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN AT HOME GETTING THREE HUNDRED QUID A WEEK FOR SINGING 'THE ARMY OF TO-DAY'S ALL RIGHT!'"

ANOTHER DENIAL.

"HAVE you heard," said to me a man with a strong sense of rumour, "that most of the animals in the Zoo have been killed, to save food?"

"Not really?" I replied.

"Absolutely," said he.

In case this statement has reached other ears I wish to put it on record that I, a truthful person, visited the Zoo a few days ago in order to see for myself. And my report, made before a Commissioner of Oaths and signed and counter-signed by witnesses of the highest probity, states—

That I did, on the afternoon of February 10th, at some personal inconvenience and at a cost of two shillings—which was fourpence in excess of the fare, but the cabman had (or said he had) no change—visit the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, in Regent's Park.

That I did make a tour of the said Gardens and observed a vast number of exotic creatures, the exact meaning of which, and particularly the mandril, I have never been able to understand, but which nevertheless were in the full enjoyment of life in captivity.

That among these animals were polar bears, other bears (including those that imitate hat-stands), apes, monkeys, toucans, sugar birds (without cards), squirrels, lions, tigers, leopards, sparrows, emus, snakes, vultures, alligators, camels, mice and elephants.

That if the Gardens are not at the top of their form it is not to be wondered at, considering that it is only by sea that their reinforcements can come, but that a very brave effort to carry on is being made.

Such was my report, and I trust that it may not only still the voice of mendacity but stimulate readers to visit the Gardens.

What we are Coming to.

Menu at an East End restaurant:—

"Special—Stewed teak and potatoes."

"Two bullocks, worth £120, belonging to a Haslemere butcher, have died as a result of poisoning through eating yew."

Evening Express (Liverpool).

You eating bullocks is the trouble with the FOOD-CONTROLLER.

"Godmundur Kamban received the *honoria causa* from the College at Reykjavik, Iceland —the first and only time the prize has been awarded."—*American Review of Reviews.*

We can well believe this.



City Man. "I should think last night's raid was the worst we've had yet."
Pacifist. "Was there a raid? I was at the Peace Meeting at the Congress Hall, and we never heard anything of it."

AT THE PLAY.

"The Freaks."

It would seem that some of our playwrights, eager as ever to hold up a mirror to life, find that the times in which we are living just now are too dull and stagnant to stimulate the imagination. Anyhow, here is Sir Arthur Pinero, doyen of dramatists, straining after the grotesque and planting his novelty in a *milieu* that might have been mid-Victorian.

By an incredibly far-sought artifice, which I haven't the patience to report, he introduces a company of travelling freaks to the hospitality of a large suburban villa. They consist of a giant, a brace of midgets, a living skeleton and a girl who can tie herself into knots (but never does). Now I have nothing against freaks as freaks; they are among the accidents of nature that claim our pity; and though I should prefer them not to exploit their physical deformities in public I know they may be driven to this painful course by necessity, and in any case are no worse than those who do the same thing with their physical charms. But happily I am not compelled to indulge a prurient curiosity by paying to see them, since it is fairly easy to avoid the attractions of an itinerant circus. When, however, Sir Arthur Pinero pushes them at me on the stage, then I'm done.

For an "Idyll" (the play is so described in the programme) it was a rather ugly spectacle, not sufficiently excused by the author's anxiety to explain to us that even a freak may be human; may actually entertain sentiments of loyalty and self-sacrifice. But did anyone doubt it? I was reminded of those revelations of the intimate life of exceptional people from which we are supposed to learn with surprise that a famous actor is fond of snowdrops, or that a distinguished warrior is decent to his dog. The concern which the other freaks felt about the health of the sick giant (though I could not share it, having had so little of his acquaintance) was the most natural thing in the world. All the same, since my eyes are more sensitive than my moral vision, those marks of spiritual beauty did not console me for the sight of so much physical ugliness. I could have borne it far better in a book.

Not that the freaks were all repellent. Mr. Ben Webster, as the living skeleton who had only joined the company in the quality of an amateur, was no thinner than I shall be after a couple of months' rationing; Miss Laura Cowie, who never looked like tying herself into a knot, can't help being attractive; and the giant was just a harmless figure out of pantomime. But the three-foot-six midgets were pure freaks. For some reason not confided to us they had also a touch of the automaton about them; the gentleman midget was most uncertain on his feet and both of them had to be hoisted into their chairs.

I assume that they were children disguised, and it was a very natural error of judgment by which the young daughter of their hostess, in a spasm of almost maternal tenderness, lifted the male, aged forty-one, on to her lap. She was rebuked by the lady midget, who protested in a rich American accent, "I will tha-ank you to put my husband down."

It was not easy to see how we were to get any love interest out of the scheme; yet Sir Arthur contrived, with perfect seriousness, to make the boy of the house (played very naturally by Mr. Leslie Howard) fall in love with the girl freak, despite her habit of speech, half cockney, half nigger; and to manœuvre his sister (pretty Miss Elsom) into romantic relations with



SECRET DIPLOMACY.

Wife. "GEORGE, THERE ARE TWO STRANGE MEN DIGGING UP THE GARDEN."

George. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. A BRAINY IDEA OF MINE TO GET THE GARDEN DUG UP. I WROTE AN ANONYMOUS LETTER TO THE FOOD-CONTROLLER AND TOLD HIM THERE WAS A LARGE BOX OF FOOD BURIED THERE." *Wife.* "HEAVENS! BUT THERE *IS*!"

the living skeleton. Here the author lapsed into mere melodrama, and Mr. BEN WEBSTER (whatever he may have thought of the absurdity of it) was clearly resolved that we should not mistake it for anything else.

Sir ARTHUR, as I hinted, was straining after novelty, yet he was curiously old-fashioned in his dialogue. The obvious humour of his female curmudgeon, *Lady Ball-Jennings*, which ran through the play with deadly iteration, might have dated back to the period of the Albert Memorial. And where does he pick up the modern boy and flapper who colour their talk with such ejaculations as "My godfather!" or "By jinks!"?

There was one moment in the play that seemed to move the audience (I was sitting in the last row of the stalls and so had my hand as it were on the heart-beats of the Pit). It was when the local clergyman was invited to pray for the recovery of the sick giant. Unfortunately the solemnity of the scene had been spoiled for me by the reverend gentleman's introductory remarks, in which he had advised the company that it was their duty in such cases to "try every resource, *even prayer*."

An excellent cast, including that most delightful of actresses, Miss IRENE ROOKE, was wasted on an indifferent play. Miss LAURA COWIE in particular did good work under almost impossible conditions. Perhaps the best features in a strangely unsatisfactory entertainment were Mr. FRED KERR's incidental reading from *Macbeth*, and a very clever drop-curtain designed by Mr. CLAUDE SHEPPERSON. O. S.

"Dover police have seized 163 stray dogs. Soup is now sold at some London butchers' shops."—*Evening News.*

A sinister thought.

From a note on the new Master of Trinity:—

"Among his many scientific achievements was the discovery of the nature of the catholic rays, which are generated by electric discharge through a vacuum."—*Morning Paper.*

Surely the last word must be a misprint for "Vatican."

From a letter on "Collection and Distribution of Food Supplies":—

"The Case of Rabbits and Birds.—Here the marksmen of the local Volunteer Regiments, or any good 'shot,' should be liable to be called upon."—*Westminster Gazette.*

And then once again "the crack of the rifle will be heard on the moors."

LES BLUETS.

I WAS creepin' on me crutches out o' Fleet Street yesterday,
Feelin' gay as any sparrow jest to be about at last;
I 'd quite forgot me crippled foot, me cares, as you might say,
When over on the Law Courts' side three laughin' Frenchies passed,
An' I haven't felt the same again since those three Blueys passed.

For the houses all grew misty with a faint horizon-blue,
While I thought o' cornflowers peepin' from a blackened harvest land,
With many a weary Frenchy fightin' where those cornflowers grew;
An' I 've got a kind o' homesickness I cannot understand
Since I saw those little Blueys goin' laughin' down the Strand.

Oh, cottages with gapin' roofs a-starin' at the sky,
Oh, ruined gardens on the Somme and trampled banks of Aisne,
There 's little left the Frenchies but to beat the Bosch or die.
I 'd go back to all we hated so, the noise an' filth an' pain,
Jest to help those cheery Blueys win their little homes again!

THE FUTURE OF COUPONS.

"Francesca," I said, "have you studied the coupon system which Lord RHONDDA has established in London?"

"Yes," she said, "I have. I have waded through solid columns of it, and then I have re-waded to the beginning and started all over again, and——"

"And you think you have completely mastered it?"

"No, I am under no such delusion. I am not yet on friendly and intimate terms with the coupon system, but I have a nodding acquaintance with it."

"Tell me," I said, "how many coupons are there in a sirloin of beef?"

"If you will put the sirloin on your writing-table I will endeavour to weigh it with my mind's eye; but of course you will first have to get the sirloin."

"Is the sirloin like a rabbit, then?"

"What do you mean? I never noticed a resemblance."

"Oh, don't you know?" I said. "Rabbits were mentioned at an earlier stage of these proceedings, and they became so bashful that they all disappeared and haven't been seen or heard of since."

"Well," she said, "if you put it in that way sirloins *are* like rabbits, and so are legs of mutton and ribs of beef and sugar and butter and lots of other things. As soon as you mention them they retire, and to all intents and purposes cease to exist. However, it's a great comfort to know that the German ration is only half that of the Londoner."

"Yes, that's a great score, and I've no doubt that the German rabbits have disappeared as completely as ours."

"Of course they have. Only a pacifist would attempt to deny it."

"We are straying," I said, "from the coupon system. Can you not tell me more about it?"

"It doesn't affect us."

"No," I said, "but it will. It is sure to spread from London into the provinces. One morning we shall wake up and discover that somebody has issued a decree as a result of which our innocent village is under the coupon system, and then we shall regret too late that we have made no preparations for it. Come," I said, "expound it to me with your usual force and brevity."

"Well, it's something like this: Everybody has got to get a card with so many coupons attached to it."

"So many? Can you not give me the exact number?"

"No, that's just what I can't do. Let's call it four."

"It doesn't matter," I said, "what we call it. It's what Lord RHONDDA calls it that matters."

"Well, let us imagine that Lord RHONDDA calls it four. Each coupon represents a certain value of meat, and when you've had your value you can't get any more. And if you're living in the country, where the coupon system isn't set up yet, and if you go to London and order lunch at your Club, they make you sign a declaration——"

"What sort of a declaration? There are many."

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Probably the one in which you conscientiously believe that vaccination will be prejudicial to the health of your child; and then if they don't like you they can call for the production of your National Registration Card."

"So that altogether I shall have a merry time when next I lunch at the 'Rhadamanthus.' But surely, Francesca, you have slightly embellished?"

"I have told you," she said, "the truth and nothing but the truth about clubs, hotels and restaurants. As to the rest, I own that I am not yet letter-perfect. I only profess to have given you the general outlines of the scheme. But why have you not studied it yourself?"

"Because," I said, "I am tired of coupons. My brain reels under them. I foresee that everything will soon be done by coupons. People will be born on the coupon system—so many coupons exchangeable for so many babies weighing twelve pounds and over. They'll be educated on the coupon system. Bright boys who now get a scholarship will in future get fifty coupons a year. Men and women will be married under the coupon system. The girl who can bring a thousand coupons into settlement will be looked upon as a rich match, and a youngster with two thousand coupons a year will be run after by all the matrons with marriageable daughters."

"And income-tax will be paid in coupons."

"Francesca," I said, "you are a priceless treasure. I will write to Mr. BONAR LAW about it at once."

"I wouldn't do that," she said. "If you put the idea into his head he may insist on paying you the interest of your War Loan in mutton coupons."

"Or rabbit coupons," I said. R. C. L.

THE OPEN BOAT.

"WHEN this here War is done," says Dan, "and all the fightin' 's through
There's some 'll pal with Fritz again as they was used to do;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*," says he;
"Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights at sea.

"When the last battle's lost an' won an' won or lost the game
There's some 'll think no 'arm to drink with squareheads just the same;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "an' if you ask me why—
Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water-breaker's dry.

"When all the bloomin' mines is swep' an' ships are sunk no more
There's some 'll set them down to eat with Germans as before;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, for one—
Lord knows it's hungry in an open boat when the last biscuit's done.

"When peace is signed and treaties made an' trade begins again
There's some 'll shake a German's 'and an' never see the stain;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, as God's on high—
Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your ship-mates die." C. F. S.

Our Indispensable Industries.

"Tennis Ball Inflaters, Cutters, and Makers; also Learners. Caramel Wrappers Wanted, at once."—*Manchester Paper.*

From an article on Communal Cooks:—

"Like the Israelites of old, they will be required to make bricks without stones."—*Gravesend and Northfleet Reporter.*

No communal pastry for us, thank you!

A Hint for Lord Rhondda.

"For many years patrons waiting for the early doors suffered a good deal of inconvenience owing to the squeezing and pushing to get to the front, but this state of affairs has been rectified by J. C. Williamson, Ltd., issuing instructions that patrons have to be formed into a queue. The carrying out of this work has been entrusted to Mr. M. Burke (the well-known champion club swinger)."—*Brisbane Courier.*



Old Lady. "Can you tell me, please, what he's been arrested for?" *Hungry Queueist.* "Indigestion, I expect, Madam."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

It was of course inevitable that the humours—the surface humours—of a V.A.D. hospital should before long provide material for a book. Indeed, I pleasantly recall that the thing has been done already, from the patient's point of view; and now here is Mr. Robert Erstone Forbes giving us the official aspect in *Mrs. Holmes, Commandant* (Arnold). Having just devoured every word of it, practically at a sitting, I can testify to its entire and delightful success. From the moment when that wonderful lady, *Mrs. Holmes* (whom I thought, mistakenly, that I was going to dislike), sets out to bully a hospital out of the indolent inhabitants of Fairbridge, through all the bustle of preparation and the months of active work, to the quite charming climax, you will find your attention held, as mine was, with tenderness and laughter. Perhaps the best achievement of Mr. Forbes is that his people—the commandant herself, the staff, the teller of the tale, and the varied procession of patients—all live individually and most convincingly. Moreover (and I am not sure that this isn't even a greater exploit still) through obvious dangers he carries his theme breast-high above even a suspicion of sentimentality. The best chapter, to my mind, is that which tells of "The Romantic Career of Lance-Corporal Rainey;" in this especially the facile sigh could have been cheaply bought; but it is to Mr. Forbes's credit that *Rainey* marches out of the hospital, every man and woman in which he has reduced to helpless adoration, as human and unidealized a figure as when he entered it caked with the mud of Flanders. Briefly, my present trouble is that there are some fifty odd hospitallers to whom I wish immediately to lend my copy of *Mrs. Holmes*, with appropriate comments. But Mr. Forbes and his publishers need be under no apprehension. I shall do nothing so unfair—or so altruistic.

The heroine in the Baroness von Hutten's *Bag of Saffron* (Hutchinson) is in effect a study of the perfect little beast. Not that *Cuckoo* hasn't her good points, but her conduct to her husband, whom she deserts in his sickness and poverty for that Magnificent Old Rake, *Sir Peregrine Janeways*, pushes beyond credible limits of callousness. Duly divorced, remarried, richly gowned and begemmed by the flamboyant baronet, she finds that her ex-husband is dying of consumpton. *Peregrine*, asked for a thousand pounds to save his predecessor, suggests that his latest present, a pear-shaped ruby, is worth about that and may be sold for this kindly purpose. Finding that *Cuckoo*, confronted with a choice between her discarded *George's* life and the ruby, is all for the ruby, he begins to wonder whether she can be quite a nice girl. But this was a hasty judgment. For, learning that her *George* was really dying in a pool of blood (but still saveable by money apparently), she nobly surrenders the jewel. And then *Sir Peregrine* shows himself an—an optimist. He hangs round his complex *Cuckoo's* neck the *Bag of Saffron*, which (like the V.C.) is a little bauble of no intrinsic value but has a chain of diamonds attached. It is given by a *Janeways* to none but a really peerless wife (*Peregrine's* two first were merely so-so). From which you will gather that the fond author doesn't share my view of *Cuckoo*. But, at any rate, she will admit that her creations are no ordinary mortals, and I in turn will handsomely allow that here is an extremely entertaining and romantic volume.

To those whose feet are already pressing the downward slope and who spend their reflective moments in looking

backwards with regret rather than forwards with anticipation, the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell's *Politics and Personalities* (Unwin) will make its strongest appeal. And even the younger generation, though it may mildly resent the author's designating as "politics" those dead issues which have long since been relegated to the glass-cases of the Political Natural History Museum, will find food for reflection in his detached and philosophical if somewhat archaic views. Mr. Russell is at pains to tell us that, like his distinguished ancestors, he is a Whig; but it is difficult to be really enthusiastic over such political cadavers as the Hawarden Kite, Cobdenism, Dynastic Succession, Aristocracy, etc., dissected according to the formulas of 1884. In other chapters we find the author struggling rather pathetically to fit Armageddon into a middle-Victorian microcosm under the title, "Ideals and the War," the ideals being those of the Athenæum Club in the eighties, and the War being the same little disturbance that has made Mr. H. G. Wells's Republicanism sound like an essay on the divine right of kings. It is in that nameless borderland that lies midway between history and biography that Mr. Russell is most completely at home, and it is to be regretted that in the volume before us he makes so few excursions into it. "A Nest of Whiggery," "A Queen Ready-made" and "Miss Jenkins and the Duke" are quite in his best vein.

Lieutenant Ellison Hawks, in a series of cheerful letters home from the Front, gave week by week to his friends and relatives an easily written and very easily read account, from the standpoint of an officer in a trench-mortar battery, of things he saw during the big push of 1916; and this narrative has since been offered to the world at large under the title *A Subaltern's Letters from the Somme* (Clowes). I confess he worried me a little when he began, in notes beneath his first few pages, patiently telling me what is the weighty significance of such symbols as "N.C.O." and "C.B.," but before long we were very good friends. As they were received one by one at a time when news was scant, these letters must have been of absorbing interest; but Mr. Hawks would be the first to admit that by now one would be hardly justified in claiming much novelty for them in the eyes of a public pretty well informed on such matters as "billets" and "brass-hats" and "kite-balloons." All the same there is a touch of intimacy about the volume that some of our more ambitious war-books have lacked. Moreover the writer has the good taste to place some verses from *Punch* on his first page. With this modest recommendation one may leave it.



COMBING OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

At the Magical Supply Stores.

Shopkeeper (to youth equipping for war). "Yes, Sir, you will find the impregnable armour and the cloak of invisibility extremely useful; but in case of accidents I would strongly advise you to add a pair of seven-league boots to your outfit."

There is plenty of good work in Mr. Alfred Ollivant's *Boy Woodburn* (Jenkins), but coming from the author of *Owd Bob* I was a little disappointed by it. The hero belongs to the "silent strong" type beloved by certain lady-novelists. He is all right in the matter of silence; but is neither so strong nor so attractive as he was meant to be. *Boy Woodburn*, the heroine of the story, was the daughter of a delightfully astute horse-trainer and a puritanical mother. Bred from such stock she was naturally something of a hybrid; but whether she was grooming horses or riding them, or superintending a Sunday Bible class for stable-boys, I believed in her all the time. Her father too is admirably drawn, and though the pictures of life in a racing stable convey the impression that it is a rogue's game, I am not prepared to say that their colour is too thickly laid on. But *Jim Silver*, who easily checkmated the arch-villain of the piece times and again, left me stone-cold. However he really does not matter much, and only seemed to be there because a novel must have a hero of some kind. Where Mr. Ollivant shows at his best is in his descriptions of the Sussex Downs and in his sympathy with animals. And his account of a very sensational Grand National stirs the pulses, although one knows that *Boy's* horse is simply bound to win. Even that best seller, Mr. Nat Gould, might be jealous of such a sequence of thrilling incidents.

Come In (Chapman and Hall) is what I should call an irritating book. It contains one overgrown short story, clever with a kind of ragged and slovenly cleverness that only serves to show what Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne could do if she gave her mind to it. Its theme, sufficiently grim, is a study in the pathology of mutual boredom as between a mother and daughter cooped together in the merciless intimacy of a double bedroom at an economical private hotel. Told drily, but with understanding and a half-cynical pity, it is a picture of woman's inhumanity to woman that only one of the same gentler sex could have written. So much for "The Separate Room"; the rest of the stories—with one exception—are more comfortable, if less artistic. What point there exists in the not-specially apt title is furnished presumably by the "room" headings of the various sketches, as "Four Ballrooms," "Three Rooms," etc. Candour constrains me to say that most of Miss Mayne's rooms contain nothing peculiarly worth the trouble of entering for. Perhaps the silliest is that which shows an unfortunate doctor-lover confronted with the prospect of having to give gas to the one woman. Experience teaches him that she will look far from her best under the ministrations of the tooth-extractor. This seems quite seriously meant. If Miss Mayne really supposes anæsthetists to be of this fatuous kind, I can only sympathise with her in an experience clearly less fortunate than my own.

Epochs of Irish History.

(1) Pagan era; (2) Christian era; (3) De Valera.



Private Puncher (the hope of "B" Company, slowly coming to). "WHASSER MASSER? DID 'E 'IT ME?"
His Second (bitterly). "'IT YER? DEAR ME, NO. IT WAS ONLY THE COLONEL'S 'ORSE WOT KICKED YER."

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* complains that there are on sale in Germany spittoons embellished with the likeness of HINDENBURG. For ourselves, though we are not often in accord with German taste, we regard this idea as a very happy thought.

* * *

The decision of the Saffron Walden Bench that tea is not food has caused widespread consternation, and large numbers of people who have been buying it in the belief that it was are angrily calling upon Lord RHONDDA to give them back their money.

* * *

A Bethnal Green tradesman, charged with throwing one of his lady-customers out of the shop, was told that if she came there again and smashed his windows he could summon her. This may be the technically right course to follow, but is it quite the way to treat a lady?

* * *

A man complained to the Bermondsey Food Control Committee that a dog had eaten part of his food-cards. The real object of the cards has since been explained to the animal, who has handsomely apologised to Lord RHONDDA for some heated personal remarks made under a misapprehension.

* * *

"By next Spring," says *The Sydney Telegraph*, "as far as Russia is concerned, things may be better or they may be worse." Upon reading this, a well-known Fleet Street War critic was heard to gnash his teeth with envy.

* * *

It is thought likely that the great push about to be undertaken by the Germans is nothing more nor less than the sudden blow which they have been threatening to make since 1915.

* * *

Since a cyclist dashed into a steam roller at Swindon last week, the road-crushers in the district are said to be so nervous that they will only venture out in couples.

* * *

A member of the Tobacco Control Board has informed a contemporary that the "outlook of the smoker depends on the brand he smokes." The outlook of his fellow-passengers will also continue to hinge upon the same factor.

* * *

Stating that in his opinion women could get on without perambulators in war-time Lord KIMBERLEY informed the Norfolk Appeal Tribunal that he never rode in one when he was a child. We understand that several indignant mothers have written to say that, if a good smacking was also among the experiences of childhood which he had omitted, they would be happy to make good the defect.

* * *

A summons against Borough High Street provision-dealers for having in their possession cheeses not fit for human food was dismissed on satisfactory proof that the cheeses were not intended for human consumption. The Bench declined an invitation to visit their training quarters.

* * *

On learning that a film record has been made of the career of the PRIME MINISTER, Lord BEAVERBROOK is said to have dared anybody to produce a film that would keep pace with his (Lord BEAVERBROOK'S) upward progress.

* * *

A defendant charged at Bristol Assizes with bigamy pleaded that he had no recollection of his second marriage. Surely he could have made a note of it on his cuff.

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

I KNEW a Virgin passing Wise;
No one could call her dissipated:
Never her course was known to drift
From those high principles of thrift
With which, in case of rainy skies,
Her brain had been inoculated.

She husbanded her frugal store;
Her lamp with oil was well provided;
So were her tins of sprat-sardines -
Not stocked in view of submarines,
But garnered prior to the War
Against whatever chance betided.

I knew a Foolish Virgin, too,
With habits nothing like so proper;
Her lamp was woolly round the wick;
She lived from hand to mouth on tick;
Her ready cash she always blew,
And never saved a single copper.

From letting things serenely go
No fear of stringent times debarred her;
If but to-day supplied good fare
The morrow for itself might care,
And consequently there were no
Sardines collected in her larder.

Which was the better Virgin? She
Who made of life a game of skittles,
Reckless of Want that follows Waste;
Or she who resolutely faced
The problems of economy
And practised Virtue with her victuals?

Alas! the latter Virgin's found
Inferior in the moral order;
Her dozen tins of sprat-sardines
Have been a source of painful scenes,
And RHONDDA's fined her fifty pound
As a confirmed and shameless hoarder.

O. S.

THE FLYING BEAR.

Joan Minor has a flying bear. Its name is Teddy; only Uncle Gerald is allowed to call it Adam Zad (after KIPLING) because—well, because Uncle Gerald is allowed to do anything.

In infancy there was little to mark it as of different clay from the common run of bears. Even Joan Minor at the first introduction, preoccupied with scientific research as to the nature and arrangement of her own toes, remained unimpressed. But gradually, as acquaintance ripened into friendship and friendship into love, we who were privileged to be its intimates recognised that here was indeed one born to greatness. It was not so much its moral character, though the faults were always those of a great and generous soul; it was rather the self-reliance and quiet dignity that shone undimmed through every adversity and survived even the impertinent assaults of the kitten.

But the day of parting came. Uncle Gerald was sent to France and Teddy was sent with him to comfort him and bring him back safe, a trust which so far he has most faithfully performed. He has also found time to arrange for Uncle Gerald's advancement from a mere private to the rank of captain, and about a year ago secured him a transfer to the R.F.C., followed by a heavenly period of home-training, during which Joan Minor spent several ecstatic week-ends at the town where they were engaged in becoming proficient pilots; and now Uncle Gerald's last letter brings news of Teddy's crowning achievement.

DEAR PUDGE,—You will be glad to hear that Adam Zad has been just splendid. I told you that I had tied him on to my aeroplane right in front, where he can see everything. I had to tie him very tight because I was afraid he would try to jump at the German fliers, and if he had slipped he would have had a terrible fall and I might not have been able to find him again. Besides I don't think Germans would be nice for him to eat. Do you?

Well, the other day he and I were flying all alone, when suddenly a lot of Germans came swooping down out of nowhere. He shouted to me that they were coming, and I tried to shoot them with my gun, which is just behind where he sits; but something went wrong with the gun and it wouldn't shoot. The Germans were all round us, and we had to dive to get away from them as we couldn't shoot them. We went very fast, ever so much faster even than you and Adam Zad used to run when you were at home together, and when we stopped I noticed that he wasn't in his place. He had broken his string and was clinging on to the gun.

As soon as I had time I leaned forward and caught hold of him to put him in the seat beside me, as he didn't look very safe where he was. One of his legs was wedged tight in the gun and it tore a little as I pulled him away, but it is nearly well now. And then when I tried the gun again I found he had been putting it right. Wasn't that clever of him, Pudge? After that, of course, we went back and shot at the Germans and killed two and drove the rest away and came home to tea.

And now they are going to give him a ribbon and we shall be able to cover up the place on his chest where the kitten scratched him. It's quite a nice ribbon with two white stripes and a violet one in the middle. I was very sorry to hear about Belinda's nose. I told you it wasn't good for her to sit too near the fire.

Your loving Uncle, GERALD.

That is the plain unvarnished account of the affair by an eye-witness. Imagine our astonishment when we read this official perversion:—

"Awarded the Military Cross.—Captain Gerald T. Smith, Royal Loamshire Regt., att. R.F.C., for great gallantry and presence of mind. While flying alone over enemy ground Captain Smith was attacked by a formation of at least six hostile machines of the Albatross type. During the encounter Captain Smith's gun jammed. He then descended to a lower altitude and coolly corrected the fault under intense enemy fire. Resuming the engagement he brought down two of the enemy aircraft and dispersed the remainder in flight."

Not a word, you see, about Teddy; and now we are wondering whether the stupid people will arrest him for wearing a military decoration without authority.

Euclid on Rationing.

A ration joint is that which has position but not magnitude.

Parallel lines are those which, in a queue, if only produced far enough, never mean meat.

If there be two queues outside two different butchers' shops, and the length and breadth of the one queue be equal to the length and breadth of the other queue, each to each, but the supplies in one shop are greater than the supplies in the other shop, then the persons in the one queue will get more meat than those in the other queue, which is absurd, and RHONDDA ought to see about it.



À LA CARTE.

Working Man. "WHAT'S YOUR FANCY, MATE? MINE'S A COUPLE O' SAUSAGES."

Peer of the Realm. "WELL, SIR, I WAS WONDERING HOW MUCH SADDLE OF MUTTON I CAN GET FOR FIVEPENCE."

THE MUD LARKS.

WHEN I was young I was extremely handsome. I have documentary evidence to prove as much. There is in existence a photograph of a young gentleman standing with his back to a raging seascape, one hand resting lightly on a volume of SHAKSPEARE, which in turn is supported by a rustic table. The young gentleman has wide innocent eyes, a rosebud mouth and long golden curls (the sort poor dear old ROMNEY used to do so nicely). For the rest he is tastefully upholstered in a short panted velvet suit, a lace collar and white silk socks. "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*," you murmur to yourself. No, Sir (or Madam), it is ME—or was me, rather. When I was young no girl thought herself properly married unless I was present at the ceremony, got up like a prize-rabbit and tethered to the far end of her train. Nowadays I am not so handsome. True, you can urge a horse past me without blindfolding it and all that, but nobody ever mistakes me for LILY ELSIE.

Personally I was quite willing to be represented at the National Portrait Gallery by a coloured copy of the presentment described above, but my home authorities thought otherwise, and when last I was in England on leave - shortly after the Battle of Agincourt—they shooed me off to Valpré. "Go to Valpré," they said; "he is *so* artistic." So to Valpré I went, and was admitted by a handmaid who waved a white hand vaguely towards a selection of doors, murmuring, "Wait there, please." I opened the nearest door at a venture and entered.

In the waiting-room three other handmaids were at work on photographs. One was painting dimples on a lady's cheek; one filling in gaps in a Second-Lieutenant's moustache; one straightening the salient of a stockbroker's waistcoat. Presently the first handmaid reappeared and somewhat curtly (I was waiting in the wrong room, it seemed) informed me that the Master was ready. So I went upstairs to the operating theatre. After an impressive interval a curtain was thrust aside and the Master entered. He was not in the least like the artist of my first photograph, who had chirruped and done tricks with an indiarubber monkey to make me prick my ears and appear sagacious. This man had the mane of a poodle, a plush smoking-jacket with rococo trimmings, satin cravat, rings and bangles like the lads in *La Bohème*, and I knew myself to be in the presence of True Art, and bowed my head.

At the sight of me he winced visibly; didn't to like my looks at all. However he pulled himself together and advanced to reconnoitre. He pushed me into a chair, manipulated some screws at the back, and I found my head fast in a steel clamp. I pleaded for gas or cocaine, but he took no notice and prowled off to the far end of the theatre to observe if distance would lend any enchantment. Apparently it would not. The more he saw of me the less he seemed to admire the view.

Suddenly the fire of inspiration lit his eye and he came for me. I struggled with the clamp, but it clave like a bull-terrier to a mutton chop. In a moment he had me by the head and started to mould it nearer to his heart's desire with plump powerful hands. He crammed half my lower jaw into my breast pocket, pinned my ears back so tightly that they wouldn't wag for weeks, pressed my nose down with his thumb as though it were the button of electric bell and generally kneaded my features from the early Hibernian to the late Græco-Roman. Then, before they could rebound to their normal positions, he had sprung back, jerked the lanyard and fired the camera.

Some weeks later the finished photographs arrived. The handmaids had done their bit, and the result was a pleasing portraiture, an *objet d'art*, an ornament to anybody's family album. The man Valpré was an artist all right.

A few days ago the Skipper whistled me into the orderly-room. His table was littered with parade states, horse-registers and slips of cardboard, all intermingled. The Skipper himself appeared to be undergoing some heavy mental disturbance. His forehead was furrowed, his *toupet* rumpled, and he sucked his fountain-pen, unconsciously imbibing much dark nourishment.

"Identification cards," he explained, indicating the slips. "Got to carry 'em now. Comply with Italian regulations. Been trying to describe you. Napoo." He prodded the result towards me. I scanned it and decided he had got it mixed with the horse-registers. It read as follows:—

BORN	Yes.
HEIGHT	17 hands.
HAIR.	Bay.
EYES.	Two.
NOSE	Undulating.
MOUSTACHE	Hogged.
COMPLEXION	Natural.
SPECIAL MARKS .	

The Skipper pointed to the blank space. "That's what I want to know — special marks. Got any? Snip, blaze, white fetlock, anything?"

"Yessir," said I. "Strawberry patch on off gaskin."

He sucked thoughtfully at his fountain pen. "Mmph," he said, "shouldn't mention it if I were you. Don't want to have to undress in the middle of the street every time you meet an Intelligence, do you?" I agreed that I did not—not before June, anyhow. The Skipper turned to the card again and frowned.

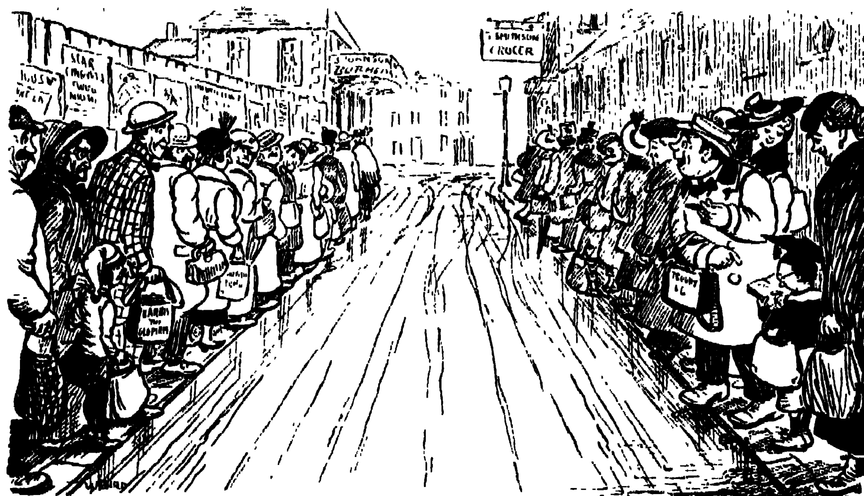
"Couldn't call it a speaking likeness exactly, this little pen-picture of you, could one? If you only had a photograph of yourself now."

"I have, Sir," said I brightly.

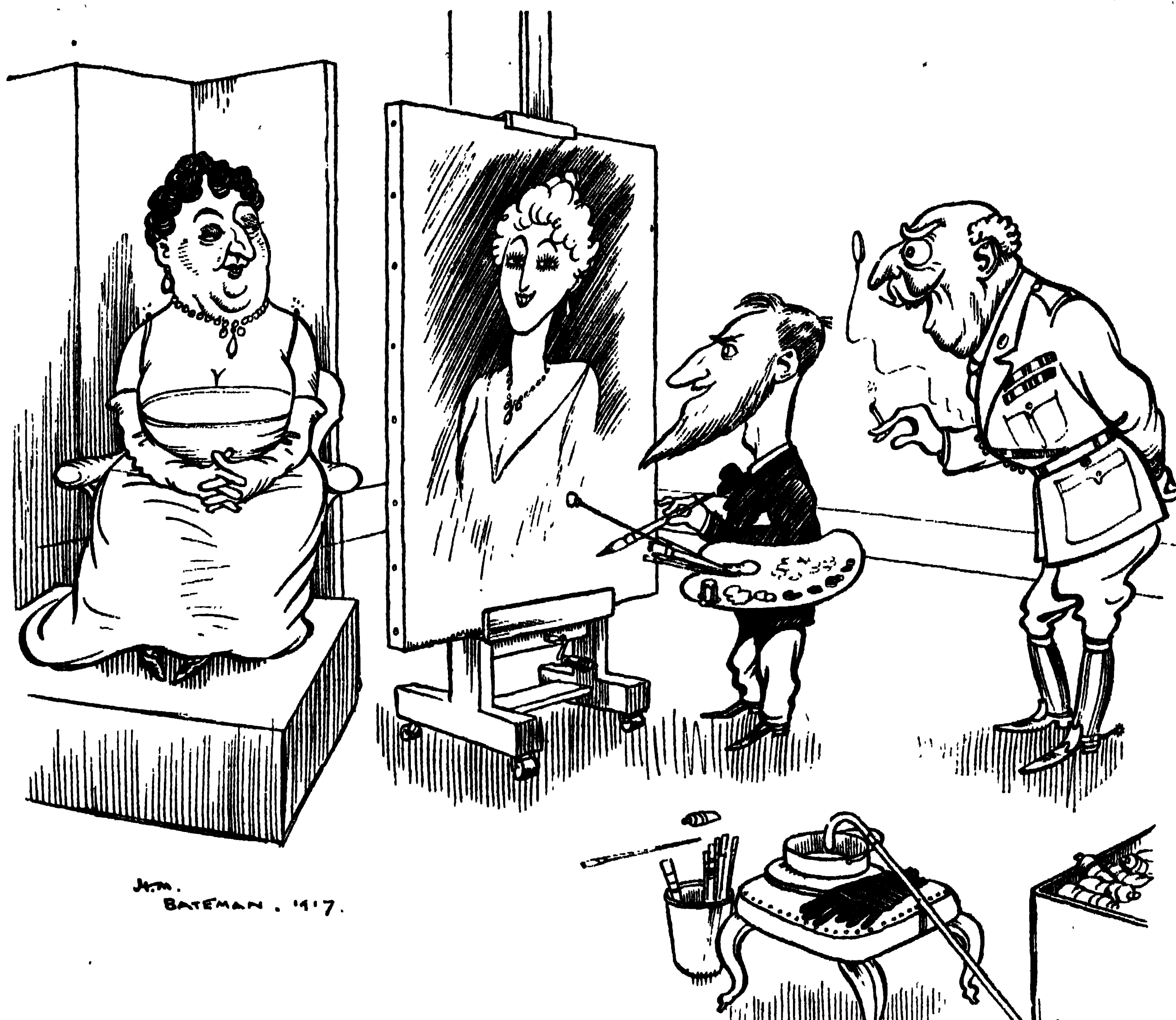
"Good Lord, man, why didn't you say so before? Here, take this and paste the thing in. Now trot away."

I trotted away and pasted Valpré's *objet d'art* on to the card.

Yesterday evening Albert Edward and I were riding out of a certain Italian town (no names, no pack drill). Albert Edward got involved in a right-of-way argument between five bullock wagons and two lorries, and I jogged on ahead. On the fringe of the town was a barrier presided over by a brace of Carabinieri heavily caparisoned with



Bored Bookmaker (trying to wake things up). "NOW LOOK 'ERE, MR. 'ARRIS, I'LL LAY YOU 4½ OUNCES O' MARGARINE TO 3 OUNCES BEST END O' THE NECK THAT SENIOR WRANGLER 'ERE GETS TO THE COUNTER BEFORE THE MOTHER HUBBARD FILLY THERE ON YOUR RIGHT"



HOW THE CAMOUFLAGE IDEA FIRST DAWNED ON THE MILITARY MIND.

war material, whiskers and cocked hats of the style popularised by BONAPARTE. Also an officer. As I moved to pass the barrier the officer spied me and, not liking my looks (as I hinted before, nobody does), signed to me to halt. Had I an identification card, please? I had and handed it to him. He took the card and ran a keen eye over the Skipper's little pen-picture and Valpré's "Portrait Study," then over their alleged original. "Lieutenant," said he grimly, "these don't tally. This is not you."

I protested that it was. He shook his head with great conviction, "Never! The nose in this photograph is straight; the ears retiring; the jaw, normal. While with you—— [Continental politeness restrained him]. Lieutenant, you must come with me."

He beckoned to a Napoleonic Corporal, who approached, clanking his war material. I saw myself posed for a firing squad at grey dawn and shivered all over. I detest early rising.

By this time the Corporal had outflanked me, clanking more munitions, and I was on the point of being marched off to the Bastille, or whatever they call it, when Albert Edward suddenly insinuated himself into the party and addressed himself to the officer. "Half a minute, Mongsewer [any foreigner is Mongsewer to Albert Edward]. The photograph is of him all right, but it was taken before his accident."

"His accident?" queried the officer.

"Yes," said Albert Edward; "sad affair, shell-shock. A crump burst almost in his face, and shocked it all out of shape. Can't you see?"

The Italian leaned forward and subjected my flushed features to a piercing scrutiny; then his dark eyes softened almost to tears, and he handed me back my card and saluted.

"Sir, you have my apologies—and sympathy. Good evening."

"Albert Edward," said I, as we trotted into the dusk, "you may be a true friend but you are no gentleman."

PATLANDER.

"MR. PROTHERO ON FOOD AND PRICES.
THE PAMPERED PIG."
Daily Paper.

We protest against this vulgar abuse of one of our most respected Ministers.

"The consumption of both wine and whisky is, of course, still greater than the supply."
Evening Paper.

Another case of "dilution."

"Man (young) wishes situation as ploughman, with two women workers and a half one."—*Scotsman.*

In Ireland "a half one" means a little tot of whiskey, so in this case the phrase may be a synonym for "a small Scotch."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

VII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXX.

(continued).

Richard. Was it not in this reign, Mamma, that there was the Ministry of All the Talents, or some such name?

Mrs. M. The title you refer to was applied to a Ministry in a much earlier reign. You are probably confusing it with the famous "Ministry of all the Ministries," which held office in this period. The tendency of Ministries to increase in size had reached what was supposed to be the limit in the case of its predecessor, which contained no fewer than twenty-two members, which, as some of its critics remarked, might be cricket but was not politics.

George. But I thought the great objection to politics was that so often it was *not* cricket, which it ought to be.

Mrs. M. That is a point, my dear boy, which I must leave you to discuss with your father when he comes in to tea, as my recollections of cricket are growing rather hazy. Anyhow, while the Ministry which succeeded the large one I have mentioned was nominally much smaller, as only a few members formed the inner Cabinet, the number of Ministries or Departments went on increasing more rapidly than ever. I remember my grandfather telling us that whereas in the early stages of this development the familiar comment about once a week was, "Great Scott! Another new Ministry!" later on this surprise gave place to a languid curiosity expressed in the daily question at the breakfast table, "Well, what 's the new Ministry to-day?"

Mary. Pray, Mamma, who was "Great Scott"?

Mrs. M. The origin of this phrase, as of another in vogue about the same time, "Great Cæsar's ghost," is wrapped in mystery. Moreover, the investigation of oaths or ejaculations is seldom edifying. To resume: some of the new Ministries, the formation of which was suggested by immediate national urgency, were harmless and necessary enough. Such, for example, was the Ministry of Margarine, the head of which presided over a Board of Synthetic Experts; or the Pork Board, directed by the Minister of the Piggeries. But after a while the founding of new Departments seemed to be no longer dictated by utilitarian or business motives, but by the desire of mere multiplication, as though some special credit attached to State intervention in and control of as many fields of human activity as possible.

Thus there came into existence the Ministry of Fiction, the aim of which was avowedly to harness imagination to the service of the State, to issue licences to writers and to provide them with suitable themes for the exercise of their talent. This was a most laudable notion in the abstract, but the attempt to carry it out led to the famous strike of the novelists, which was only settled, after much effusion of ink, by a compromise, in which the Minister of Fiction was forbidden himself to publish novels, and his Advisory Board was elected by the votes of writers with a certified circulation of at least fifty thousand copies per volume. On these terms the Rev. H. G. Wells, who had accepted the post of Minister, resigned his office and things went on very much as usual.

The Ministry of Millinery, formed to discourage undue extravagance in dress, was in existence for six weeks and only cost the country about half a million pounds sterling. Its fall was precipitated by the patriotic but perhaps injudicious attempt of the Minister to enforce the universal adoption of a standardised suit of papier-maché—a material in the manufacture of which he took a deep personal interest—in the month of February.

Then there was the Ministry of Patriotic Psychology, employing a staff of six thousand brilliant journalists, under the direction of a great newspaper proprietor, the aim being "to mobilize the sympathies and antipathies of mass opinion in the interests of the Government." Their efforts were so successful that a Ministry of Conciliation had very shortly to be established with a view to counteract the influence of the six thousand, to tranquillize public opinion and compose the constant friction and collisions which arose.

Mary. I am getting rather tired of all these old Ministries. Can't we get on to something more interesting?

Mrs. M. Your impatience does not surprise me, and I will try to finish the subject as quickly as I can. In the old days the distinction between the Government and the governed was broad and clear. Under the "Ministry of all the Ministries" it had largely disappeared. Not one man in ten thousand could have given a list of Ministers and their functions, and the same was true of the Ministers themselves. Many of them did not know each other by sight, and when they did were not on speaking terms. So finally the Government had to appoint a special Minister of Ministries, whose duty was to answer questions in the House about the new Departments, what their powers were and by whom they were appointed. As the Minister in question seldom knew or was allowed to state who was responsible for the appointment, was discreetly vague in defining the powers of the new Ministers, and could never give a better reason for their selection than that they were "believed to be better qualified for the post than anyone else," the questions on the subject became so numerous as to threaten to occupy the whole time of Parliament. Ultimately, by the joining together of some Departments and the suppression of others, the number of Ministries was reduced successively to 150, 100, 75 and ultimately to 22.

THE BATTLE OF BUNNINNADDEN.

[According to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the Sinn Feiners have taken over two hundred acres of grazing land in Sligo, disregarding the objections of owners. PHIBBS DOOBEG, near Bunninnadden, refused to give them any land, and trouble is expected in the district.]

MUCH have I mused on men of old
Who wrote their names on Memory's pages,
Unflinching heroes, uncontrolled
By the nice precepts of the sages,
Who never failed when *rebus in angustis*
To stand foursquare for Freedom and for Justice.

And of this breed I hail DOOBEG,
Who cared not, though the odds were fearful,
But stuck it bravely out, good egg,
Scorning the counsel of the tearful,
And utterly refused to give his acres
Into the hands of traitors and law-breakers.

And then, O Phœbus! what a name
And what a place too, Bunninnadden,
To fill the sounding trump of Fame
And with its inspiration madden
To rarest ecstasy the living lyre
And set the fat a-fizzling in the fire.

While others made no show of fight,
But meekly, weakly, knuckled under,
PHIBBS, standing firm upon his right,
Defied the advocates of plunder,
Staunchly resolved at any cost to quash
The tyrannous edict of the Celto-Bosch.

The issue still remains in doubt;
But whether PHIBBS should keep his end up
Or be o'erwhelmed and driven out
And Fate unkind his number send up,
Yet still the name and deed our hearts shall gladden
Of PHIBBS DOOBEG, the Boy of Bunninnadden.

"Sir Lewis Allenby is not likely to miss any chance of punishing the enemy in front of him."—*Westminster Gazette.*

This distinguished officer, who must not be confused with his namesake, Sir EDMUND, the captor of Jericho, began his career in the well-known West-end firm of Messrs. DOUGLAS and HAIG.



Instructor (to man about to point). "AT THE THROAT AND STOMACH. AS YOU WERE. BETTER LEAVE HIS STOMACH ALONE A BIT—IT'S GETTING WORN OUT."

CIVIL SERVICE.

"TALKING of narrer squeaks," said Sergeant Buttle, "the narrerest as ever I had by a long chalk was out at Passchendaele, back in the Autumn. You remember that bit o' rising ground where you was hit, Sir? Well, when we went into the line again a fortnight later, the Bosch had got that bit back, which, seeing the trouble we'd had over it, was annoying. The orders to the Brigade was, 'You took it before, and you must take it again.' 'As you were,' in a manner of speaking.

"We had a toughish job round them pill-boxes on the right, but after they was took Fritz didn't put up much of a show. You know what he is, Sir, a good fighter from cover, but when it comes to close quarters hoppin' it pretty smart. I took a dozen men forward to see if we couldn't cut off some of them coming out of the pill-boxes, and sure enough, as I scrambled up out of a shell-hole, there was a Bosch not ten yards from me, looking this way and that like a frightened hare. I rests my arms on the rim of the crater and draws a bead on him.

"'Got you, my boy,' thinks I, and I looses off. You'll remember some of my scores for the Company Cup before the War, Sir. I didn't used to drop more than a point or two at six hundred yards as a general rule. But peace is one thing and war's another, and if I didn't go and score a bloomin' miss! Geo, I was angry. I lep up and rushed upon Fritz with my bayonet, feeling like a wild beast, rather overlookin' it wasn't his fault I'd missed him."

"I thought you said you'd had a narrow squeak," I said. "It looks to me almost as if the squeak was Fritz's."

"Wait a moment, Sir. He hadn't had time more than to turn his head when I was on him; but at that moment I put my foot in a hole and come sprawling down at his feet with my rifle bouncing down the hill. 'Your number's up, Buttle,' thinks I to myself, 'and all thro' scoring a miss at eight yards in a good light on a still day.' And then what d'yer think happened? If old Fritz didn't dash forward, help me up, dust me down, and then run and get my rifle and hand it back to me. I never felt such a fool in my life. 'What's yer game?' I sez. 'But anyway you're my prisoner;' and he gives a grin and shuffles off along with one of the men what I was sending back to report.

"We had a discussion in the evening about that man. The Sergeant-Major said that Fritz had just come to the conclusion that it was high time the War was over, so far as he was concerned, like a good many of his pals had. Young Thompson, what I'd had to dress down that morning, said Fritz had very likely mistook me for the KAISER; but I don't think he meant me to hear it.

"Well, the next day when we went back blowed if I didn't see the very man in one of the cages. I gets hold of an interpreter and explains about it to him and gets him to ask Fritz why he acted as he did; and you wouldn't guess the answer in a hundred years. It seems that in private life that man was an attendant at a skating-rink in Berlin, and he done it just from habit."

War-Fare.

"—— & ——, LTD.,
CATERERS, CONFECTIONERS & BREAD BAKERS.
UNBREAKABLE ENGLISH NOVELTIES."
Provincial Paper.

"Lost, a Cockatoo, the 18th, good reward."
Australian Paper.

After such a run of bad luck why not try keeping a canary instead?

"During extraordinary scenes in Ennis yesterday, when a large number of prisoners were charged with cattle driving and intimidation, the magistrates ordered the court to be cleared. The prisoners also left and could not be found."—*Irish Independent.*

Mr. DUKE has been greatly encouraged by this example of prompt obedience to a magisterial decree.



EVERYONE A FOOD-CONTROLLER.

First Lady (in tramcar after two hours in the queue). "Did yer see that food-'og in the check coat and skirt wiv a 'alf-pound of margarine in each pocket?" *Second Lady.* "Why, yes—I pinched one." *First Lady.* "So did I!"

THE COOKERS.

A Song of the Transport.

The Officers' kit and the long low limbers,
The Maltese cart and the mules go by
With a sparkle of paint and speckless timbers,
With a glitter of steel to catch the eye;
But the things I like are the four black chimneys
And the smoke-tails scattering down the wind,
For these are the Cookers, the Company Cookers,
The cosy old Cookers that crawl behind.

The Company Cooks are mired and messy,
Their cheeks are black but their boots are not;
The Colonel says they must be more dressy,
And the General says he'll have them shot;
They hang their packs on the four black chimneys,
They're a grubby disgrace, but *we* don't mind
As long as the Cookers, the jolly black Cookers,
The filthy old Cookers are close behind.

For it's only the Cooks can make us perky
When the road is rainy and cold and steep,
When the songs die down and the step gets jerky,
And the Adjutant's horse is fast asleep;
And it's bad to look back for the four black chimneys
But never a feather of smoke to find,
For it means that the Cookers, the crazy old Cookers,
The rickety Cookers are *ditched* behind.

The Company Cook is no great fighter
And there's never a medal for *him* to wear,
Though he camps in the shell-swept waste, poor blighter,
And many a cook has "copped it" there;
But the boys go over on beans and bacon,
And Tommy is best when Tommy has dined,
So here's to the Cookers, the plucky old Cookers,
And the sooty old Cooks that waddle behind. A. P. H.

To the Memory of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson.

Mr. Punch would like to give further publicity to an appeal for the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, in memory of the late Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, who founded it in 1866. In recognition of Mrs. Anderson's work on behalf of women—it was she who pioneered the women's medical movement and won for them a professional status—this appeal is made in particular to all women who are earning their own living in whatever profession or occupation.

The War has greatly enlarged the scope and needs of the New Hospital for Women, which receives the overflow of patients from other hospitals that have been taken over for military purposes. It is hoped that funds may be raised for the endowment of fifty new beds, at a cost of £1,000 each. H.R.H. Princess Louise has consented to preside at a meeting of the Appeal Committee to be held at the Hospital on March 14th. Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the Appeal Fund, Lady Hall, at the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, N.W.1.

The Refinement of Cruelty.

"Herr Dittmann, Independent Socialist Member of the Reichstag, has been sentenced by court martial for attempted high treason to five years' refinement in a fortress."—*Evening Paper.*

"Lord Rhondda will shortly issue an order prohibiting the use of eggs for any other purposes than human food."—*Daily Paper.*

"Tragedian" writes to ask why such an order was not issued years ago.

"The relegation of the older and slower ways of construction to the Greek Kalends (which for months on end dislocated pedestrian and vehicular traffic) will be welcomed by all lovers of progress."
Provincial Paper.

Just like the Greek Kalends. They always keep people waiting.



A PRICKLY PROBLEM.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 18th.—In view of a possible "crisis," Members listened with ill-concealed impatience to the usual string of trivial Questions. Scottish Members, however, were aroused when Mr. Gulland was informed that the Board of Trade could not amend the Motor Spirit Order in order to allow motor-car owners to drive to church. You may still take a taxi to the theatre, but that, according to Mr. Wardle, is quite a different matter. It is presumed that he was referring to the fact that attendance at divine worship brings no grist to the revenue; but the rumour that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to remove this anomaly, is contemplating the extension of the entertainment-tax to churches and chapels—the amount to vary inversely with the length of the sermon—has not yet been confirmed.



A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

Mr. Faber was requested to postpone his demand for a specific statement as to how far our military chiefs approved of the recent decisions at Versailles. Sir Henry Dalziel was more fortunate. With that passion for accuracy that characterises the Prime Minister's journalistic cronies he inquired whether there was any foundation for the rumour that Sir William Robertson had accepted an important military post. The Leader of the House, with a satisfaction that he did not attempt to conceal, admitted that there was: Sir William Robertson had that day accepted the Eastern Command.

This Command is not to be despised. Commonly regarded as a feather-bed for weary warriors it has proved a spring-mattress for Sir Henry Wilson, who leapt from it to his present post of Chief of the Imperial Staff. May it preserve its resilience.

Tuesday, February 19th.—It is no disparagement to the many eminent orators in the House of Lords to say that not one of them could have attracted such an audience as filled the Chamber this afternoon. Peers and Peeresses, Commoners and journalists, had all come to see one slender boy, whose ducal robes barely concealed the nobler khaki beneath, take his place among our hereditary legislators.

As a soldier who has already seen service on two Fronts the Prince of Wales might, if he had chosen, have told the Peers what the Army thinks about the Robertson imbroglio, though not, of course, in the exact language which I understand is employed in the trenches. But he was content to listen from his grandfather's old place on the cross-benches while Lord Derby endeavoured to explain why the Government had parted with the Chief of the Imperial Staff. It is hard to say whether their Lordships were convinced. As Lord Midleton expressed a desire for a Secret Session it may be inferred that he would have liked to use language unfit for publication.

In the House of Commons the Prime Minister was simultaneously engaged in the same task as Lord Derby, but with greater success. Mr. Lloyd George has no equal in the art of persuading an audience to share his faith in himself.

Wednesday, February 20th.—Dublin, according to Mr. Byrne, is suffering acutely through the recent order prohibiting the manufacture of ice-cream. Unfortunately Mr. Clynes was unable to promise any relief, and it is felt that the difficulty of preventing the atmosphere of the Convention from becoming unduly heated has been materially increased.

Although the Palace of Westminster is constitutionally outside the jurisdiction of the Food-Controller, both branches of the Legislature have patriotically decided to adopt the rationing scheme and to become Houses of Short Commons. In the Lower Chamber the Kitchen Committee will insist upon carnivorous Members producing their coupons, if their wives will let them; while in the Upper all days will be meatless days.

The House listened with keen appreciation while Mr. Macpherson described the multifarious activities of the War Office. It is now the biggest textile manufacturer in the world, and has made enough khaki to put a girdle round the earth six or seven times over. It uses quinine by the ton and cotton-wool by the thousand tons, while the steel that used to go to the manufacture of jam-tins (now replaced by wood-pulp cartons) would have sufficed to build a 3,000-ton ship every year. An extract from an officer's letter describing the fighting in Palestine, including a cavalry-charge not less heroic and much more fruitful than that of the Six Hundred, was an effective interlude in a speech which fully merited the praise that it received from all quarters. Mr. Tennant wistfully recalled the days when he sat in Mr. Macpherson's place, and was not allowed nearly the same latitude.

Thursday, February 21st.—In presenting for the first time the estimates for the Air Force, Major Baird made a speech which Mr. Pemberton Billing characterised as "nonsense," and which therefore needs no further testimonial.

The gist of the reply to Sir Charles Henry's inquiry whether the food-restrictions would apply to domestic produce was that, if you consume your little boy's pet rabbit, it will be counted as part of the meat-ration, but if you act upon Mrs. Glasse's instructions and



Little Girl. "Mummy, you won't ask me to go and stand in that queue at the butcher's, will you? They've let such a lot of people in, one by one, through a little door in the shutter and I haven't seen anybody come out."

"first catch your hare," the capture will be out of the jurisdiction of the Food-Controller. Lest this *dictum* should lead to a regrettable increase of poaching among our law-makers, Mr. Clynes hastily added that the arrangement was only provisional.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

This is a warning to all parents, and in particular to those who have expectations from wealthy but nervous relatives. It applies also to all times, but in particular to those nights when the moon is more or less full.

Perhaps I shall best achieve my purpose if I narrate the tragic experience under which my wife and family, to say nothing of myself, have lost the interest of my wife's Aunt Letty. The calamity occurred last week, when dear Aunt Letty was paying a daylight visit before hastening back to the comparative security of Oatlands Park, where, since one of the early raids scared her nearly to death, she has resided. It happens that our house is at the moment blessed by, in addition to its regular normal occupants, the presence of my son Roderick, whom an epidemic of mumps has driven back to a home circle which parted from him at the end of the Christmas holidays without any regret whatever. Other parents will, I am sure, bear me out when I say that a healthy boy who is at home when he ought to be at school comes nearer manifesting the condition of perpetual restlessness than anything on earth, a fox-hound's tail not excluded.

But I make the story too long. Enough to say that I left the house after lunch on the best possible terms with Aunt Letty, and walked to the Club, perfectly secure in my mind that certain little benefactions from her (not to be disregarded in war-time) were bound to materialise; and that I returned before dinner to find that she had left, with palpitations of the heart, in a rage that nothing was likely ever to moderate, vowing that no persuasion would ever get her under my roof again.

And the cause? The cause was a packet of parlour fireworks with which Roderick had been experimenting, entitled "The Dragon's Breath," the directions for the proper exploitation of which I will now copy from a printed slip: "To show the effect of The Dragon's Breath place one teaspoonful of the powder in a tube and say nothing about it, then walk carelessly toward a naked gas flame or lighted candle and, while your friends are thinking about matters far removed from Dragons, put the tube stealthily to your mouth, point it towards the flame and blow a strong and sudden blast of air into the tube. The effect will be extremely startling, as a stream of fire will be produced reaching half across the room, and before they have time to see anything everything will be the same as before and the tube can be secreted again. *Note*—Be careful not to point the tube towards any person, but direct it rather to a vacant part of the room, to avoid any chance of accident." What had happened was that Roderick, in his zeal as a practical joker, had pointed the tube towards Aunt Letty.

To all you parents, then, and especially to those who have their boys on their hands at this moment—a pathetically numerous class—I say, beware of The Dragon's Breath.



Extract from letter of conscientious householder in reply to appeal. "Dear Sir,—I regret deeply that I am unable to contribute to your noble cause, but my local hospital has lately been making heavy claims upon me."

WILLIAM'S GADGET;

Or, Etiquette and Electricity.

Every morning for the last two weeks William has walked out of the hospital with me at 11 a.m., wearing on his left side what the nurses call a splint, but he, with a surer grasp of technical terminology, prefers to describe as a gadget. It consists of a kind of semi-circular straight-waistcoat made of japanned tin and nicely padded with felt; it keeps the left elbow of William at the same elevation as his left shoulder by means of a small tray projecting to the flank on a metal strut; another small tray projecting in front supports William's left hand. The machine is fastened on to William by means of three broad bands of white webbing. Removed from William it looks a little like a portion of an outrigger, but still more like the left-hand side of a dentist's chair. It is on the little tray in front, you see, that the glass of tepid water would be placed if it were really a dentist's chair. It is on the other little tray—exactly, yes.

William does not like his gadget. He says (*a*) that he can't light his pipe in it; (*b*) that he feels like a half-opened tin of Maconachie ration.

In answer to these two points I have advanced two considerations—(1) that I can easily use all the matches the pair of us are able to buy, and (2) that, anyhow, Maconachie rations are better than meatless days. Besides, we all like watching William being interned in his great-coat every morning and having it removed from him at night. The operation requires two nurses. One of them holds William firmly by the head, whilst the other carefully draws the tarpaulin envelope over the metal frame. It is a curious and instructive spectacle, the taking down and reassembling of William.

At 2.30 p.m., having partaken of lunch, William returns to the hospital by himself for massage, and it appears that this journey is another tribulation to him. Strung out over a distance of three-quarters of a mile he encounters a matter of seven hundred other ranks of all regiments in twos and threes who have finished their dinner and are now leaving the hospital. Dogged pertinacity shines on every face. They are going to see the pictures. All of them wear red ties, but unfortunately for William they are not all Socialists. They salute him, and he has to answer their salutes.

The other evening at 9 p.m., having been extricated from his great coat and his gadget, he came over to my bed to complain.

"How many times do you suppose I have had to lift my right arm between 'The Blue Boar' and the hospital?" he asked, sitting down wearily on my toes.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said. "Were you carrying any refreshments on the little tray in front?"

"Two hundred and fifty three salutes," he cried wrathfully, putting a pillow over my face; "and nearly every one of them smiled. Do they suppose I'm wearing the thing for fun?"

"Probably they think it's the combined body-shield and rifle rest that is being sold so much just now," I replied, removing the gas-mask, "or else the One-man Tank."

"What would you do if you were in my place?" he said.

"First of all I should get up off my toes—I mean off yours," I answered, "and then——"

"And what happens when I get to the massage-room?" he went on, paying no attention to my advice. "To begin with, they take off my gadget and put my arm into a little china bath with two wires attached. They turn on some taps and it tickles. I sit there wriggling and laughing and saying, 'Don't, please don't,' for about half-an-hour. Then I move on to another electrical which-was-it, and they pull a lever and dab me all over with a little pad like an orderly-room stamp for letters——"

"If I were censoring you," I began——

"Do shut up," said William. "After that they squirt hot air at me with a thing that's called radial heat. Then I get hand massage; then I am thoroughly slapped——"

"You probably did something to deserve it——"

"And then my arm is twisted about in a most Hunnish manner for about ten minutes until it's time for tea. I tell you I've had enough of it. This afternoon I spoke to the doctor. I made a brilliant and original suggestion to him. I said I wanted an entirely new gadget, one to fit on my right-hand side and support my right elbow and right hand."

"What did he do?" I asked, feeling a little more interested. "Send for your temperature chart?"

"He asked me what the deuce I meant, and I told him. I said that if I could have a gadget on my right arm I should be obliged to salute with my left, and if I took salutes with my left arm all the way between lunch and the hospital I should get exactly the same remedial exercise for my left-arm muscles as I now derive from being tapped and hauled about and galvanised with his beastly machinery. And what is more, it would save voltage. I told him that Lord Rhondda says we are short of volts."

"And what did he say to that?" I asked.

"He was rather curt with me," said William. "He said I was a grumbler. He said I had much better wear gadgets on both my arms and so save the trouble of saluting at all. He said there were lots of worse gadgets than mine. He said he had seen one that would keep my arm above my head in the permanent position of a man stopping a bus. He asked me how I should like to wear two of those at once."

"And what did you say to that?" I asked him.

"Kamerad," said William. Evoe.

"Lady would undertake needlework (not fine) for one fowl weekly."—*The Lady.*

But can she do feather-stitching?



"I'll take two ounces of hare; one-and-three-quarters ounces of rabbit; half-ounce of chicken; one-and-a-half ounces of mutton with one sixteenth of bone; two ounces of beef and one ounce of pork; and I'll complete my order at the end of the week."

An Offal Bad Outlook.

Who can the heartless ox recall
 To still the people's cry for meat?
His heart adorns the butcher's stall,
 Where is the breast where once it beat?

Her caudal limb we do not miss
 (Alas! too widely queues prevail),
But what we want to know is this:
 Where is the cow that swished the tail?

"Of course, we shall be met with that most foolish of all proverbs, when wrongly applied, on the 'swapping horses' when in mid-stream. What else are you to do when the stream has to be crossed somehow and your mount is bucking and shying on the bank?"—*The Globe.*

But, as another proverb, when wrongly quoted, says: "You may take a horse to the bank, but that doesn't get him to mid-stream."

"America, Mesopotamia, and Arabia are not to remain under Turkish rule."

Church Family Newspaper.

President Wilson *will* be relieved.

"Wanted, in February or March, a small Country (unfur.), within 40 miles of London; low rental."—*Daily Paper.*

Can you guess the advertiser?
'Tis undoubtedly the ——

A simple young man of Herne Bay
Had never heard tell of "Tay Pay";
 But the impact was such
 When they came into touch
That he gave up all fats from that day.

"The shipping firm of Messrs. John —— and Sons has been since about 1880 engaged in the Mersey and Mediterranean trade, in the early days being known as the 'Z' Line, from the fact that the names of all the vessels engaged in the service commenced with R."

Kingsbridge Journal.

They needn't really have given a reason.

THE CRIMINALS.

The scene of the drama which I am about to unfold was a certain London hotel, and the time was the eve of a meatless day. We were five in number—all men—and we sat down to the dinner-table with the hunger that a meatless day engenders, but with little of that agreeable anticipation which empty carnivora enjoy. For although on meatless days there is often more to eat than usual it neither fills nor sustains, and most assuredly it does not excite.

With the assistance of conversation, nonsense and the juice of the grape we got through the first two or three courses, in which fish and eggs and vegetables played their monotonous part; and then came a dish which caused each of us to glance furtively at his neighbour's plate, to see if it were an accident or if he had some too. Could it be true? our eyes inquired as they met in wild surmise. Could there be a substitute for bacon as exact as this, or was it the identical goods? It was. Beyond all doubt we were doing that astonishingly infrequent thing: eating bacon, beautiful adorable bacon, the authentic flesh of the authentic pig!

Naturally the talk at once turned to the question, "What is meat?" and all kinds of dialectical skill and ingenuity were brought to bear upon the theme. "Meat," said one, "is solely that kind of meat which butchers sell—beef, mutton, veal. The 'flesh of swine, however fine,' is not meat within the meaning of the Act." Another held that the only meat which is not meat is that of birds—poultry and game. It was, however, generally agreed that, whatever was not meat, anything appertaining to cattle most certainly was.

Judge of our dismay and delight when the waiter brought the next course, and we were again rapt away into an incredible Elysium; for the basis of this dish was tongue, indisputable tongue, and, so far as my own portion was concerned, tongue at its best—that part of the light and tender tip with which the ox says its wittiest things.

With so palpable a contradiction before us of all the decisions which we had reached, we gave up the discussion; and I made a private note of this hotel as a place to remember when Tuesdays and Fridays seem to be coming round too often or (as I shall certainly do) I lose my meat-card. And then this most satisfactory and stimulating of recent meals having come to an end, we moved to another room and forgot about it in the fumes of tobacco. The thought of guilt, even if it ever crossed our minds, vanished. Besides, if any one was to blame it was obviously the landlord.

That was last Tuesday. This morning (Friday) I have a very different feeling, and I am sure that those other four malefactors will also be trembling if they too read *The Times*. For look at the subjoined cutting:—

"Meat on a Meatless Day.

Mrs. Eugenie Hardman, of the Hoe Mansions Hotel, was charged at Plymouth yesterday with serving bacon and sausages on a meatless day, and ten of the guests at the hotel were summoned for consuming the meat. For the defence it was pleaded that bacon and sausages were not meat for certain purposes, and that Mrs. Hardiman had been misled by a newspaper article. Mrs. Hardman was fined 20s. on this charge and 10s. for not keeping a proper register, and nine of the guests were fined 10s. each."

And it isn't as if ten-shilling notes grew on every tree.

EARTHED.

Ay, 'tis a wold-fashioned akkud sort of baath, an' it 's bin here a good long while—well, fowerty years or thereabouts. But if so be as you 'm meanin' to have wan o' they porc'l'in beauties put in and gives *me* the job o' doin' it, I 'll take thissen offen your hands an' make you an allowance for 'n. Sir? Well, us bain't a-goin' to quarr'l about that; an' this yere baath is wan as I 'd like to have i' my own parlour, fer to show to visitors, bein' as it 's got a partic'lar hist'ry belongin' to 't.

You see, 'tis the way wi' these aowd man'r 'ouses to be close up agin the church—as that there dissentin' chap Benjamin Eden, as were 'alf suspicioned by the par'sh of votin' Radical i' the 'lection of '95, wanst put it, "Church an' Staate be allus thick as thieves thegither." But thissen, you see, is banked up bang under agin the churchyard, so 's you c'd step straaight out o' this yere bathroom winder an' take a short cut to church, if you 'd a-minded, 'stead o' goin' downstairs an' trapesin' round the drive, which is seemlier 'owever. Aowd Mrs. Belcher tried it to-wunst, not long arter this winder were put in; but 'er got stuck till Mas'r 'Erbert, as were clerk in them days, come out at chancel door to see who 'twas a-spilin' the Te Deum wi' 'er 'ollerin'. So 'er wuz laate arter all.

Aowd Squire Belcher 'ad the winder put in as a sort of a safety-valve, along o' the story I 'm a-goin' to tell you. There 'adn't used to be nobbut tother winder, which nobody cuddn't get out on, as you may see for yourself.

Squire Belcher were a aowd-fashioned gen'elman an' dead set agen praper 'ot-waater baaths, which wuz fire-bran-new at that time. 'E 'oodn't 'ave none put in on the estaate, an' 'a fell foul o' the matter even wi' Miss Tyack, as rented Tudor 'Ouse offen 'un, an' were a 'ooman as 'e respecked fer the 'ardest-ridin' female i' the Mid-Mercian 'Unt.

"If *yeou* aren't got no sort o' use, Squire, arter a day's 'untin', fer adloosh'ns ab lib.," 'er says (George Hyatt, as were 'untsman, over'eard she say it), "I 'ave," 'er says. "I doan't sit down to my dinner 'ithout I baaths," 'er says.

"No more doan't I," says Squire. "But you 'm a-do same as you 'm a-doin' of now an' same 's what me an' ivery Christian an' all does. Can't the maaids bring 'ee up all the hot waater as you do want?" 'a says.

"No, Squire," says 'er, very peartlike. "*I* doan't allow of no maaids comin' in when I 'm i' my baath and wants mwore hot waater, an' *yeou* 'adn't ought to neether. I wunner as Mrs. Belcher allows of sich goin's on," 'er says.

Well, Squire Belcher 'e 'ooldn't give in to she ner to no other faddy tenant as waanted baaths put in. An' then, begad, if 'a didn't goo an' 'ave a baath put in 'isself—this 'ere very baath 'twas as is 'ere to-day. 'E called my aowd father, as were i' the plumbin' line afore me, an' 'e egsplains to 'm as the Doctor 'ad swore as there warn't no way for it, if Squire wanted to 'unt the pack another year, but settin' in 'ot waater up to the chin three days a wik, along o' his sufferin' from stiffness o' the jints. Doctor defied 'im to sit i' the saddle else. So, for the sake o' the 'Unt, 'a was agreeable—on'y 'e vowed as 'twere to be kep' secret 'bout him havin' a baath put in, or hout they sh'd arl goo, workmen and maaids, come Lady Day.

Well, now, you 'll agree wi' me as 'twere mortal foolish o' Squire to go fer to make a secret o 's chin-up adloosh'ns, 'specially seein' as 'ow in my aowd father's opinyun Miss Tyack were privy to the hwole affair, 'er bein' a monstrous mishtiful 'ooman and iver so thick wi' th' aowd Doctor. My father *had* used to saay as 'twas she as set he up to 't, and anny road 'twas rather better nur even 'lections on the hwole affair comin' out. Fer you caan't kip no secrets i' Dovedale par'sh, not if you tries iver so.

Well, this yere baath were put in, though Squire kip iffing an' offing, saying as 'e 'd allus believed in gi'in' 'is baath the run of a loose-box like, an' not tyin' o 't up by the yud in a stall—but 'e dursen't gie th' aowd Doctor the go-by 'owever.

An' now the story passes on past births an' buryin's, jyes an' sorr'ws, marryin's an' givin'-i'-marryin's, to



Tommy (home on leave, to engine-driver). "YOU CAN WAIT IF YOU LIKE, BILL, BUT I SHAN'T WANT YOU FOR NINE DAYS."

the next 'untin' season, when one marnin' Squire were that stiff in 's jints as 'e thowt it better to stay at hwome an' have his chin-full, in a manner o' speakin', so 's to be fit next time as houn's met.

But while 'a were havin 's baath, houn's up an' started a fox i' Ditchbury Bottom, an' while 'a were a-simmerin' an' a-simmerin' i' the hot waater, that theer fox were a-leggin' it an' a-leggin' it straaight fer Dovedale. Houn's were close on 's heels, so what does 'a do but double acrost the brook, loup ower the churchyard wall, an', bein' then at 's last gasp, I reckon, spy the winder o' Squire's baathroom, an' nip in at it afore you c'd say "Spud." An' all the houn's in arter 'un an' all, begad! Aie, aie!

Well, then there were a splutter if yeou like! When George Hyatt come up, theer were Squire, 'a said, a-standin' up mother-nakkud in 's baath, red an' steamin', an' a-ravin' an' a-dancin' an' a-damnin' away ninety to the dozen (there warn't niver no stiffness i' the j'ints o 's chops, anny road), an' theer were the maddest tangle o' houn's as iver anny mortal did see in 's life afore, George said.

"Call off the houn's!" yells Squire, so soon as 'e sees George a-peerin' in at the winder. "Call off the houn's, yeou dom' dolt!"

"As if a man cud," said George. 'E cuddn't get in at the winder, an' Squire 'e cuddn't get out o' the door 'ithout lettin' the houn's all through the house, an' 'a dursn't get out o' the baath anny gate, but stud theer a-splashin' an' a-swearin' i' the hot waater, an' flingin' soap, sponge, nail-brushes—ivery mortal thing as 'e c'd lay 's hands on, to keep that theer rampagin' riot o' houn's offen 'un, as was a-breakin' up o' the fox 'ithout anny help i' this world from George.

"Down, Naylor!—Rasper!—Bluebell!" 'e yells (an' a lot more names too what weren't houn's at all), as some o' they comes a-whirlin' into the baath atop of 'un. And 'a starts a-heavin' of 'em off an' tryin' to hurl 'em back through the winder. You niver seed such a sight, George said. 'Twas fer all the world like wan o' they strugglin' shameful 'eathen statues you sees picters of.

An' then next minut the hunt rode up—leastways the hwole first flight, wi' Miss Tyack, as Squire allus admired fer 'er ridin', a-leadin' of 'em.

George Hyatt rushed an' caught a-holt of 'er bridle an' kip' she back, tryin' to egsplain in a delicate an' fittin' manner how 'twere. But 'a might ha' shut 'is chops an' kip' 'is belly warm, fer Squire were a-tellin' all the par'sh what were a-goin' on, all the time, an' be-damned but Miss Tyack—an' 'tis a clear proof to me as 'er 'ad got a holt o' the Squire's secret—jest leaned down from 'er saddle i' the most owdacious an' ondacent manner, like as 'er was a-tryin' to peer in at the winder—ay, an' capable of it too—an' calls out, "Marnin', Squire! I see as you 've a-got a nice baath put in yourself," 'er says.

Well, George Hyatt took 'is oath as 'er *cuddn't* see, but Squire warn't to know that. An' 'e jest bellowed at 'er, "Goo away, you faggit! you gallus female!"—an' then 'a made but wan bound for the door an' out at it, an' the houn's all artar 'un goo-oo-oo—misconceiving some'ow as 'e 'd a-got the fox as they were a-breakin' up, I reckon. I niver did 'ear what 'appened when they come to 's bedroom. W. B.

Food the Real Objective.

"Undoubtedly, one of the aims of the Germans in continuing their advance is to secure buns."—*Daily Dispatch.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

His Job (LANE) starts with the severe handicap of having to live up to the promise of an altogether charming picture-wrapper. While I will not go so far as to say that this promise was wholly fulfilled, there are at least two points upon which I may unreservedly congratulate Mr. HORACE BLEACKLEY—his obvious command both of the inner workings of the dye industry and the intricacies of Lancashire idiom. Indeed, a half-dozen chapters of *His Job* are enough to give the most uninstructed reader a grounding in the mysteries of colour production; while I have seldom met a novelist who seemed so securely at home amid the hazards of dialect. After this introduction do I need to tell you that *His Job* is the managing of the dye business that came to the hero in hereditary succession, when he would emphatically rather have been doing almost anything else? He is one *Ronald Egerton*, plucked untimely from the delights of Harrow and vowed to the uncongenial task of revitalizing a dwindling enterprise. Incidentally we see him snatching such solace as may be found in a love-affair (which comes to nothing) and some mild flirtations with the stars of Manchester pantomime. Eventually, subdued to what he works in, *Ronald* is left, the perfect dyer, heroically refusing the temptations of a combine. Perhaps the obvious moral is susceptible of varied interpretations. There is much careful observation in the story, notably in the relations between *Ronald* and his father; and, as I say, Mr. BLEACKLEY knows his theme. On the whole, however, I should call *His Job* (the title continually tempts me to add "or what a young man did") more interesting as a treatise than entertaining as a romance.



Excited Gentleman. "QUICK! QUICK! THE LIFEBOAT! MY CARD HAS BEEN BLOWN OUT TO SEA!"

The Duchess in Pursuit (MILLS AND BOON) is one of those volumes agreeably made up of a short novel and a cluster of shorter stories. I take it that the reason for this custom is that fiction, like war-bread, is sold by weight, and that, as *The Duchess's* pursuit lasts for less than a couple of hundred pages, Miss I. A. R. WYLIE had to throw five odd pieces into the scales. Anyhow I have rightly called the result agreeable, if only for the impression that it produces of giving full value. It has also the advantage that, if the novel fails to entertain, you have still more than one further chance within the same covers. I am afraid I must go on to say that this latter consolation was needed in the present instance, since I found Miss WYLIE's chief contribution almost too wild for even the best-natured credulity. A widowed and white-haired Duchess, with a "modern" daughter, escapes from Park Lane, dyes her grey hair black, captures the affections of the young poet whom her daughter has just offended, goes to Paris and has amazing adventures with a pair of lovers and a derelict baby, finally ending up by accepting her life-long admirer, and backing herself and him to beat another elderly just-united pair in a grotesque race to England. Frankly the scheme is too preposterous for me to do more than acknowledge the nimbleness of Miss WYLIE's invention. Skim through this, if you have a taste for such fare, and then turn to one of the short stories, called "The Day of Days"; sentimental, I will not deny it, but for charm and delicate artistry this gentle little tale of two old spinsters squandering their last savings on a motor-drive for wounded soldiers easily attains a success that the *Duchess* and her convulsive coterie pursue in vain.

Mr. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO divides his book, *The Scottish Women's Hospital at the French Abbey of Royaumont* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), into two parts, the first of which gives us the history of the Abbey itself, while the second tells us of the noble work which is now being done there. The author has been at infinite pains to collate the records of this historic monastery, and he has told his tale in a style and with a sympathy alike admirable, so that we approach the main subject of his book with a real feeling for the sentiment of the place and the romantic environment of the hospital that is established within the Abbey walls. I have already had the privilege of writing in praise of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and it is a theme which anyone who reads of their wonderful work is glad enough to be allowed to renew. With unfailing tact Mr. DE NAVARRO tells the story of the Hospital at Royaumont (the only one "run entirely by women"), inspiring us with his own assurance that the work done by such devoted women on behalf of such devoted men must be twice blessed. The sorrow of the patients when they have to leave is the best tribute to the kindness and skill that abound to-day in the Abbey. My only regret is that a book so delicately and delightfully written should be burdened by so cumbrous a title.

The three stories that go to the making up of *Cute McCheyne* (CHAMBERS), by J. L. WAUGH, are but slight and unsubstantial things so far as mere plot and incident are concerned. In the first story, indeed, which gives its title to the book, no sooner has Mr. WAUGH laid the foundations of a sound and interesting (if somewhat old-fashioned) plot, than, hey-presto, he whisks it away and leaves the reader foiled and gasping. This is not to say that Mr. WAUGH has not a pretty gift for narrative by dialogue. He has that and something more. He can tell a simple tale in a simple and straightforward manner, and if he uses sentiment he does so with discretion. But his chief merit—in my eyes at least—is his delightful employment of the Doric, the Scottish dialect that binds Scotsmen together all the world over. In this point Mr. WAUGH is unsurpassable. His dialect is the authentic stuff, crisp and forcible and redolent of the soil on which his characters are bred. Having read *Cute McCheyne* I feel that I could pass an examination in the vernacular, for I know the meaning of "kenspeckle," "fremit," "jalouse" (as a verb), "the haill rick-ma-tic," and many another bit of Scots, for which and for his stories I am grateful to Mr. WAUGH.

"CAILLAUX'S SAFE," says a newspaper heading. Without wishing to prejudice the result of his trial, we do not endorse this forecast.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW list of essential occupations is about to be issued by the Government, and many people are wondering whether eating is to be included.

* * *

With reference to the statement of the *Vossische Zeitung*, that Germany is preparing for another war, we suggest that if Germany knows of a better war she can go to it.

* * *

A wireless message reports that German troops at Dubno have captured 876 guns, 436 officers and 8,000 men. This bears out the recent statement of M. TROTSKY that Russia is demobilising.

* * *

According to a Petrograd message the Germans are advancing towards the capital in small bands. This is the formation in which in earlier days they used to terrorise the English country-side.

* * *

A piper preceded the bride at an Edinburgh wedding last week, but the gallant couple nevertheless insisted on going through with the ceremony.

* * *

In his evidence before the Select Committee on Premium Bonds, the Chief Constable of Manchester told of a workman who purchased a piano because it filled a recess in his room. "Tired Father" writes to say that the workman is to be congratulated upon discovering so harmless a use for a piano.

* * *

Silver sugar-cases for the waistcoat pocket are among the latest novelties. We understand that there is now being placed on the market a smaller but quite artistic little case, to be worn on the watch-chain, for carrying home the week-end joint.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to say that the capture of German prisoners of war in this country still keeps pace with the escapes.

* * *

Last week an enterprising City gentleman, not wanting to use his meat-ration card at lunch, ordered a steak and kidney pie.

* * *

A German report points out that General OTTO VON BELOW has been asked to direct the operations against the British front. It is supposed that in some way or another he has offended the KAISER.

* * *

Higher omnibus fares are hinted at. Nevertheless a large proportion of the L.G.O.'s patrons will continue to ride on foot.

* * *

The S.P.C.A. are asking that all possible publicity should be given to the case of the munition worker who was recently fined ten pounds for going away on a week's holiday and leaving the cheese locked up in the house.

* * *

A bittern is reported to have been shot near Windsor. Provision-dealers declare that there is always a boom in this class of bird.

* * *

The report that a poster seventy-five feet by forty-five feet, painted by Mr. BERT THOMAS, is to be exhibited outside the National Gallery instead of inside, has revived the question as to whether that institution is really moving with the times.

* * *

It has been urged that there ought to be an increase of the Government's contribution to the upkeep of lunatics in Ireland. The Ministry protests that it is already doing its best.

* * *

A baby otter is among the latest additions to the Zoo, where he has created a most favourable impression by offering his meat-coupons to a grown-up lion.

* * *

Two men have been charged at Deal with stealing a thirty-six gallon cask of Government ale. It is not known what they wanted it for.



LIFE'S LITTLE COMPENSATIONS.

Smith (arrived in country on week-end visit to family). "WHAT CHANGE AFTER STANDING ALL THE MORNING IN LONDON WAITING IN MEAT-QUEUE!"

Our Veterans.

"Arthur —— was charged with being a deserter from the Navy. He admitted this, but stated that he had been in the merchant service since 915. . . . He had done a little bit more than the average naval man."

Express and Echo (Exeter).

"Gunner —— went to France in February, 1015, and took part in the battles of Fleurbaix, St. Julien, Festubert, and Givenchy."—*Kingston Daily Standard (Canada).*

"The price of fat cattle was fixed at 74s. per cwt. in September, with a downward scale, until it got to 0s. in January, when the Food-Controller was told there would be no beef in January, as it could not be produced at the price."

The Farmer and Stockbreeder.

Our farmers' altruism is notorious, but it has its limits.

Notice received from a railway company:—

"I beg to advise you that a rabbit addressed to you has been received at this station, and is held at the Owner's risk and expense . . . If not removed within six months from the date of this notice Rabbit will be sold."

Intending purchasers are recommended to queue up at once.

"NO WONDER FOOD IS SHORT!—For every 100 blankets produced in a normal year before the war, 250 are now purchased by the War Office."—*Sunday Paper.*

And now our grocer announces "No blankets."

"Reuter's correspondent at Italian Headquarters describes the magnificent spectacle of British troops marching through Italy. They are equipped with a great number of guns and accompanied by endless lines of lorries, carts, pontoons, and other accessories of the complete army.

and 4s. 6d."—*Nelson Colonist (New Zealand).*

Even at the present rate of Italian exchange we are afraid this sum will hardly suffice for a prolonged campaign.

"EASY FRUIT"

AND A HARD NUT.

O HOW loud the sabres rattle,
  O how bravely flash the swords,
When your Bosches meet in battle
  Russia's unresisting hordes!
Woe betide the wretched laggards
  On the fringes of the fray
When the Red Guards fly the Blackguards
  After pouching German pay,
And you follow by the railroad, finding nothing in the way.

Then indeed your glorious mettle
  Shows you made of martial stuff,
When the prey on which you settle
  Hasn't strength to cry, "Enough!"
Thus were laid those deathless laurels
  On the headpiece of the Hun
When you downed, in easy quarrels,
  Helpless folk that had to run,
When you wolfed the little nations with the odds at ten to one.

But where you have met your equals,
  Gun for gun and man for man,
We have noticed other sequels—
  It was always you that ran;
With the fighting chances level
  You assume a chastened air,
Lift your foul hands like the Devil
  When he's sick and takes to prayer,
And it's "Kamerad, kindly put me in a cage and keep me there!"

Flushed with triumphs cheap and shoddy
  Wrung from LENIN'S rabble crew,
You may tell your Teuton God he
  Merits well of WILLIAM Two;
But the West—ah, there we hold you!
  There, when next we come to grips,
Lies the issue which shall fold you
  In the night of noon's eclipse,
With your favourite cry, "*Væ Victis*," in your ears and not your lips!
O. S.

THE TROTSKY TOUCH.

I MET him in a large café with a fantastic ceiling, a favourite resort of Bohemians and other hair-hoarders. He was a little man, dressed in dark shabby clothes, and the fierce light in his eyes was faintly reflected on his elbows and knees. He had a soft felt hat on his head and a good deal of camouflage on his chin. He told me that he had recently come from Russia, and had spent some time in Finland disguised as a Swede. I was not surprised to hear it. He looked to me the kind of man who could have deceived anyone by pretending to be a mangel-wurzel. He tried to tell me the name of his native town, and when he had finished and felt better he became eloquent.

"Over here you talk a great deal of the Bolshevist movement," he cried; "but what do you know of its emotional expression, the glory of its contributions to Art?"

"Our Press has always tried to hide the worst," I said.

"The ineffable poetry," he went on, "the unspeakable painting it has produced, which, alas, are only too likely to be lost to the world!"

"Tell me a few of the ringleaders," I murmured.

"Runoff is the TYRTÆUS, if I may say it, of the uprising. I wish I could quote his poems to you in their entirety. He published them by wireless and I translated them myself. What do you think of this from his *Day of Deliverance?*

'In the distance is the thunder of the enemy's guns,
Freedom is at hand.
My bayonet is beside me, there is plenty of vodka;
The night is starless,
I am on guard.
But whom am I guarding?
I am guarding the Chief of the General Staff, the A.D.M.S. and the Army Commanders;
The Soviet has imprisoned them,
They die at dawn.
In the distance are the flashes of the enemy's guns;
I have lost my bayonet, I have finished the vodka;
The night is starless,
But to-morrow is Dawn!'"

"Stupendous, little great-nephew!" I shouted, fired by his enthusiasm. He continued to croon:—

"'The enemy are upon us with bayonets and with bombs,
The wire is na poo.
All around me are horrible explosions;
The parapet and the parados are broken to pieces;
But I am firm.
Imperturbably, indomitably
With arms outstretched I walk into No Man's Land;
Exhibiting my leaflets
I fraternise.'"

"Are they all war poems?" I asked after a short pause. "Are there no songs of life and love, little steppe-son?"

"Are there not?" he said. "Listen to this:—

'Yesterday evening the frogs barked, the nightingales sang,
Everything was joyful, I sang and barked too;
To-day it is raining, the samovar is cold,
I will go into the garden and eat worms.'

And this:—

'Sometimes when I look at Givushka
I know that I love her;
Sometimes when I look at Givushka
My heart is filled with hate.
It is something about the way that she does her hair.
Or else her clothes.'"

"Incredible!" I cried. "And what about the colour barrage?"

"It is almost impossible to describe," said the little man. The pioneers of the new movement called themselves the Centrifugals, and I suppose Yelovski is the best. There was always a little crowd round his 'Butter Queue.' The colour motive was bright saffron, and to symbolise their mental stress all the figures were standing on their heads.

"And how do you think the emptiness of the grocer's shop was portrayed? Simply a large square hole cut in the canvas. And you should have seen 'The Exploded Mine.' The whole canvas had been removed, cut up into irregular pieces with a pair of scissors, and pasted fanwise on the wall over the top of the frame. And then there was Scratchovitch's 'The Offensive.' It was sketched during a spinning nose dive. The confusion was indescribable. The chiaroscuro was magnificent. It was impossible to tell a salient from a re-entrant. The whole bloodscape seemed to leap out of the canvas and hit you in the face."

"It would," I said faintly. "Were there any portraits?"

"There was one of TROTSKY, by his greatest friend, Thatchov. The face was hexagonal, and there was one large single eye in the middle of it, partially closed. The nose, with a fore-finger touching it, was on the right-hand side; but of the mouth, the mouth which has issued so many manifestos and ultimatums, nothing could be seen."

"And why was that?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "it was at the back of his neck."

To conceal my emotion I rose and paid my score.

"And your friend?" asked the waiter.

I turned round. The little man was gone. EVOE.



THE IMPERIAL BAGMAN'S JOY RIDE.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

VIII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXX.

(concluded).

Richard. Was not the potato discovered in this reign, Mamma?

Mrs. M. Not exactly, my dear boy, though a second Sir Walter Raleigh flourished in these times. But undoubtedly the potato attained to great importance owing to the shortage of meat supplies and the variety of purposes to which it was turned. Flower-gardens were dug up and potatoes were planted everywhere. More than that, a group of influential newspapers devoted their entire energies to the promotion of potato-planting, and the principal proprietor was elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Tuberstock in recognition of his services. Manufactories were established to make paper out of mashed potatoes, and an attempt was made to print books on prepared potato-skins; but this was discouraged as interfering with the food-supply. A rival group of newspapers took up the cause of parsnips with equal energy.

Mary. Oh, Mamma, how could they? I simply hate parsnips.

Mrs. M. My dear child, it is very foolish and ungrateful to speak disrespectfully of any vegetable. The parsnip is unusually rich in what are called "vitamines," or vitally nutritious properties. In the end, however, the two groups of newspapers were amalgamated.

George. I notice, Mamma, that you are always talking of amalgamation. What does it mean?

Mrs. M. I am sorry not to have used a simpler word, but amalgamation, which means joining or mixing together in one composite body, was a special feature of this age. Ultimately all newspapers were amalgamated into one great corporation and editors ceased to exist. Only journalists and proprietors were left. So too with the Government. Coalitions gave place to Amalgamated Ministries, and the Premiership was put into commission; that is to say, the nominal Premier was in reality only the Chairman, without a casting vote, of a Committee. There were Ministries but no Ministers, at least they were not known to the public, and it became very hard to say who were in the Government, as those who were supposed to exercise most power disavowed all personal responsibility.

Richard. Were there no great men, then?

Mrs. M. Oh, yes, there were undoubtedly some very remarkable men, great inventors, men of science and discoverers. Thus, Lord Southmount, the Chairman of the first Amalgamated Premiership, discovered Lord Otterbeck, though some authorities declare that Lord Otterbeck discovered Lord Southmount. Anyhow their personalities and activities became so indistinguishable that they were incorporated under the joint title of Duke of Brockenbourne. Lord Pulpington, again, discovered the true principles of military strategy, and a syndicate of distinguished statesmen rediscovered the existence of the forgotten island of Ireland, which had eluded the attention of the Government under the *alias* of "Sinn Fein." In the domain of literature a number of new epithets were coined or popularised by Sir HAROLD BEGBIE, the great apostle of uplift and unction. When your father comes in to tea we must ask him to read to us Sir HAROLD's famous description of the forehead of Sir OLIVER LODGE, which he compared to the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.



Lady. "WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE TO GET A No. 9?"
Army Doctor (automatically). "PARADE SICK TO-MORROW MORNING."

THE SECRET OF GERMANY'S MAN-POWER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have now at last solved the problem of the hour, and I make haste to adopt my invariable custom of handing on my solution for the benefit of your readers. It has, of course, puzzled them to understand where all the German soldiers come from, or how it is that, at a time when (as is clearly indicated by their advertisements) they are in train to launch an overwhelming offensive in the West, they should also be able to undertake a fresh invasion of Russia. Where, in short, have these soldiers come from who are flooding Russia?

The truth has leaked out. *They are not soldiers at all.*

Though it has more than once been hinted at, the first clear statement of this singular development occurs in an appeal from the Bolshevist Government for the defence of the Revolution, which, they said, must shed its last drop of blood "against the adventurous march of the German capitalists."

So there you have it; it is by a colossal experiment in dilution that the Germans have achieved their concentration against us.

Three pregnant reflections occur to me:—

1. That German exhaustion in man-power must surely be far advanced before the capitalists were combed out *en masse*.

2. That from what I have seen of German plutocrats they would be a fine sight on a forced march.

3. That this is a war of exhaustion, and so I hope our own capitalists are getting into training.

I remain, Yours again,

STATISTICIAN.

To Help Lord Rhondda.

"The L.C.C. Education Committee are increasing commencing salaries from £200 to £300 for assistant head fasters."—*Daily Paper.*

"ADVANCE ON THE EUPHRATES.

TEN MILES FROM HIT."

Daily Paper.

It sounds a bit wide of the target.

"Required immediately, Teacher (qualified under Board of Education) for —— Woodwork Centres, for 10½ days weekly. Salary £120-£5-£160."—*Higher Education Gazette.*

Nothing, you see, is said about payment for overtime.

A DRAMA OF DORSET.

ONCE upon a time, in the old days before ration-cards, there was a quarter of a pound of butter. It was as patriotic a little pat as was ever born in Dorset and it yearned to do its bit. To be spread on hot toast for a soldier home on leave; worked into a wedding cake for a V.C. and his bride; sent in a mustard tin by a mother to her boy in Flanders, met by a shell on the way and blown into his dug-out side by side with a French roll and a barrel of oysters—these were some of its day-dreams. But it never breathed them to anyone; it lay quite quiet on the counter behind the rasher machine, and it didn't contradict Mr. Jones when he said "No butter to-day" to seventy-five customers. It knew its time would come.

And it did. Lord de Courcy Mangles carried it home in his waistcoat pocket. He wasn't in the queue. He merely looked in to inquire after Mrs. Jones and the children and to remark how well Mr. Jones was standing the strain and he was sending him a brace of pheasants.

"I shouldn't do it for ourselves, of course," he said to Lady de Courcy Mangles, "it 's for the poor old Mater's sake; you can't eat cart-grease at seventy-three, and perhaps I haven't been as good a son as I might have been. I wish it was twice as big."

Then, as luck would have it, he happened on the following recipe in the Press:—

"HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER.

To a quarter of a pound of warm butter take a quarter of a pint of warm milk and half a teaspoonful of salt. Work all together into a paste with a spatula. Leave until cold, when you will find the butter is twice its original size."

It was quite true. The pat was very proud of itself when Lady de Courcy Mangles had finished with it. It was rather pale and its sides trembled a little, but it tasted all right, she said, when she licked the spatula and gave Lord de Courcy Mangles a bit on her thumb. "Darling Mum," he wrote, "I 'm sending you half a pound of Dorset. Stick to it yourself; don't let 'em handle it in the kitchen."

But the Duchess was a selfless old lady. "As if I could swallow a mouthful with a Convalescent Home for Wounded Officers just opposite," she said to Miss Gibbs, her companion. "I only wish there was more of it; I 'm afraid half-a-pound won't go round."

"I 'll make it a pound," said Miss Gibbs, who was a walking encyclopædia of war recipes. And she did. The pat of butter went paler than ever and it trembled to its soul. But there was the right stuff in it. It pulled itself together and looked its most inviting when the Matron uncovered it.

But the officers had aunts in Devonshire and weekly hampers. "There 's a Tommies' tea-party next-door," they said; "drop it in there with our compliments."

"Quite a hundred are expected, I 'm told," said the Matron; "we must give them a taste apiece." And she went ahead with a spatula.

The pat was the colour of ashes and fainted clean away at the finish. But the Matron put it in an ice pack and it lived long enough to smile at the promoters of the tea-party. "It 'll do to grease the cake-tins," they said, "but we 'll have margarine for the bread-and-butter."

That broke its heart. It gave one choky sob and fell lifeless in the dish.



Policeman. "NOW COME ON, SONNY. WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"

Trawler Hand. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, LAD. THIS 'ERE STREET REMINDS ME. ONCE I VERY NEAR MARRIED A LITTLE BARMAID FROM A PUB NOT FAR FROM 'ERE."

The Modern Joshua.

"KRYLENKO'S CALL: 'ALL TO ARMS!' JERICHO FALLS."

Daily Graphic.

"BETTER NEWS.

GOVERNMENT TO RELEASE ANOTHER SUPPLY."

Manchester Paper.

And the sooner the better. Why they should have ever held up this valuable commodity we cannot imagine.

"The salaries paid to bank clerks are quite inadequate, and ought not to be continued."

Statist.

On the well-known principle that half a loaf is worse than no bread.

"I met the Cardinal walking near the Archbishop's house a day or so ago. There was little to indicate his identity save his hat."

Daily Mirror.

Still, a Cardinal's hat is fairly distinctive.

THE JOKE: A TRAGEDY.

Chapter I.

The Joke was born one October day in the trench called Mechanics, not so far from Loos.

We had just come back into the line after six days in reserve and, the afternoon being quiet, I was writing my usual letter to Celia. I was telling her about our cat, imported into our dug-out in the hope that it would keep the rats down, when suddenly the Joke came. I was so surprised by it that I added in brackets, "This is quite my own. I've only just thought of it." Later on the Post-Corporal came, and the Joke started on its way to England.

Chapter II.

Chapter II. finds me some months later at home again.

"Do you remember that joke about the rats in one of your letters?" said Celia one evening.

"Yes. You never told me if you liked it."

"I simply loved it. You aren't going to waste it, are you?"

"If you simply loved it, it wasn't wasted."

"But I want everybody else—— Couldn't you use it in the Revue?"

I was supposed to be writing a Revue at this time for a certain impresario. I wasn't getting on very fast, because whenever I suggested a scene to him, he either said, "Oh, that's been done," which killed it, or else he said, "Oh, but that's never been done," which killed it even more completely.

"Good idea," I said to Celia. "We'll have a Trench Scene."

I suggested it to the impresario when next I saw him.

"Oh, that's been done," he said.

"Mine will be quite different from anybody else's," I said firmly.

He brightened up a little.

"All right, try it," he said.

I seemed to have discovered the secret of successful revue-writing.

The Trench Scene was written. It was written round the Joke, whose bright beams, like a perfect jewel in a perfect setting—— However, I said all that to Celia at the time. She was just going to have said it herself, she told me.

So far so good. But a month later the Revue collapsed. The impresario and I agreed upon many things—as, for instance, that the War would be a long one, and that Hindenburg was no fool—but there were two points upon which we could never quite agree: (1) What was funny, and (2) which of us was writing the Revue. So, with mutual expressions of goodwill, and hopes that one day we might write a tragedy together, we parted.

That ended the Revue; it ended the Trench Scene; and, for the moment, it ended the Joke.

Chapter III.

Chapter III. finds Celia still at it.

"You haven't got that Joke in yet."

She had just read an article of mine called "Autumn in a Country Vicarage."

"It wouldn't go in there very well," I said.

"It would go in anywhere where there were rats. There might easily be rats in a vicarage."

"Not in this one."

"You talk about 'poor as a church mouse.'"

"I am an artist," I said, thumping my heart and forehead and other seats of the emotions. "I don't happen to *see* rats there, and if I don't see them I can't write about them. Anyhow, they wouldn't be secular rats, like the ones I made my joke about."

"I don't mind whether the rats are secular or circular," said Celia, "but do get them in soon."

Well, I tried. I really did try, but for months I couldn't get those rats in. It was a near thing sometimes, and I would think that I had them, but at the last moment they would whisk off and back into their holes again. I even wrote an article about "Cooking in the Army," feeling that that would surely tempt them, but they were not to be drawn. . . .

Chapter IV.

But at last the perfect opportunity came. I received a letter from a botanical paper asking for an article on the Flora of Trench Life.

"Hooray!" said Celia. "There you are."

I sat down and wrote the article. Working up gradually to the subject of rats, and even more gradually intertwining it, so to speak, with the subject of cats, I brought off in one perfect climax the great Joke.

"Lovely!" said Celia excitedly.

"There is one small point which has occurred to me. Rats are *fauna*, not *flora*; I've just remembered."

"Oh, does it matter?"

"For a botanical paper, yes."

And then Celia had a brilliant inspiration.

"Send it to another paper," she said.

I did. Two days later it appeared. Considering that I hadn't had a proof, it came out extraordinarily well. There was only one mis-print. It was at the critical word of the Joke.

Chapter V.

"That's torn it," I said to Celia.

"I suppose it has," she said sadly. "The world will never hear the Joke now. It's had it wrong, but still it's had it and I can't repeat it."

Celia began to smile.

"It's sickening," she said; "but it's really rather funny, you know."

And then she had another brilliant inspiration.

"In fact you might write an article about it."

And, as you see, I have.

Epilogue.

Having read thus far, Celia says, "But you still haven't got the Joke in."

Oh, well, here goes.

Extract from letter: "We came back to the line to-day to find that the cat had kittened. However, as all the rats seem to have rottened we are much as we were."

"Rottened" was misprinted "rattened," which seems to me to spoil the Joke. . .

Yet I must confess that there are times now when I feel that perhaps after all I may have overrated it. . .

But it was a pleasant joke in its day. A. A. M.

MINISTERS À LA MODE.

Lord Wombat and Lord Wallaby
Were two tremendous peers;
Their riches far exceeded
The treasures of De Beers;
Their fame was known through ev'ry zone
Of both the hemispheres.

Lord Wombat and Lord Wallaby
Upon the self-same date
Were both promoted to the charge
Of Ministries of State,
With power to do and carry through
Things strange and new and great.

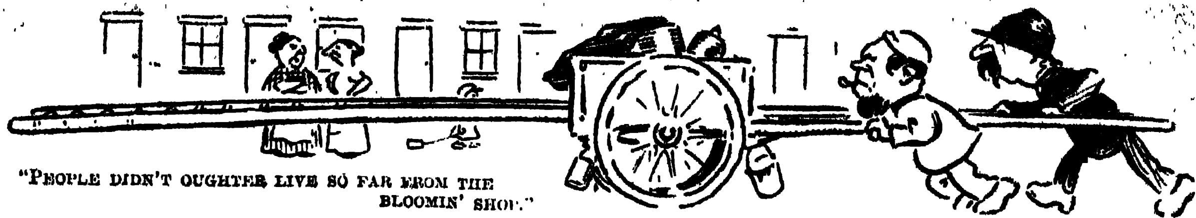
Lord Wombat was appointed
Head of the Wireless Board;
Lord Wallaby was chosen
To be First Crisis Lord;
And simple men remarked, "The pen
Is mightier than the sword."

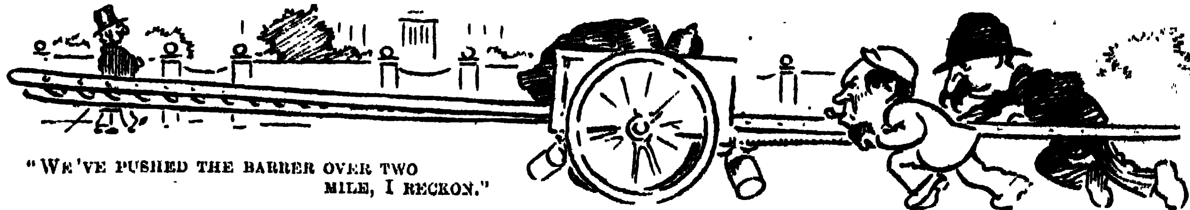
Who summoned them to fill those posts
None seemed to know or care;
Some said it was the Premier,
But nobody could swear;
We rack our brains, the fact remains
That both of them are there.

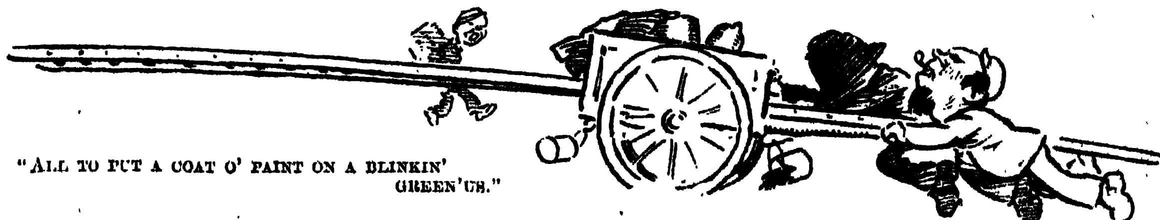
The news of their appointments,
We readily confess,
Enraptured all the Wallaby
And all the Wombat Press,
But caused elsewhere a sort of scare
And deep uneasiness.

For though these wondrous creatures,
Compact of fire and zeal,
Are harmless when the Ship of State
Rides on an even keel;
When storms arise it is not wise
To trust them with the wheel.

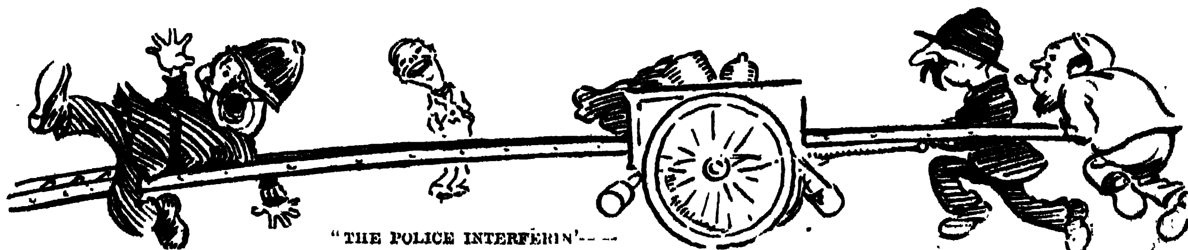
THE TROUBLES OF CIVILIAN LIFE.

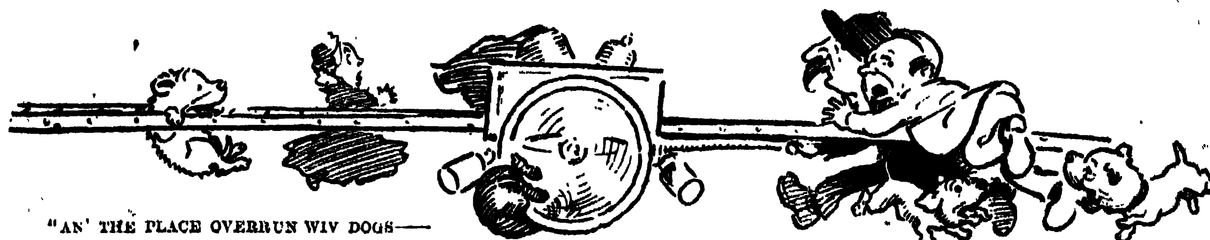

"PEOPLE DIDN'T OUGHTER LIVE SO FAR FROM THE BLOOMIN' SHOP."

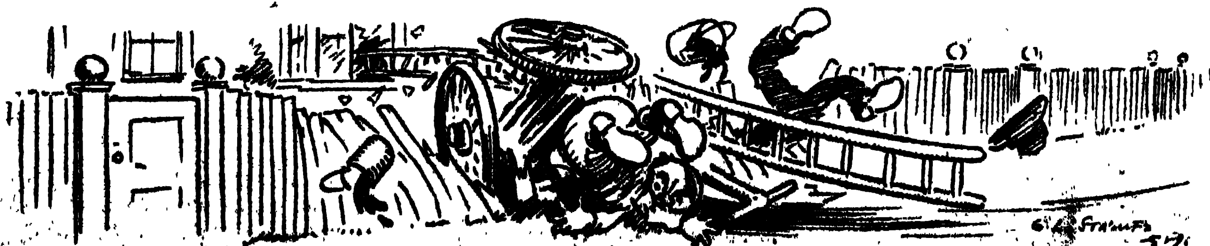

"WE'VE PUSHED THE BARRER OVER TWO MILE, I RECKON."


"ALL TO PUT A COAT O' PAINT ON A BLINKIN' GREEN'US."


"WOT WIV THE TRAFFIC GETTIN' IN YER WAY——


"THE POLICE INTERFERIN'——


"AN' THE PLACE OVERRUN WIV DOGS——


"BLEST IF I DON'T THINK 'AIG OUGHTER BE *FORCED* TO TAKE MEN O' FIFTY-ONE."



Absent-minded Sidesman (in the grocery line). "NO BUTTER, NO CHEESE, NO MARGARINE."

THE MYSTERY SHIPS.

To "The Coasters and Merchantmen who accompany the Lord High Admiral."

There 's order and law in a battleship's might;
The cruisers proceed on a logical plan;
While even destroyers go gay to the fight
By tactical units as well as they can;
But far away out in a world of their own,
Where logic and limit are shivered to bits,
You 'll light on the ladies who labour alone,
The jocular gipsies who live by their wits.

Disciples of Drake and Dundonald,
The sea in their blood and their bones,
They sail in the wake of Boscawen and Blake
And hail as an ally Paul Jones;
For better than honour and glory
They reckon the frolics and quips
Which daily illumine the story
That comes from the Mystery Ships.

They 're nautical zealots who never suppose
That right is defended by leisure and ease;
The submarine, quaking wherever she goes,
Can tell they 're abroad by the feel of the seas;
There 's ominous oil in the wake of their work;
The soles on the Dogger take cover amain,
And cry, as the stranger alights with a jerk,
"The Mystery Ships have been at it again!"

Untutored, but versed in the oldest of creeds,
The King's Regulations decay on their shelves;
Between the Addenda, which nobody reads,
The Mystery Ships are a law to themselves;
Their pictures and pranks are denied to the Press,
Till out of the offing as blithe as can be
A weather-worn sea-dog of twenty or less
Blows in to the Palace to get a V.C.

The family fought in Elizabeth's time
From Bristol and Dover and Harwich and Leigh;
From Barnstaple, Yarmouth and London and Lyme
They hurried away at the call of the sea;
Their titles are writ in the Rolls of their Race,
With laughter and love we can picture them still;
Is mystery work to be done for Her Grace?
My lord in the Flagship can summon at will

The *Lark* and the *Lamb* and the *Moonshine*,
The *Hazard* and *Happy Pretence*,
The *Wraith* and the *Smoke* and the *Merlin* and *Joke*,
The *Riddle* and *Royal Defence*;
As quick as a cradle could spare them
They scuttled away from the slips,
For England, the mother who bare them,
The first of the Mystery Ships.

"Exactly like Home.—Lady desires Chronic or Elderly People; large house."—*Liverpool Echo.*

What is home without a chronic?

"The 37th meeting of the Irish Convention was held yesterday, and, after some discussion, the Convention adjourned to afford members an opportunity of considering the port."—*Evening News.*

Let us hope with fraternal effect. It had been feared that they would never reach it.



THE RIGHT KIND OF QUEUE.

Mr. Punch. "NOW THEN, LONDON!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 25th. — Fifteen Gas Bills had been put down for Second Reading, but not one got through. As each title was read out by the Clerk the fatal words, "I object," came from below the Gangway. Some Members, it is clear, are not disposed to facilitate any infringement of their monopoly.

This being the first day of compulsory rationing the House was even more than usually interested in questions of food. A suggestion by Mr. MACMASTER that the Army Council should fatten their own pigs was resolutely declined by Mr. FORSTER, who does not fancy himself as a swineherd on an extensive scale. One HOGGE at a time is his motto. His handling of the Member for East Edinburgh, who had been rooting riotously among the Army Estimates, was very deft.

At the end of the evening Mr. BILLING attacked the Air Board for, as he averred, keeping far too many types of aeroplane engines in stock, instead of standardizing half-a-dozen and sticking to them. Though he reeled off his list of machines with a great show of authority he did not make much impression on a small House. He succeeded, however, for once in getting Major BAIRD to take the gloves off. Members who had accepted the volatile critic's capacity as an aviator at his own valuation were surprised to hear Major BAIRD'S very different description of it. When Mr. BILLING urged the Air Board to go in heavily for reprisals he did not mean to be taken so literally.

Tuesday, February 26th.—As soldiers on leave have to be provided with emergency ration-cards, Captain CARR-GOMM suggested that these should be given them before they start; otherwise, judging by this week's experience, we shall have to introduce a new word of command, "Form—Queues."

There seems still to be room for further co-ordination—blessed word!—between certain departments of the Government. Mr. BARNES once more attempted to explain his attitude to the 12½ per cent. bonus conferred by the generous-hearted MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, but did not entirely succeed. The impression that I gathered was that he approved of the bonus, but did not approve of Mr. CHURCHILL. At any rate Mr. KELLAWAY thought it necessary to come to the aid of his Chief with a spirited speech, in which he regretted that Mr. BARNES should have spoken as he did. It is an odd world in which junior Under-Secretaries rebuke members of the august War-Cabinet.

Wednesday, February 27th.—In the course of a detailed defence of the Food Regulations Lord RHONDDA observed that he had no desire "to curry favour," but omitted to state whether he had any substitute in view.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY is sometimes accused of undue reticence, but he admitted this afternoon that the Government do not regard ex-King CONSTANTINE as a friend of the Allied cause.



HOSTILITIES ON THE HOME FRONT.
MR. HERBERT SAMUEL GETS ON WITH THE WAR.

Mr. BILLING was so pleased at this announcement that he offered to pay for TINO'S clothes provided that they were not despatched to Switzerland. It is not known whether the Hon. Member proposes to wear them himself, and if so whether they include a *fustanella*.

Mr. CLYNES often reminds me of he was a most sarcastic man, that quiet Mr. Brown." To-day a Scottish Member invited him, when allowing increased rations to invalids, to "consider the case of men suffering from mental debility." Mr. CLYNES politely replied, "I did not wish to import any kind of personal reference into my answer."

Undeterred by previous rebuffs Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL once more lectured the Government on its various sins of commission and omission, varying from too much beer to too few ships, and including, of course, the appointment of the new Directors of Propaganda. On this last point Mr. BONAR LAW, while personally indifferent to the matter, considered that if propaganda be necessary at all, people connected with the Press would be the right people to deal with it. For the rest, if Mr. SAMUEL and his friends thought the Government so incompetent, it was their plain duty to turn them out, instead of indulging in far from helpful criticism.

The subsequent debate was chiefly remarkable for the glowing testimonial given by Mr. LYNCH, of all people, to Lords NORTHCLIFFE and BEAVERBROOK; and for a searching analysis by Mr. BALFOUR of the German CHANCELLOR'S latest peace-effusion. "Why," he asked, in reference to Count HERTLING'S demand for guarantees from Belgium—"why is Belgium to be punished because Germany is guilty?" Even Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was driven to admit that "there must be no humbug about Belgium"—reserving to himself, I suppose, the right to talk as much humbug as he pleased about other aspects of the world-war.

Thursday, February 28th. — Questions were many, but not conspicuously important. Mr. ARTHUR SAMUELS regretted that it had been found impossible to develop certain anthracite deposits in Cork, as the seams were much twisted and contorted, and the coal contained a lot of sulphur. Irish coal would appear to be painfully like Irish politics.

The Ministry of National Service is considering the recruitment of women for the Air Service. No difficulty about nomenclature, such as occurred with the "Waacs" and the "Wrens," is anticipated in this case, for the ladies will inevitably be known as the "Angels."

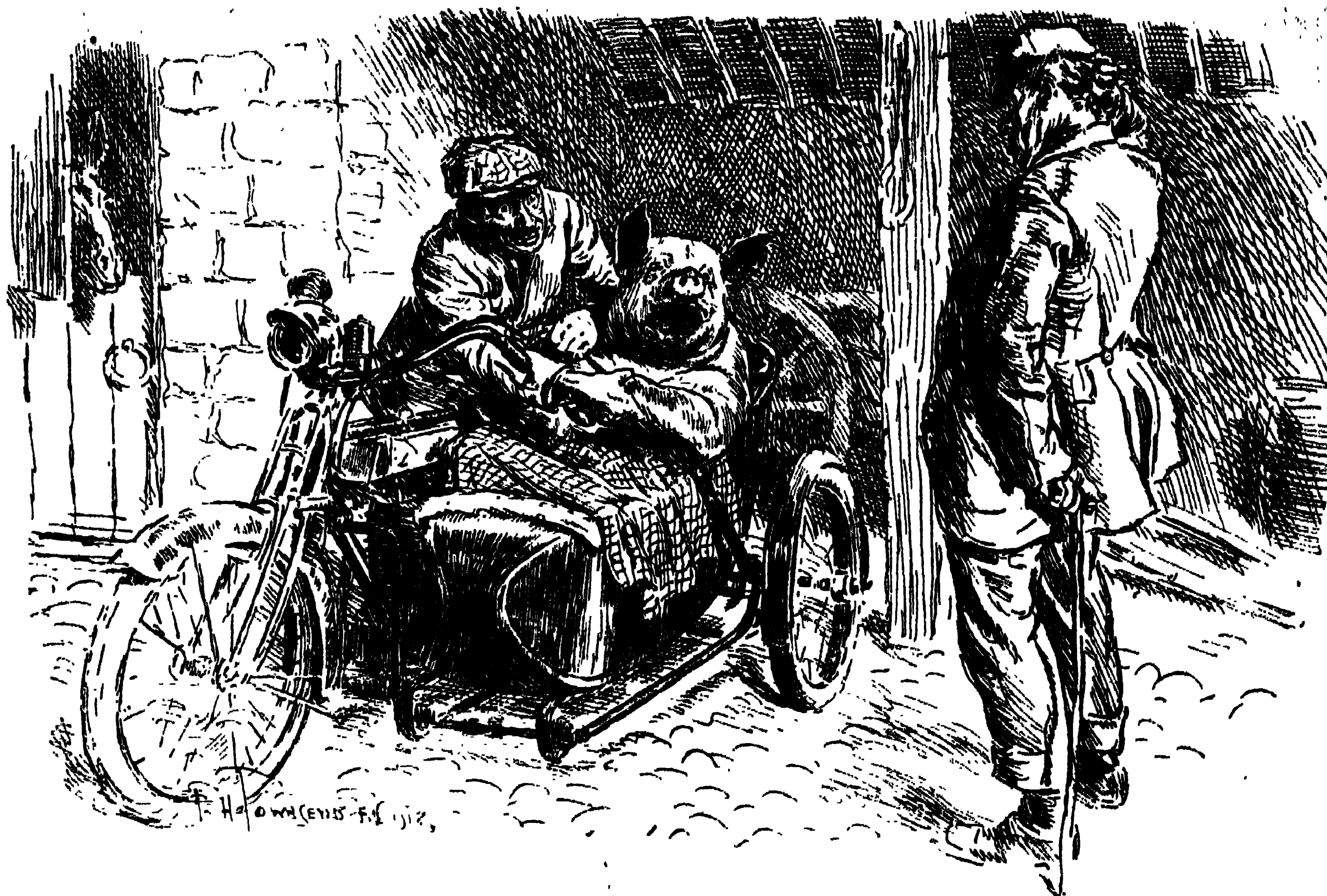
Shakspeare on Rationing.

"Let the superfluous and lust-dieted
man
. . . feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough."

King Lear, Act IV. Sc. 1.

"The word *Premunire* and its mysterious meanings and mysterious threats have been much in the mouths and the minds of people of late."—*Times.*

But don't run away with the idea that it is a kind of meat-substitute.



THE LADY WHO PAYS THE RENT.

"GLORY BE, PAT, BUT WHAT ARE YE DOIN' WITH THE PIG?" "GIVIN' THE CRATUR A BIT OF DIVARSHUN. SURE WITH THE PRICE SHE'LL BE FETCHIN' ME, HOW COULD I BE DHRIVIN' HER IN THE ASS'S CART?"

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am afraid my letters will be few and far between, for I am at the moment further away from you than ever, very busy on my own in Timbuc—— (Censored).

It all started by a request to report to the War Office. I had nothing particular to report about, but I know it is no use arguing with people, so I said to myself, "If they want me they shall have me," and wrote a sharp minute to myself to tell me to do as I was told and be quick about it. I packed up as many of my belongings as would go into my bags; distributed the remainder amongst those to whom they properly belonged; said good-bye to my little staff and gave them each a belonging or two to carry to the station; told my successor that, though he could never be like me, he must be as like me as he could; handed over the current correspondence and directed that it should all be held up for a fortnight in order to give me time to get well away; made up my accounts to give them a superficial appearance of integrity and fair play; opened the office door, paused, sighed heavily; went out; closed office door; opened office door; went in again to do all the things I had forgotten; was forcibly ejected by my successor, who was engaged in tearing up all my files and starting a new and a better set of his own; and eventually found myself in Whitehall, entering the imposing front-door of an eligible villa residence, and ultimately going for a long, long walk with an even more eligible flapper in a brown suit.

I think her name must be Flossie. If she isn't Flossie, then it is either little Clara or Ermyntrude who takes hold of me when I drop in at the War Office to have a chat with the management, and makes me follow her about. I'd follow any of them anywhere, upstairs, downstairs, in the lift, along thousands of miles of unsympathetic corridor; obeying their slightest whim, advancing till they tell me to stop, stopping till they tell me to advance. To me they are the Goddesses of Battle; to them I am a ne'er-do-well, with whom they would never consent to be seen walking but for the exigencies of war. Oh, yes, my lad; it is all very well for you people, sitting in your nice armchairs away from it all, to write impudently that Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON must go, and the A.G. must go, and the Q.M.G. must go, and everybody must go, and what we must have is a BUSINESS MAN. But just you step into the lion's den yourself and do a route march behind Flossie's haughty pigtail, and at the end of half an hour of her superciliousness you will look forward to the time when you may be allowed to go yourself.

Flossie handed me over to a Colonel, glad, obviously, to get rid of me, but not apparently thinking much of the Colonel. He said, "Good morning." What a waste of time, when he ought to have been getting on or getting under. I said "Good morning" back, thinking that as it was the same morning it might just as well be good for both of us. He asked me what I wanted. "Nothing," I said. This caused a stir; it was a most unusual request. Why had I come? To report. What for? Duty. And so the War dragged on.

The Colonel sent someone to look me up on a card index, being too lazy to carry two or three hundred thousand



BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

Customer. "Here, waiter, take a coupon off this and ask the band to play five-penn'orth of 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'"

names in his head. He gave me a cigarette. The Business Man would have let me smell the smoke of a cigar. That just shows, doesn't it? However, I smoked it while they were finding out about me. Meanwhile the Colonel went on with his work. Just fancy that—working when he ought to have been getting on with the War.

The man who looked me up on the index found I hadn't been previously convicted, so we all got down to business. They wanted me to run over to Timbuc—— and do a job of work. I rubbed my chin and said I wasn't sure I wouldn't do it. They were glad to hear that, because they had already arranged the journey, booked the tickets and announced my coming at the other end. I said I should want a day or two at home to get my things together. Things do get so apart, don't they? They had thought of that and had allowed me a week. I wasn't for wasting any of it on them, so I rushed off home and spent the next days telling people, in an off-hand modest sort of way, that I had been specially selected for the most important job in the War. Everybody congratulated me and called to mind brothers, husbands, *fiancés* and things who had each and all been specially selected for the most important job in the War.

On the last morning I hustled a collar or two into a bag and then got into a train. From that I got into a tube, then into another train, then into a boat, then into another train, then into three more boats and four more trains, and then, when I was quite sure I had shaken the Hun off my track—arrived.

And what do you think I ran into on the doorstep of the hotel? A real fat and unmuzzled Hun himself, walking about just as you or I might do, the very thing I'd been itching to meet these last three and a-half years. And what do you think I did about it when I did meet it? Took off my hat to it and said, "*Après vous, Monsieur.*" Well, I mean to say . . . really! Now your Business Man would never have done that, would he?

Yours ever, Henry.

THE DIM AND DISTANT PAST.

Most of us, it is well known, have lost our memories during the War, so that we have no recollection of what took place before it. But I met a man the other day who has preserved the clearness of his mind. I don't expect to be believed when I say that he can recall not only 1913 but 1914; yet he can; and he allowed me to draw him out. It was really a most remarkable experience.

"I understand," I began, "that you are about to publish your memoirs."

"That is so," he said. "I fear that unless I do so the record of social England in the early teens of the twentieth century may be utterly lost."

"Tell me," I said earnestly. "I so long to know what life was like then. Give me some idea of the scope of your book."

"It will read like a fairy tale, I fear," he replied musingly. "But it is all true. For instance"—he paused and lowered his voice—"do you know that even as late as July, 1914, you would

walk through the streets of London all day and never see a soldier?"

"Nonsense," I replied.

"It is true. And you could occasionally find a girl under nineteen who didn't smoke."

"No?"

"And people wore full evening dress in the stalls."

"I don't believe it," I said. "And how did things go generally? Smoothly?"

"Fairly. The year was marked by certain functions that were never interrupted. In the early Summer, for example, all the world went to Epsom to see a race called the Derby."

"Epsom? Yes, I have heard of it. There are camps there now. And hospitals. One on the very top of the hill, beside a grass track."

"Yes, that is where the race was run. Between horses. Why, I can remember—it was 1913 or 1912, so long ago that even my memory is hazy—being present when a Suffragette impeded the KING's horse."

"A Suffragette?"

"Yes, in those days, you know, women wanted the vote and stopped at nothing in order to get it. Those who wanted it were called Suffragettes. Then there was what was called 'Cowes Week,' when all Society flocked to the Solent to see people race with yachts."

"Yachts?"

"Yes, pleasure-boats. There were cricket-matches then, too; what was called first-class cricket was played before large concourses of people. An eleven chosen from one county met an eleven chosen from another county, and sometimes they played for three whole days. The Universities also met in the cricket-field, at a place called Lord's, in St. John's Wood, once a year."

"You bewilder me," I said.

"But I have only just begun," he replied. "What do you say, for example, when I tell you that you could get a glass of beer for twopence?"

"Rubbish!"

"And a whisky and soda for sixpence?"

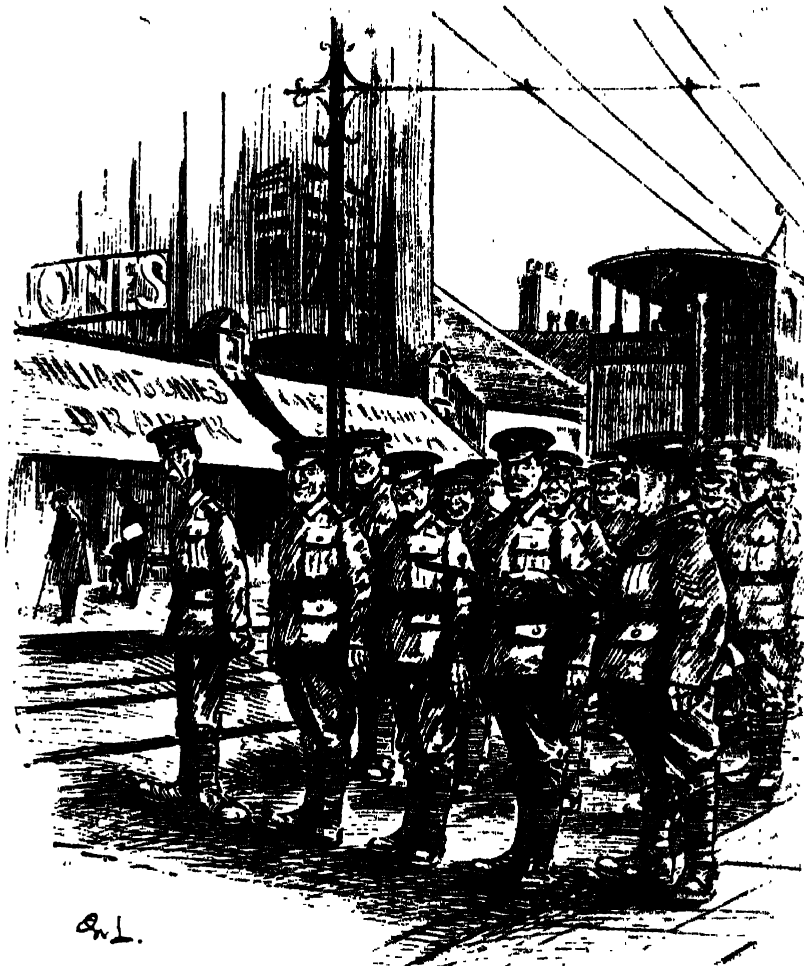
"Incredible."

"And butter was on every table?"

"I simply don't believe it."

"Some of my most cherished memories," he said, "are of meals. In those days—I refer to the early nineteen-hundreds—there was no lack of food. I can distinctly recall entering a restaurant in Regent Street, ordering a rump steak and getting it. There were joints too, from which one could have two or even three helpings if one wished."

At this point I believe I must have fainted, for the next thing that I heard had no reference to eating at all, but bore upon politics.



Sergeant. "NOW, THEN, YOU ON THE RIGHT! DON'T FORGET THAT WE MARCHES BY THE LEFT. SO KEEP TOUCH WITH THE LEFT, OR YOU'LL BE TRIPPING UP THE TRAMS!"

"You have no idea," he was saying, "how excited people would get over party politics."

"What are they like?" I asked. "I have heard of politics, but not party politics."

"Well," he said, "the country was divided in those days—I am speaking now of 1913 and even 1914—between what were called Unionists and what were called Liberals or Radicals. To the Liberal all things done or said by Unionists were black, and all things said or done by their own leaders were white, and *vice versâ*. England was really an odd country then. Why, I can remember when the present PRIME MINISTER said the most awful things about the very men who are now honoured members of his Government."

But this was too much for me.

"No, no," I said. "Don't tell me any more. I can't bear it." And I began to move off.

"Why, do you know," he persisted with all the implacable cheerfulness of the reminiscent, "do you know——"

But the next moment I was out of range.

More Iron Rations.

From a report of Mr. MACPHERSON's speech on the Army Estimates:—

"The jam rations alone needed for monthly consumption as much steel as was required to build a 300-ton ship. They had experimented successfully, and were now using for this purpose wood pulp board, instead of steel, saving 60 tons of steel a week."—*Yorkshire Post.*

From a sale catalogue:—

"Our 'Blue Bird' Crepe-de-Chine Nightdress, good quality, flesh pink embroidered blue bird and finished blue ribbons. Actual value 5/9. White Sale Price 30/-."

Well, you couldn't expect to get all these colours in a "white sale" without paying a bit extra.

Controlled Weather.

From a London Bank's "Yearly Review," just published:—

"It must not, however, be overlooked that in agricultural matters much depends on the weather. In most countries Governments have not failed to take steps to deal with the situation, and have issued decrees with a view to increase the output."

The prospect of having our weather output increased seems to us to be appalling.

A RATIONAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

WE understand that it has been decided to allot posts in the Office of the FOOD-CONTROLLER according to the results of an examination, and we have been able with great difficulty to secure one of the papers recently set. We learn with considerable gratification that Lord RHONDDA has in this matter set an excellent example. His Lordship and Lady RHONDDA at once went in for the examination, and passed brilliantly in every paper. *O si sic omnes!* Here is a specimen paper:—

1. Show by the application of Grimm's Law to the Binomial Theorem that the system of rationing by coupons is (*a*) necessary, (*b*) desirable, (*c*) simple. Give in detail the points distinguishing the existing British system from the German and other systems. Do you consider the British system superior? If not, why not?

2. A City man named Alfred Adamson travels to London from Surbiton by the 9 A.M. train on a Friday. When he reaches Waterloo he discovers that he has left his ration card at home, and telegraphs to his wife requesting her to send the gardener's boy with the card to his office. State what in your view are the chances (*a*) of the gardener's boy reaching the office, (*b*) of Mr. Adamson getting any luncheon. If Mr. Adamson had telephoned, would it have made any difference? [*Note.*—In answering this question it is to be assumed that Mr. Adamson's card has been entirely lost, by being blown out of Mr. Adamson's dressing-room window, and that Mrs. Adamson will send her own card by the gardener's boy. Is this lawful? If not, who should be punished, and how?]

3. What is the least common multiple of a half-pound of sugar, one sausage, a quarter-pound of margarine, three oysters, one shepherd's pie, one pound of veal, half-a-pint of butter beans and one kidney potato? How many meat coupons would this represent, a liberal allowance being made for returned empties and goods damaged in transit?

4. A, a butcher in Bucks, stutters violently; B, a grocer in the same county, is cross-eyed; C, a solicitor who is registered with A, cannot endure stutterers because they make him nervous, and D, the solicitor's wife, who is registered with B, has an overpowering dislike to cross-eyed people. Suggest an easy remedy for this unfortunate situation, it being assumed that all the other butchers in Bucks are cross-eyed and all the other grocers are stutterers, except one, who is about to join the Army.

5. Explain and amplify the following sentences: *Bis Rhonddat qui cito edit; Rhonddabunt alii Protheron; Rhonddari a Rhonddato; Rhonddando vincit; Artificem Rhonddat opus.* [NOTE: Latin dictionaries may be used by candidates who have had a public school education and are aged more than thirty years.] What inferences as to Lord RHONDDA's disposition do you draw from these sentences?

6. Write a memorial ode, containing at least sixteen lines, to a mutton chop.

7. What are the chief points of difference between a poached egg and a French rhyme, and between a sauté potato and a split infinitive?

Calendar Note.

February 25th, 1918.—First day of Compulsory Rationing. Sir GEORGE CAVE refuses the Rolls.

A suggestion for the programme of the band in Trafalgar Square:—The overture to *Tancredi.*

"Ex imo dirce omnes" from one learn all. And let us learn lessons from what has passed and is now passing."—*Provincial Paper.*

One might begin by learning Latin.

THE ROAD TO OONOESWARE.

(*A Song of the March—with apologies to the Author of "Mandalay."*)

THERE 's a village in the distance, we 'll be getting there to-night,
And per'aps we 'll 'ave an easy or per'aps we 'll 'ave a fight;
We don't know what we 're doing and we ain't supposed to care,
We only know we 're always on the road to Oonoesware—
On the road to Oonoesware, and there *may* be billets there,
Or there mayn't, and if there isn't there 'll be 'eaps of open air,
'Eaps of jolly open air:
We can bivvy in the Square,
But our Cooker's ditched be'ind us and it 's very 'ard to bear.

We walks along and wonders what on earth it 's all about;
We 'ope that *someone* savvies, but at times we 'as our doubt,
When the Adjutant looks worried and the Colonel seems in pain,
And we whispers in our sorrow, "Ah, 'e 's lost 'isself again";
Oh, 'e 's lost us all again; can't we take the blooming train?
The estaminays is shutting and it 's coming on to rain—
On the road to Oonoesware,
'Course it isn't *our* affair,
But I wish some gent would tell 'em 'ow to get to Oonoesware.

We 'alts at level-crossings and 'as a lovely view
Of 'igh-class trains a-shunting, but they ain't for me and you;
We only go on railways when there 's dirty work ahead,
And when we ride in motors it means we 're nearly dead—
Yes, it means you 're nearly dead, with your body full of lead,
And a ticket on your tummy says, "This man must not be fed"—
But the Colonel sits 'is mare,
And it don't seem 'ardly fair
That we 'aven't all got 'orses on the road to Oonoesware.

And when our backs is breaking and death seems very near
We marches at attention and inspects the Brigadier;
'E sees our tin 'ats polished and our 'ipes got up to please,
But if 'e saw our blisters we should all be O.B.E.'s,
Bloomin' blistered O.B.E.'s, all a-wobbling at the knees,
And first we sweat like rivers and then we sit and freeze,
On the road to Oonoesware,
Ah, *ker voolay, c'est la gair,*
Only this 'ere step they 're setting is enough to make you swear.

But the old sun comes out sometimes and the poplars climb the 'ill
Like a lot of silly soldiers at extended order drill;
And there 's bits of woods and scen'ry, and the 'Uns don't seem so near
When the band plays through the village and the kids come out to cheer—
All the kids come out to cheer and a man feels kind of queer,
And the girls they blow you kisses and the mothers bring you beer,
On the road to Oonoesware,
Ah, it ain't all skittles there,
But I 'm some'ow glad I 'm always on the road to Oonoesware.

A. P. H.



First Sub. (*eating game paste*). "These people give you the real thing. Here's a shot in my stuff."
Second Sub. "I used to think so too till I got one in my potted shrimp."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

In an admirable introduction to *The Lowland Scots Regiments* (Maclehose) Sir Herbert Maxwell complains that the War Office has systematically maltreated them for many years. It obliged them to adopt a hybrid uniform, consisting of Highland doublets and tartan trews, and then refused to allow them to garrison their own capital, lest the Southern tourist should be disappointed by the absence of philabegs and sporrans. His remedy would be to "take the breeks off" the Lowlanders and clothe all Scottish regiments in the "garb of old Gael." They would look more picturesque, no doubt; but that they would fight any better no one who reads these stirring pages will be inclined to believe. Very wisely the various authors have confined themselves to the doings of the regiments before August 1914. Their exploits in the present War will be recorded in another volume—if indeed one will be sufficient. For the present campaign has furnished abundant evidence that the Lowland Scots of to-day are one in spirit with their gallant forbears. For an example of their discipline it is sufficient to quote Wellington's statement that not a single man of the Scots Guards was brought before a general court-martial during the Peninsular War, and the almost identical tribute that they earned nearly a century later in the South African campaign. Of their courage one story is typical. At Balaclava an excited A.D.C. rode up to the Colonel of the Scots Greys and told him that "ten men who dare go anywhere and have no fear" were needed for "a desperate job." The C.O., scarcely turning in his saddle, calmly gave the order, "Greys, from your right, number off ten!" It would be easy, did space permit, to quote a dozen similar anecdotes regarding the Royal Scots, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the K.O.S.B.'s and the Cameronians, whose records are contained in this sumptuous volume. My compliments to all concerned in its production, not forgetting Mr. George Kruger, whose pictures in colour of the old uniforms are a pleasant reminder of the days before "the pomp and panoply of war" had become a meaningless phrase.

In *Martie the Unconquered* (Murray) Mrs. Kathleen Norris has chosen a simple and almost commonplace theme, the struggle of an energetic and ambitious girl towards self-expression, and made of it a very human and moving record. The upward progress of *Martie*—not in worldly prosperity so much as in development of personality—is no unreal affair of "roses all the way." From the moment when you first meet her, youngest daughter of a decayed Californian family, *Martie* is the born fighter. Jilted, unworthily mated, threatened with utter ruin, bereaved, she struggles on, never more than temporarily daunted, to the end that leaves her fighting still, but placed, established, the captain of her soul. I can praise the book unreservedly; but I can do no more than hint at the sense of poise and serenity behind all the stress of the actual happenings which remains my clearest impression. Mrs. Norris is scrupulously fair to her characters. Even the less worthy are given their share of good, so that they all live most humanly and convincingly. *Martie* is a long tale, but I think you will not wish it shorter by a single

page; for observation and selection and (to express it in one word) dignity, I have no hesitation in calling it one of the best novels that has come to my notice for a great while.

Miss Olive Wadsley's latest novel, rather quaintly called *Nevertheless* (Cassell), is a story about nice affluent people and nice times; one might also add, in a somewhat different sense, Nice Goings On—a tale of love and politics and the romantic emotions, all as these were understood in the piping days of a decade ago. There is a handsome hero, who, on learning that his mother is unmarried, behaves like a cad to her; engages himself to and is jilted by a smartly objectionable *Lady Carolyn*; finally taking up with a middle-aged woman, who, having counted the smart world well lost for love (how, you may ascertain at first hand), gets soundly rated by this unheroic swain and deserted in her turn on the last page. Have I mentioned the word "smart," perhaps more than once? If so it is because this remains my prevailing impression of Miss Wadsley's well-groomed and slightly waxworky personages (at an emotional crisis it struck me as significant that one of the heroines could take approving note of the hero's hair-wash), who all live in the best kinds of houses and generally seem to enjoy more money and time and food—oh, but colossally more food!—than they know what to do with. What with the Berkeley and the Savoy and open-air dinner at Ranelagh, followed by supper somewhere else, they certainly do themselves amazingly well. Perhaps this may make for admiration of a wistful kind. Personally I found it all very far-off and unreal; but let Miss Wadsley now pen a topical sequel, showing all these expensive idlers involved with the odd half-ounce (bone included) of their meat-cards and I will promise her at least one enthusiastic reader.



LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

When a novelist is modestly content to label his or her story as "An Episode," one must of course admit that criticism is to some extent disarmed. At the same time I feel bound to observe that any episode that includes in its tumultuous course a murder, an elopement, a romance, a desertion, not to specify many other considerable events, is in some danger of becoming overgrown. All these things happened during a little visit that *Lyndon Travess*, the heroine of Miss C. Fox Smith's new story, *Singing Sands* (Hodder and Stoughton), paid to some relations who lived at this spot of the romantic name. It may save you from the disillusion that awaited *Lyndon* and myself to say at once that Singing Sands—the place, not the story—by no means carries out the exquisite promise of its beautiful title. As for the book itself, that I must confess has put me into some sort of quandary; I think I should be inclined to compromise by calling it a good tale badly told. Miss Fox Smith's manner seems at times to combine every possible exasperation; it is lingering where the matter demands speed, baffling where it should be clear, and throughout uncertain, and even amateurish, to an almost maddening degree, and yet one has further to admit that, in the words of a celebrated tribute, she "gets there all the same." Perhaps this is the reward of sincerity; in part it is certainly due to her feeling for atmosphere. *Singing Sands* contains some pen pictures of Canadian landscape that are suggested with quite wonderful beauty. I am bound to repeat, however, that in this crowded episode of *Lyndon's* visit to her remarkable relations you may find the places more attractive than the plot, the setting than the very unsatisfactory set. Which of course, being precisely what Miss Fox Smith intended, is only another proof that, against every handicap, she has done what I knew she would, and reached her objective.

Green and Gay (Lane) is an excellently readable little war-comedy that may commend itself to you even more for the charm of its *mise-en-scène* than for the not specially original thrills of its intrigue. The life at the old Convent of Paix, converted into a war-hospital, is delightfully told; Mr. Lee Holt's description of the orchards and gardens, basking in autumn sunshine, was vivid enough to give one reader at least a nostalgia for mellow apple-burdened Normandy, where that special kind of weather seemed always at its best. The plot, if conventional, is sufficient to hold one curious about the next chapter. Partly it concerns a mysterious patient at the hospital, who has lost both speech and memory, and eventually turns out to be—well, as he is beloved of the *ingénue*, need I add what he turns out to be? For the rest we have an affair of spies and secret caves and submarines, all on lines that, if beginning to get a trifle hackneyed (the petrol-mixtures as before), have not yet quite lost their capacity for stimulating interest. But even here I feel bound to protest against Mr. Lee Holt's overwork of the "dropped clue." The way in which his conspirators sprinkle the ground with their most confidential documents seems to suggest either some lack of invention on the part of the writer, or a *maladresse* rare even in the records of the German secret service. Also I do wish that he would revise his proofs (of the novel, not the conspiracy) with greater care. Twice in the first chapter I had to cope with passages of which the grammatical meaning was at obvious variance with the writer's intent—a want of care that no pleasant gardens or creepy caves could make me wholly forgive.

Another Injustice.

"An Order made by the Food Controller allows potatoes of the varieties 'Myatt's Ashleaf Kidney,' 'Duke of York,' 'Sharp's Express,' 'Eclipse,' 'British Queen,' 'Royal Kidney,' and 'King Edward,' grown in England or Wales in the year 1917, without Scottish or Irish ancestry, to be sold for seed purposes."—*Times.*

But don't all potatoes derive from the ancient family of Murphy?

CHARIVARIA.

Captain Amundsen announces that he will start for the North Pole in the Summer. Gossip has it that Mr. Philip Snowden is being pressed to accompany him.

* * *

The latest news from Ireland is that County Clare, which has been showing great "self-determination," has now decided on a separate peace with Great Britain.

* * *

The Ministry of Food, it is stated, is thinking of commandeering the New Forest for pig-breeding. Any less enterprising department would have been content with a couple of West End hotels.

* * *

Political neglect of agriculture, declares Sir C. Bathurst, M.P., has added a year to the War. His critics are naturally asking "which year."

* * *

It is reported that a certain Government Office will shortly make an important announcement on the question of Tape Power.

* * *

At a luncheon recently given by the American Museum of Natural History in New York the guests were served with whale. It was pronounced delicious, and the success of the Californian whitebait industry is declared to be practically assured.

* * *

At a benefit recently given in honour of the leading tenor of Salzburg the donations included a sausage four and a-half feet long draped in the Austrian flag. By way of distinction, the members of the operatic company wore their ordinary clothes.

We are informed that a picture on exhibition at one of the London galleries has been covered with a huge sheet of brown paper by order of the Censor. There is some talk of purchasing the paper for the nation.

The Burgomaster of Vienna has sent an urgent message requesting that foodstuffs from Ukraine may be sent by rail at once. The Germans are understood to have replied that when they have taken all they want the residue will be sent on to Vienna by pigeon-post.

* * *

Lenin's newspaper states that the Esthonian bourgeoisie are putting Bolsheviks to death. We have felt for some time that sooner or later something serious would happen to the Bolsheviks.

* * *

It is all nonsense to say that Russia will get nothing out of the War. With certain reservations we understand that she will be allowed to keep the peace.

* * *

A postman has been fined in Dublin for throwing a brick at a wedding couple when leaving the church. There is really no excuse for this kind of thing, for the price of confetti has been very little affected by the paper shortage.



PYGMALION.

Maker of artificial delicacies for shop windows. "Oh, if it would only come to life!"

"The British woman," says an essayist, "is a remarkably clever woman, generally speaking." "Generally speaking" is perhaps a little unfortunate.

A large chunk of cliff near Ramsgate fell into the sea last week. There is no truth in the rumour that it was deliberately pushed in by a pacifist.

* * *

"We shall not hesitate to pocket our gains," says *The Cologne Gazette*, speaking of the forthcoming German offensive in the West. In the absence of gains they will of course still have the alternative of pocketing their pride.

* * *

It is rumoured that at a recent important gathering of newspaper editors it was decided to have a Wells-less day.

* * *

The Berlin University is advertising free instruction in Turkish. This is in marked contrast to the expense the Turks have been put to with the upkeep of their German masters.

* * *

A certain medical officer has applied for a reduction of salary on the ground that he has less work to do. No other symptoms have been observed.

* * *

Chatham magistrates have decided that crystallized violets are a sweetmeat. This will come as a surprise to those who have been taking them as an antidote for barber's rash.

* * *

"Indian soldiers in France," says a news item, "had over fourteen thousand bottles of hair oil from the Indian Soldiers' Fund last year." No one will grudge it them, even if it does mean an increased shortage of margarine.

* * *

"We won the War in 1916," says *The Cologne Gazette*, "and we won the War in 1917." They have only to win it once more and it becomes their own property.

THE WAR PIG: A PALINODE.

Much obloquy was thine in
days of yore,
O Porker, and thy service
manifold
(Save for a casual mention, curt and
cold)
Ungrateful man continued to ignore;
Nay worse, he ceased not daily to outpour
Abuse upon thy breed, to sneer and
scold,
Till every porcine trait, in days of old,
We learned to ridicule or to abhor.

But now the days of calumny are past,
These cruel innuendoes we disown,
And epithets designed to blame or blast
Take on a new and honorific tone;
For England needs thee, blameless
Porker, now,
And Prothero salutes the sovereign
sow.

LETTERS FROM THE HOME FRONT.

My dear Reginald,—From certain phrases dropped by you on the eve of your return from your last leave I gathered that you had formed curious misconceptions of the War-conditions which we are enduring at home. "Well, old dear," I overheard you say to your sister, "there doesn't seem to be much wrong with England: I've never known her in better form." It seems that your friends had given you a champagne dinner every night, followed by a revue or a dance, or both, with a race meeting and a day or two with the hounds thrown in, and you came to the unwarrantable conclusion that the War had left us intact.

My dear boy, this is all what you would call camouflage on our part. We put on a brave face to hide our hearts, for fear that we should unnerve you by the exposure of our trials. Apart from the fatigue which we suffer in the service of the country we naturally have no taste for such frivolities and self-indulgence: but we sacrifice our own inclinations for the sake of the dear boys from the Front, who have a first claim upon us. This means a constant strain, moral and physical, for hardly a day passes but what we have some friend or relative home on leave, for whom we have to make a pretence of gaiety.

And this applies not only to Society, but to those professions, such as that of the actor or the jockey, whose duty it is to provide entertainment and recreation for our fighting men—a duty bravely borne but very irksome to those who are aching to be in the trenches or to take up some form of work which would appear to bear a more immediate relation to the War.

I am sending you a photographic weekly largely devoted to the recognition of these sacrificial types. You will be interested in the full-page portrait of your cousin Gladys, in a most attractive tea-gown, with the legend underneath, "A Beautiful War-Worker." She is, perhaps, not looking quite her best, having over-taxed her strength with assisting at charity matinées and visiting Homes for Convalescent Officers; though, with characteristic self-effacement, she attributed her air of fatigue to the fact that she had been up dancing for six successive nights. I happened to hear indirectly, for she would never have confessed it herself, that she had taken upon her this additional duty for the sake of a young friend in the Household Cavalry who was having a brief respite from Divisional Staff work and stood in sore need of mental relaxation.

So you see, my dear Reginald, you must not be misled by disguises which we wear for your sake to keep up your fighting spirit. Nor has it ever been consonant with the genius of our race to advertise its virtues. *Noblesse oblige.*

The food-restrictions and the shortage of petrol are begining to tell upon my figure, a fact to which my tailor drew attention the other day when taking my Spring orders. Naturally the obsession of this World-War absorbs my mind to the exclusion of trivial matters such as dress; and it is only from motives of economy, in view of the rising prices of clothing material, that I allow myself to renew my wardrobe. It enables me also to dispose of my last year's clothes among the deserving poor, a form of charity which always attracts me by its intimate personal note.

In consequence of the rationing system I am compelled to dine at home with regularity, having at a considerable sacrifice contributed my meat-coupons to the family ménage. I miss my dinner at the Club and that fellowship of congenial spirits of one's own age and way of thinking which is so fruitful a source of mutual sustainment in these dark hours.

I am averse, as you know, from any change of habit; but the War has compelled many changes, even heavier than this, in the ordered tenour of one's life. In the circumstances I have found it beneficial to take an extra glass of port. It stimulates optimism and enlarges one's outlook. I am sure you will agree with me that it is the first duty of a good citizen to employ every means in his power to preserve and strengthen his *moral.*

In conclusion, I have forborne to dwell upon my personal efforts and sacrifices. After all, you have your own responsibilities, scarcely less exigent than ours. By the time you receive this letter you may be engaged in delivering or repelling an offensive on which our very existence, yours as well as mine, may depend. If anything that I have said should serve to hearten you with the knowledge of what some of us, in our quiet unobtrusive way, are doing on the home front for your support, I am content.

Your affectionate Guardian,

O. S.

"'The Evil that Men Do ——.'—The truth of the familiar dictum ascribed to Mary Antony is vividly illustrated by Bismarck's action in regard to Alsace-Lorraine."

Daily Paper.

We suppose Shakspeare was mistaken in attributing the "dictum" to *Mark Antony* instead of to his clever sister Mary.

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

III.

Spearmint.

Our donkey is called Spearmint, after the well-known racehorse. I christened him this myself, to stir his ambition and give him something to live up to. But so far his speed limit appears to be four miles per hour forwards, four and a half backwards, and five sideways (right or left); unless you approach him with a parsnip or a round of hot buttered toast, when he makes for you like an overdue express train.

As donkeys go, Spearmint is really rather a nut. The prevailing note of his colour scheme is a warm mahogany, deepening into old-oak legs. His face however is a dead-white from the ears downwards, except for the small jet-black moustache which by way of piquant contrast covers his upper lip and the entrance to his nose. His eyes are dark and brilliant.

One reason why I am attached to Spearmint is that I am sorry for him. I know (though none of the others does) that he may at any moment be taken from us. He is living on the edge of a volcano, or perhaps I should say all round a volcano. Some little while ago he swallowed a bottle of rat-poison. Why he should have done such a thing (unless out of sheer bravado), or how he managed it, I cannot explain; but the fact, like the bottle, remains. I can vouch for it, because I saw him do it. Fortunately the thing was corked and sealed, and presumably it is still in the same condition.

I am doing what I can for him. The obvious thing is to shake the bottle as little as possible, and so when he starts out of an afternoon with my wife and the children my last words to them are always the same, "Don't bustle him." In the execution of this command they always have his loyal assistance.

So far he has invariably returned intact. I am not sure whether he realises his position, but occasionally, when I have taken him out of the trap and turned him gently into the paddock, his expression seems very thoughtful as he strolls to the fence and stands gazing over it towards the distant hills. Does he know? I hope not.

"Even according to cautious estimates, Russia has now to reckon with a loss of territory comprising over a million square millemetres, or double the extent of Germany."

Evening Times (Glasgow).

This calculation is, we are afraid, too cautious. According to the latest information the extent of Germany is considerably over one square metre.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Tommy (*off to the Front—to ship-yard hand*). "WELL, SO LONG, MATE; WE'LL WIN THE WAR ALL RIGHT IF YOU'LL SEE THAT WE DON'T LOSE IT!"

THE MUD LARKS.

We were told off for a job of work over the bags not long ago. The Staff sent us some pigeons with their love, and expressed the hope that we'd drop them a line from time to time and let them know how the battle was raging, and where. (The Staff live in constant terror that one day the War will walk completely away from them and some unruly platoon bomb its way up Unter den Linden without their knowing a thing about it.)

Next morning we duly pushed off, and in the course of time found ourselves deep in Boschland holding a sketchy line of outposts and waiting for the Hun to do the sporting thing and counter. More time passed, and as the Hun showed no signs of getting a move on we began to look about us and take stock.

Personally I felt that a square meal might do something towards curing a hollow feeling that was gnawing me beneath the belt. As I was rummaging through my haversack the pigeon-carrier approached and asked for the book of rules.

Now to the uninitiated, I have no doubt, pigeon-flying sounds the easiest game in the world. You just take a picture-postcard, mark the spot you are on with a cross, add a few words, such as, "Hoping this finds you in the pink, as it leaves me at present—I don't think," insert it in the faithful fowl's beak, say, "Home, John," and in a few minutes it is rattling into the General's letter-box. This is by no means the case. Pigeons are the kittlest of cattle. If you don't treat them just so they will either chuck up the game on the spot or hand your note to Hindenburg. To avoid this a book of the rules is issued to pigeon-carriers, giving instructions as to when and how the creatures should be fed, watered, exercised, etc.

On this occasion I felt through my pockets for the book of the rules and drew blank. "What's the matter with the bird, anyhow?" I asked.

"Looks a bit dahn-'earted," said the carrier; "dejected-like, as you might say."

"Seeing you've been carrying it upside down for the last twenty-four hours it isn't to be wondered at," said my Troop Sergeant; "blood's run to its head, that's what."

"Turn it the other way up for a bit and run the blood back again," I suggested.

"Exercise is what it wants," said my Sergeant firmly.

"By all means exercise it, then," said I.

The carrier demurred. "Very good, Sir—but how, Sir?"

"Ask the Sergeant," said I. "Sergeant, how do you exercise a pigeon? Lunge it, or put it through Swedish monkey motions?"



LITTLE PROBLEMS OF FOREIGN FINANCE.

Tommy. "But look 'ere, Marco, ole sport. If twenty-seven francs equal a pound, and two lire is worth a bob, 'ow many lire change ought I to 'ave out of a ten-bob note after spendin' seven francs and tuppence-'a'p'ny?"

The Sergeant rubbed his chin stubble. "Can't say I remember the official method, Sir; one might take it for a walk at the end of a string, or——"

"Those official pigeons," I interposed, "have got to be treated in the official manner or they won't work; their mechanism becomes deranged. We had a pigeon at the Umpteenth Battle of Wipers and upset it somehow. Anyway, when we told it to buzz off and fetch reinforcements, it sat on a tree licking its fluff and singing, and we had to throw mud at it to get it to shift. Where it went to then goodness only knows, for it has never been seen since. I am going to do the right thing by this bird."

I thereupon sent a galloper to the next outpost, occupied by the Babe and Co., asking him the official recipe for exercising pigeons. The answer came back as follows:—

"Ask Albert Edward. All I know about 'em is that you mustn't discharge birds of opposite sex together as they stop and flirt.

P.S.—You haven't got such a thing as a bit of cold pudden about you, guv'nor, have you? I'm all in."

I sent the galloper galloping on to Albert Edward's post.

"Don't discharge birds after sunset," ran his reply; "they're afraid to go home in the dark—that's all I recollect. Ask the skipper.

P.S.—Got a bit of bully beef going spare? I'm tucked up something terrible."

I sighed and sent my messenger on to the skipper, inquiring the official method of exercising pigeons. Half an hour later his answer reached me—

"Don't know. Try eating 'em. That's what I'm doing with mine."

While on the subject of carrier-pigeons, I may mention that one winter night I was summoned to Corps H.Q. Said a Red Hat: "We are going to be rude to the Bosch at dawn and we want you to go over with the boys. When you reach your objectives just drop us a pigeon to say so. Here's a chit, take it to the pigeon-loft and get a good nippy fowl. Good night and good luck."

I found the pigeon-fancier inside an old London omnibus which served for a pigeon-loft, spoon-feeding a sick bird. A dour Lancastrian, the fancier studied my chit with a sour eye, then, grumbling that he didn't know what the army was coming to turning birds out of bed at this hour, he slowly climbed a ladder and, poking his head through a trap in the roof, addressed himself to the pigeons.

"That you, Flossie? No, you can't go with them tail feathers missing to the General's cat. Jellicoe—no, you can't go neither, you've 'ad a 'ard day out with them tanks. Nasty cough you've got, Gaby; I'll give you a drop of 'ot for it presently. You're breathin' very 'eavy, Joffre; been over-eatin' yourself again, I suppose—couldn't fly a yard. Eustace, you're for it."

He backed down the ladder, grasping the unfortunate Eustace, stuffed it in a basket and handed it to me.



The Lady. "OH, MY VALIANT LORD, HOW REJOICED I AM TO SEE YOU SAFE! BUT THINK YOU IT WAS WISE TO BRING HOME YON LOATHLY BEAST? THE FOOD-HOARDING ORDER, YOU KNOW——"

"I hope this is a good bird," said I, "nippy and all that?"

The fancier snorted, "Good bird? Nothing can't stop 'im, barrages, smoke, nothing. 'E 's deserved the V.C. scores of times over; e 's the best bird in the army, an' don't you forget it, Sir."

I promised not to, caught up the basket and fled.

I reached the neighbourhood of the line at about 2 A.M. It was snowing hard and the whole front was sugared over like a wedding-cake, every track and landmark obliterated. For some hours I groped about seeking Battalion H.Q., tripping over hidden wire, tobogganing down snow-masked craters into icy shell-holes, the inimitable Eustace with me. Finally I fell head-first into a dug-out inhabited by three ancient warriors, who were sitting round a brazier sucking cigarettes. They were Brigade Scouts, they told me, and were going over presently. They were also Good Samaritans, one of them, Fred, giving me his seat by the fire and a mug of scalding cocoa, while his colleagues, Messrs. Alf and Bert, attended to Eustace, who needed all the attention he could get. I caught snatches of their conversation here and there: "Shall us toast 'im over the brazier a bit, Alf?" "Wonder if a drop o' rum would 'earten 'im?" "Tip it into his jaws when 'e yawns, Bert."

At length Eustace's circulation was declared restored and the three set about harnessing themselves for war, encasing their legs in sand-bags, winding endless mufflers round their heads and donning innumerable odd overcoats, so that their final appearance was more that of apple-women than scouts.

We then set out for the battle, Bert leading the way towards the barrage which was cracking and banging away in yellow flashes over the Bosch lines.

Presently we heard a muffled hail ahead.

"Wazzermatter, Bert?" Alf shouted.

"They 've quit — slung their 'ook," came the voice.

Fifty yards brought us bumping up against Bert, who was prodding through the débris of a German post with the point of his bayonet.

"So the swines have beat it?" said Fred. "Any soovenirs?"

"Nah!" said Bert, spitting, "not a blinkin' 'am-sandwich."

"Is this really our objective?" I asked.

"It is, Sir," Bert replied. "Best sit down and keep quiet; the rest of the boys will be along in a jiffy, and they 'd bomb their own grandmothers when they 're worked up."

I put my hand in the basket and dragged Eustace forth. He didn't look up to V.C. form. Still I had explicit orders to release him when our objective was reached, and obedience is second nature with me.

I secured my message to his leg, wished him luck and tossed him high in the air. A swirl of snow hid him from view.

I didn't call at H.Q. when I returned. I went straight home to bed and stayed there. As they did not send for me and I heard no more about it I conjectured that the infallible Eustace had got back to his bus and all was well. Nevertheless I had a sort of uneasy feeling about him. I heard no more of it for ten days, and then, out walking one afternoon, I bumped into the pigeon-fancier. There was no way of avoiding the man; the lane was only four feet wide, bounded by nine-foot walls with glass on top. So I halted opposite him, smiled my prettiest and asked after Eustace. "So glad he got home all right," said I; "a great bird that."

The fancier glared at me, his sour eyes sparkling, his fists opening and shutting. I felt that only bitter discipline stood between them and my throat.

"Ay, Sir," said he, speaking with difficulty, "he 's a great bird, but not the bird he was. He got home all right yesterday, but very stiff in the legs from walking every step o' the way."

PATLANDER.

THE MARK IV. LIGHT POCKET CIGARETTE CASE.

IT was the eve of my oral examination in the Lewis gun.

I was sitting in my billet with a large note-book on my lap, testing myself with questions of "Mechanism," of "Points after Firing," of "General Description"—in fact with all kinds of questions which might in any way be connected with the "Light Automatic ·303 inch Lewis Machine Gun." I was trying to practise concentration and hardly looked up when the door opened and a Staff-Sergeant-Instructor entered the room. He did not, I think, salute, though I am sure that his cap was on, but, producing an oblong cigarette-case (which, now that I come to think of it, was, I believe, my own), he arrested my attention. I had no time to say anything, for he started off with his lecture straightaway:—

"'Ere we 'ave the MARK IV. LIGHT POCKET CIGARETTE CASE. Take it down in your note-book, please, Sir, under the heading 'General Description.' It is made of aluminium for lightness: length, 5¾ inches; breadth, 3½ inches; weight, when empty, 2¼ ounces, when full, 3½ ounces. It consists of two slightly curved hoblong pans—the HUPPER PAN and the LOWER PAN. The hupper pan is convex and the lower pan is concave."

Here he paused; then with great emphasis he went on: "*The reason why: in horder for the case to come flush against the ribs of a man's body.* The two pans are fastened together by a HINGE and a HAXIS-PIN. The haxis-pin may be removed with the aid of a Mark IV. PUNCH by tapping from right to left—*so.*

"At the hopposite side of the lower pan we 'ave a STUD, which protrudes through a SLOT or cut-away portion of the lip. It is a matter of hin-difference which way you call it. This stud is known as the CATCH-SPRING HACTUATING-STUD, because it hactuates the catch-spring.

"In order to hactuate the catch spring you depress the catch-spring-hactuating stud with the thumb of the right 'and—in *this* manner; and be sure you remember, Sir, on the day of the examination, that in horder to be a good instructor you must *illŭstrate* as well as *demónstrate.*

"I now hopen the cigarette-case—*so*—and on the hinside of the lip of the lower pan we see the catch-spring, which consists of a steel SPRING RIB and a PROJECTION which is hundercut.

"The spring rib is made of steel for strength and is of *two* patterns. The Mark I. pattern is shorter in length than the Mark II. pattern, which we 'ave here, and is 'eld in position by one screw only. It has now been condemned and is only hissued to the Expeditionary Forces, so we will content ourselves with the description of the Mark II. pattern spring-rib which is fitted to this case.

"It is 'eld in position by two small screws, one at heither end. The screw on the right is known as the RIGHT CATCH-SPRING-RIB-FIXING-SCREW, and the screw on the left is known as the LEFT CATCH-SPRING-RIB-FIXING-SCREW.

"Each screw is marked with a number. One screw is marked with a ONE and the other screw is marked with a TWO. The RIGHT CATCH-SPRING-RIB-FIXING SCREW is marked with a——" He paused as though leaving me to complete the limerick. Without looking up from my note-book I blurted out "a ONE."

"*Wrong* and *hincorrect*, Sir," he replied. "The right catch-spring-rib-fixing-screw is marked with a TWO and the left catch-spring-rib-fixing-screw is marked with a ONE."

"Why on earth didn't they mark them the other way round?" I protested.

His answer upheld the oldest traditions of the Army.

"*Because*, Sir," he said, "there was a Liberal Guv-er-mint in power at the time. And we will now go on to consider the projection which is hundercut. It is dovetailed into the steel spring-rib and is hundercut in horder to provide a flange which springs into a corresponding clearance or *ree*-cess on the inside of the lip of the hupper pan when the pressure of the thumb of the right 'and on the catch-spring-hactuating-stud is released."

"One minute, Sergeant," I said; "what's *that* little scratch intended for?"

He hesitated, and for a moment I thought that I had caught him out, but only for a moment. "That small *groove*, Sir," he replied, with an air of finality, "is for the Harmourer," which of course settled the question.

"The Mark IV. Light Pocket Cigarette-case," he went on, "contains, when full, twenty-eight rounds, fourteen rounds in the hupper pan and fourteen rounds in the lower pan—twenty-eight in hall. Each pan is provided with a strip of Mark VII. RUSSIAN SILK ELASTIC, which holds the rounds in position. There are two methods of unloading—(*a*) Deliberate, (*b*) Rapid. In horder to give you practice in *loading* before *unloading* I will now unload according to method (*b*). Standard time, three seconds."

He gripped the cigarette-case firmly in one hand, holding it open, and started to shake it—gently at first, then more and more violently. Apparently some of the rounds refused to be shaken out, and, losing all control of himself, he banged the cigarette-case on the table; even my chair seemed to vibrate.

Then at last I opened my eyes. Russell was standing over me shaking my shoulder.

"You've been snoozing, old dear," he said. "Get a move on or it will be midnight before you've finished your notes. Have a gasper?"

He drew a cigarette-case from his pocket as he spoke.

"Thanks," I said, looking at it suspiciously; "I prefer a pipe."

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF MEMORY.

THE correspondence on "Facial Memory" in *The Spectator* seems to have infected our readers also. At least this seems to be the only explanation of the budget of letters on the subject which Mr. Punch has lately received and from which he publishes the following selection:—

THE PREDOMINANT FEATURE.

Much Boreham, Herts.

SIR,—It is an interesting question in connection with facial memory which feature impresses itself most deeply on the recollection. Personally I am inclined to give the preference to the nose. This may be due to the fact that my own family is remarkable for the prominence of that organ. Indeed I had an uncle, a well-known entomologist, whose nose was so long and set at such a peculiar angle that he could not smoke a cigarette without burning the tip. He was a bachelor, a man of considerable means, and I never forgot him. The colour of people's eyes I rarely notice, but I find a squint a decided assistance to memory. Thus I recognised an old schoolfellow who was afflicted in this way after an interval of upwards of forty years. But I ought to add that he also had a pronounced nose and a game leg. Voices, again, I seldom forget. JOWETT's voice, as I have noticed in my *Conversations with Celebrities* (Vol. III. page 289), was of a cheerful chirping *timbre* that at once arrested the ear, and his nose too, though not pronounced, was characteristic (see page 294). Indeed I cannot help thinking that it would be a safer method for our police to take impressions of the noses of criminals than to rely on finger-prints. But as I have dealt exhaustively with this subject in my *Luminous Lucubrations* (Vol. IV. page 792) I may content myself here



Pacifist Visitor. "WELL, LITTLE MAID, AND WHERE IS YOUR DADDY?" *Small Scots Patriot.* "IN FRANCE."
P. V. "AH! AND WHAT IS HE DOING THERE?" *S. S. P.* (*stoutly*). "KILLING GERRMANS."
P. V. "DEAR! DEAR! AND WHEN IS HE COMING HOME?" *S. S. P.* (*very stoutly*). "WHEN HE'S FEENISHED WI' THEM A'."

with a brief statement of my conviction.

I am, Yours faithfully,
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

A CRUEL CONTRETEMPS.

Emperor's Gate, S.W.

SIR,—I much sympathize with those whose memory for faces plays them false, having long suffered from this defect. It is not that I forget faces (in this respect my memory is truly royal) but that I am unable to pigeon-hole their owners. For example, I remember meeting a smartly-dressed man in Pall Mall years ago whose face was perfectly familiar. As he showed symptoms of recognition I stopped and shook hands with him, when to my horror it turned out that it was my tailor, to whom at the time I owed a rather heavy bill. I am bound to say that he seemed even more embarrassed than I was; but I don't think that tailors ought to frequent Pall Mall during the daylight.

Yours faithfully,
"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

A STRANGE STORY.

The Oaks, Gullingham.

SIR,—This correspondence on the subject of memory is most interesting. Perhaps you will allow me to contribute an experience of my own. As a rule, my memory for names and faces is excellent, but it is subject to occasional lapses. For example a few years ago a young man accosted me in the street as I was leaving my house, reminding me that he had once been in my service as a boot-boy. He knew my name, though I had forgotten all about him, and asked my assistance to enable him to pay his railway fare to Gloucester, where his father was lying dangerously ill. I lent him a sovereign, which he promised to repay me; but from that day to this I have never heard from or of him. Strange to say I found that he had told a similar story to several other residents in the neighbourhood. As his narrative was most circumstantial and his manner convincing, it has occurred to me that he was also suffering from a lapse of memory, although his last words to me were that he would never forget my kindness.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
SAMUEL SWALLOW.

"LEST WE REMEMBER."

Look-ahead Institute,
794, Kingsway.

SIR,—Most contributors to this correspondence proceed on the assumption that a good memory is a blessing and a thing to be cultivated. Personally I am of opinion that it is far more important for success in life to cultivate the art of judicious oblivion. As the poet says, "'Tis madness to remember, 'Tis wisdom to forget." Acting on this view I have organised a School of Scientific Forgetfulness. Full particulars will be sent on application to me at the subjoined address; but I may say that my main aim is to disburden the mind of useless knowledge and to enable students to concentrate their attention on the needs of the moment.



Wife of Profiteer. "Er—can you tell me if—er—really *nice* people eat herrings?"

Gratifying results have already been obtained, and one of my pupils, whom I have taught to eliminate all recollection of what he had learned at school and the University, has been appointed to an important post in the new Ministry of Information.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Andrew Thruston.

The Passing of the Horse.

"Fifteen hundred dollars Sausage Making Plant at sacrifice or exchange for five passenger car (latest)."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

"The Premier's wife also visited Hampstead, where she was met by 50 ladies in national costume."—*Morning Post.*

What exactly is the national costume of the Hampstead Heathens?

"The United States Government wireless stations transmit the following message from Washington:—The Food Commission announces that the meatless days have saved 140,000,000 pounds of beer in four months."
Manchester Paper.

Although it is perhaps unusual to reckon beer by the pound, this is indeed good news for the members of the United Kingdom Alliance.

THE HOLE.

Lines to a Prospective Tenant.

This is The Hole; and here, my friend,
Your lessor all but met his end,
Only the gods were good
When out of heaven swung the bomb,
Diverting me a moment from
My day-long dreams of food.

Yet, as I organised a queue
Of such as congregate to view
Whatever sport 's afoot,
And heard men saying every minute
That "you could put two taxis in it"
(But I had none to put)—

I mostly wondered if you 'd mind
This gaping orifice behind
Your future kitchen-door;
Yet fancied you 'd be quite content
(If anything, I felt the rent
Should be a little more).

For think how scarce the croquet-lawns
In which this kind of crater yawns
So beautiful, so deep;
In all this suburb, bruised and charred,
No hole is held in more regard—
And you can have it cheap.

Only you must not fill it in,
But for all time the Prussians' sin
Shall be attested here;
Others may mend their promises,
We'll keep our wreckage as it is,
The perfect souvenir.

Save that around shall yew-trees grow
And some small tablet let men know
How nearly I was downed,
And folk will come in flocks to see
Who would not visit you or me
On any other ground.

And if your friends' war-ardour dies,
Or should your terrier fraternise
With dachshunds in the street,
Show them the hole and tell them bits
About the wickedness of Fritz
And how he must be beat.

Maybe the croquet won't be grand,
But what a hazard lies at hand
For clock-golf, don't you think?
Or you may line the thing with tin
For gold-fish to revolve therein
Or puppy dogs to drink.

And since men say no second shell
Where one has fallen ever fell,
And I should like to know,
When next you hear the Archies roll
Please put your household in the hole,
And see if this is so. A. P. H.



MADE IN GERMANY.

Civilization. "WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT?"
Imperial Artist. "WHY, 'PEACE,' OF COURSE."
Civilization. "WELL, I DON'T RECOGNISE IT—AND I NEVER SHALL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 4th.—In moving that a grant of twenty-five thousand pounds be made to the widow of Sir Stanley Maude the Prime Minister paid a noble tribute to this very perfect gentle knight who, after deeds that restored the Nation's faith in itself, fell a victim to his own chivalry. The motion was approved *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Snowden being nobody.

My congratulations to Lieutenant-Colonel Will Thorne on his new rank and to the 1st Battalion Essex Volunteers on having a C.O. who, in addition to other merits, has a voice that should be the envy of the sergeants' mess.

The Minister for Agriculture was much heckled regarding the shortage of pigs, and when told that not a single sty should be left unfilled, was understood to say that that depended more upon the sows in the country than upon the bores at Westminster. The House had a further proof of Mr. Prothero's practical knowledge of farming when, in alluding to the relaxation of local by-laws, he casually remarked that "no man minds the smell of his own pig."

Tuesday, March 5th.—Of all the Members of the House the last I should have suspected, *primâ facie*, of sympathy with Bolshevism is Mr. Morrell, who is the brother-in-law of a Duke and dresses the part to perfection. But Pacifism, like Poverty, introduces one to strange associates, and Mr. Morrell, it appears, has in public meeting advised the British proletariat to adopt Russian methods. But if he wants to be taken seriously he must grow a beard *à la* Lenin and eschew clean collars and soap.

It was, of course, very ungenerous of Mr. Lynch and Mr. Pringle to complain that Sir Eric Geddes was reading his speech, and the Speaker was quite right in rebuking them. All the same I think the First Lord, who can make a very good speech if he cares to, would find that his statements of naval policy would gain in effectiveness if he trusted more to his memory and less to his manuscript.

For one Parliamentary innovation, however, he deserves our thanks, and that was the exhibition of an immense diagram, illustrating the downward tendency of the U-boat depredations. There are other orators who might with advantage imitate this method. In fact there are some whose speeches would be more enjoyable if they were all diagrams.

The best news that Sir Eric had to impart was that the Allies have at last realised the necessity of uniformity in naval as well as military policy; the worst was that owing to labour troubles (for I didn't gather that he attributed any blame to Admiralty methods of dealing with the shipbuilding trade) our output had fallen far below last year's record.



The Envy of the Sergeants' Mess.
Lt.-Col. Will Thorne.

Wednesday, March 6th.—Visitors who repaired to the Upper House in the hope of hearing some brilliant epigrams from Lord Ribblesdale, who sought a return of the Government's "semi-ministerial, semi-departmental, and semi official" appointments, had first to sit through a debate on the important but seldom exhilarating topic of foot-and-mouth disease. This depressing prelude may have taken the sparkle out of Lord Ribblesdale, who was not nearly so sprightly as usual. In fact the best joke of the afternoon came from Lord Hylton, who on behalf of the Government refused to give the return because it would use up too much paper.



Eric; or, Little by Little.
"There's as bad fish in the sea as ever came out of it."
Sir Eric Geddes.

On this subject Parliament is waking up. In the Commons complaint was made that a pamphlet published by the Board of Agriculture contained two pages of complimentary matter, and Sir R. Winfrey promised that such a lapse from official frigidity should not occur again. In future the motto of the departments will be that of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "No flowers, by request."

Like all popular assemblies the House of Commons passes rapidly from mood to mood. Members of all parties were plunged in sadness this afternoon by the untimely death of John Redmond, snatched away just when his distracted country most needed his moderating influence. Of the many tributes paid to his memory none was more moving than the few simple words in which Sir Edward Carson told of a friendship begun when they went on the Leinster circuit together and lasting unshattered by all the storms of political controversy.

Within an hour Sir Edward was the centre of a very different scene. Challenged to say whether he approved of the supersession of Lord Jellicoe he startled the House by the revelation that, though a member of the War Cabinet at the time, he had never been consulted on the subject, and that he considered it "a national calamity." Sir Charles Seely was not expressing a solitary view when he said, "May I ask whether there is any Government?"

From Mr. Bonar Law we learned that there is a Government, but that it is not considered necessary to consult it over such trivialities as the appointment of the director of our naval strategy. That is a matter solely for the civilian who happens to be First Lord, who may, however, and in this instance did, take the opinion of another civilian who happens to be Prime Minister.

Thursday, March 7th.—Mr. Byrne seemed to be disappointed to learn that in Ireland (where Mr. Duke has been engaged in teaching the young idea not to shoot) no prisoners are now being forcibly fed, and that those who refuse to take food have to take the consequences instead. He does not approve of these substitutes.

That indefatigable sleuthhound, Major Hunt, scored a notable triumph. His discovery that "a large silk manu-



Medical Officer. "BLESS ME, MY LAD, WHAT DO YOU WEIGH?" *Recruit.* "EIGHT STUN-TWO, INCLUDING BONE, SIR."

factory" in Staffordshire had been purchased by "a German woman" was pronounced by Sir ALBERT STANLEY to be singularly accurate, save that "the large silk manufactory" was a small fancy-shop, and that "the German woman" had been married to an Englishman for fifteen years.

Even in these days a Vote of Credit for six hundred millions is rather a large dose to swallow at a single gulp, but Mr. BONAR LAW sugar-coated his pill with the explanation that it would enable the House to have a long holiday at Whitsuntide. As he also announced a slight but welcome diminution in the daily rate of expenditure, and furnished a candid but, on the whole, encouraging account of the position on our numerous fronts, there was little criticism, and the Vote was carried just in time for Members to be "marooned" in the Tubes.

What our Pro-Consuls have to suffer.

"To-day is the Governor's birthday. His Excellency's quotation in Lady Bertram's Birthday Book is

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua.

His Excellency's career in Ceylon has already verified its truth."—*Ceylon Paper.*

"There were in the Dominion large quantities of S. P. Hagnum moss, found to be suitable for dressing wounds."

Taranaki Daily News (New Zealand).

We welcome the appearance of this new scientist.

APPEALS TO THE YOUNG.

PEOPLE who say that there is any lack of enterprise in the thousand-and-one Ministries of economy and propaganda are wofully out of it. Energy is conspicuous everywhere. An idea of the thoroughness with which the Food Control authorities are doing their job may be gathered by a few extracts from the advance proofs of a series of new versions of favourite tales for children which are about to be issued on the principle that you cannot catch the mind too tender.

We do not quote the stories in full, but merely those parts where the hand of the FOOD-CONTROLLER has fallen heaviest. Here, for example, is a vital passage from the revision of

"Little Red Riding-Hood":—

"Now, Riding-Hood," said her mother, "I want you to take this basket of eatables over to your grannie's."

"What have you put into it, mother?" asked the little girl.

"There's a pound of butter, a dozen eggs and six sausages," was the reply.

"But, my dear mother," exclaimed the child, "have you not read about rations? This is a very unpatriotic and dangerous proceeding."

"Nonsense!" said her mother; "the only danger is the Wolf."

"On the contrary," replied Little Red Riding-Hood, "I consider the Wolf as comparatively negligible. What I fear is Lord RHONDDA. My conscience also forbids me to contravene the regulations."

"Bless you, my daughter!" said her mother. "What a treasure you are! I was only testing your character and now I am satisfied."

And with these words Little Red Riding-Hood was presented with a new shilling, a beautiful doll and a packet of Lupicide.

A somewhat similar motive is to be found in the next extract:—

From the new "Hansel and Gretel."

The two hungry children were walking hand-in-hand in the dark forest. At length they saw in front of them a clearing among the trees.

"A house!" cried Hansel; and they both began to run towards it.

"Such a curious little cottage," they exclaimed when they came near it.

In a few minutes they had reached it, and Gretel, struck by something odd about the appearance of it, touched the wall with her hand. "Why, it's built of cake," she cried delightedly.

"And the roof is made of butterscotch," said her brother as he broke off a piece. "And it's good too," he added as well as he could with his mouth too full.

So the children ate till their hunger



"IS IT VERY POWERFUL?"
"IT IS, LADY. FOR INSTANCE IF THERE WAS A GOTHA TWO MILES UP IT WOULD BRING IT DOWN TO FIVE HUNDRED YARDS."
"AND THEN I SUPPOSE ONE OF OUR RIFLEMEN WOULD DEAL WITH IT?"

left them. Then, being well brought up, they began to reflect that perhaps they were doing wrong. "No, little sister," said Hansel gravely, "we will *not* go to the front-door. This is food-hoarding—a crime against the State."

"Yes," said Gretel, "and peculiarly ingenious too, for who would think of seeking for hidden comestibles among the materials of the very fabric of the building?"

"Exactly so," replied Hansel, "and the guilt of the hoarder thus becomes the more serious. Let us hasten away and find a policeman."

So the two little patriots wandered on, although suffering the pangs of greed, until their search was rewarded. . . .

It is generally supposed that the story of *Blue Beard* illustrates callous turpitude to the full. But the Food Department have a different opinion, and in their version of the legend other and even more serious crimes are added to his account: duplicity and an anti-social spirit almost beyond description.

From the new "Blue Beard."

After her husband had gone and the last sound of his car had died away the wife of Blue Beard tiptoed up the stairs and came to the door of the secret room. In defiance of all his instructions and in breathless haste she tried the keys, and at length found one which turned in the lock.

She paused and, placing her hand on her bosom to still the tumultuous beating of her heart, she silently entered and closed the door behind her.

Some hours later her lord returned and found her seated in her boudoir, pale but collected. Gazing into her eyes he said sternly, "Have you visited the secret room in my absence, madam?"

The colour mounted to her cheeks as she ran and threw her arms about his neck. "You darling," she cried, tears of joy coursing down her rosy cheeks, "how kind of you!—not to let me know!—such heaps of margarine, such quantities of sugar, such— —"

"Hush, my dear," said her dastard lord, looking round him with the apprehensive manner peculiar to the worst kind of citizen; "remember—the servants."

Polyphone for Gramophone.

"Parrot, grand talker; 4 years; will exchange for good Gramophone and Records."
Manchester Paper.

Shortage.

A certain young woman of Hoddesdon
Asked for lunch—and they gave her a modest 'un.
"We've no butter or bread
Or potatoes," they said,
"And all the fish (even the cod) is done."

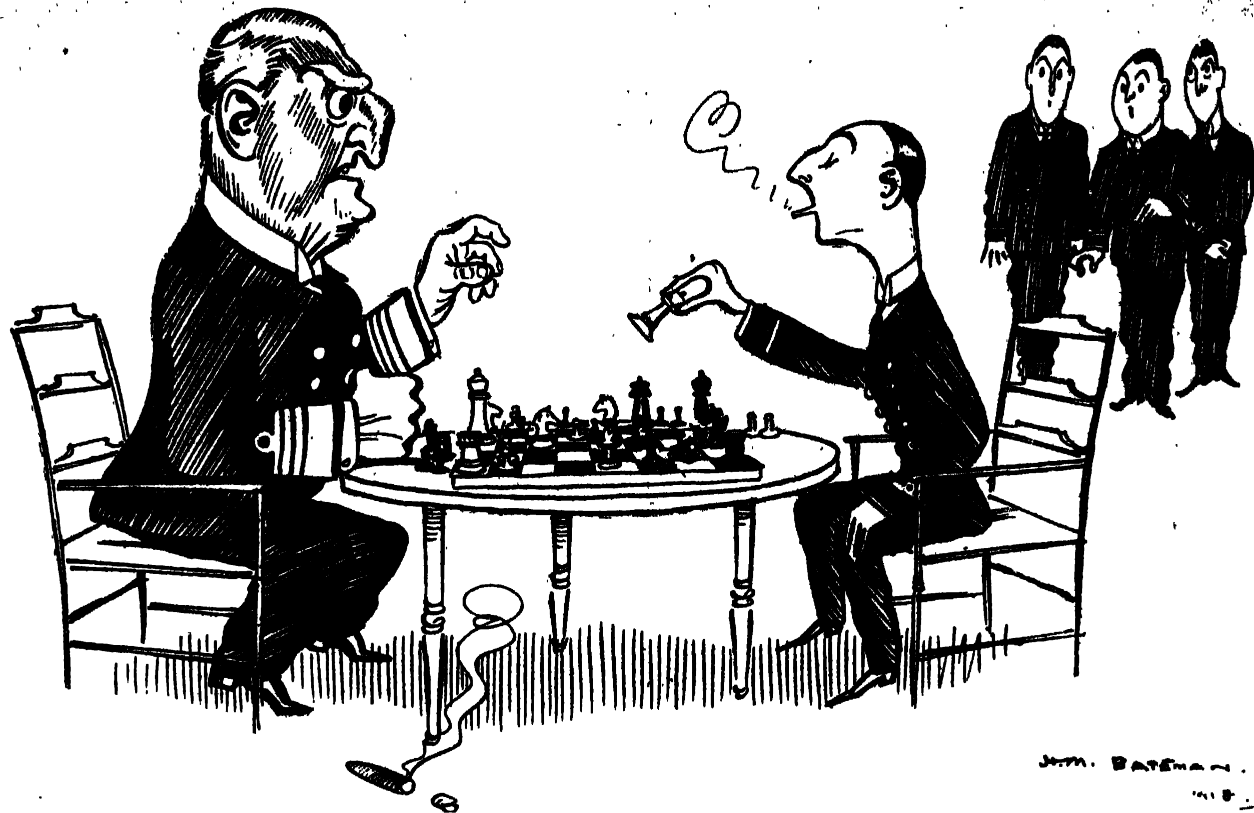
ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—No, Horace, the quotation, "His fair round belly with food-coupons lined," is not, as you suppose, from BACON'S *As You Like It*, but from RHONDDA'S *Whether You Like It Or Not.*

"We can honestly recommend those who were not there last night to go to-night to another performance they are having at the Church of England Institute commencing at 9.30 and we feel sure that it will please even the most exacting. The funeral takes place this evening."—*Hyderabad Bulletin.*

The English take their pleasures sadly—even in India.

"BANDS OF HOPE,
43RD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE —— UNION,
Staggering Possibilities."
Local Paper.

Surely these are just the possibilities which Bands of Hope were intended to prevent.



DEEDS THAT OUGHT TO WIN THE V.C.

The Sub-Lieutenant takes the Admiral's Queen.

THE FAMILY MOTTO.

"*Ab uno disce omnes,*" remarked the Adjutant, who had been examining some German prisoners and was discoursing on the manners of the Bosch.

In the old days, when we despised margarine and matches, the Adjutant was a classical master at a public school, and he still talks, as the Colonel once told him, "like the end pages of the dictionary."

"Your knowledge of Latin makes you the best misunderstood man in the division," observed the Captain. "Yesterday, for example, my orderly asked me where Quoante was, and what it had to do with the War. That floored me, but on making inquiries I found he had heard you remark that we seemed to be fighting now chiefly to restore the *status quo ante.* He was under the impression that you said the 'State of Quoante,' and thought the place must be one of the South American Republics.

"The Sergeant-Major, by the way, seems to think your Latin tags are an original form of swearing. It would be a revelation to you, old chap, to hear him freely interpreting them to defaulters. And you should notice the subalterns looking intelligent when you are talking like a Roman senator. Reminds me of young Fudge, who hadn't enough Latin to enable him to translate his family motto.

"Fudge, in spite of his unhappy name, was quite a nice lad, the son of a Midland manufacturer who had adapted his plant to make aeroplane parts instead of household ironmongery; and soon after the youngster joined us as a subaltern his father got a knighthood because he paid such a lot of excess profits tax. With the knighthood he promptly acquired from the College of Heralds a coat-of-arms and a family motto—of the "canting" kind, in Latin, of course.

"The fellow who prepared the motto must have been a bit of a humourist, and he took advantage of old Fudge's ignorance of Latin to explain that its meaning was, 'Death has no fears for a Fudge.' The old chap wrote to his son—his stationery was embellished with the new coat-of-arms—urging him to memorise the motto and say it when he found himself in a tight corner. Young Fudge, as I have said, had no Latin, but he got the family motto by heart, and always used it when he was just about to go over the top. The men of his platoon thought it was a prayer or that he was cursing Fritz in Greek, and some of them even took to shouting it themselves as they went into action. The Bosches must have revised their opinion of British culture when they heard our men bawling Latin, and they usually bolted like rabbits.

"That motto certainly seemed to inspire Fudge. He did well, was twice mentioned in despatches, got his second pip, and was awarded the M.C. Then one night in Mess, when in an expansive mood he quoted his family motto, '*Melius fugere quam mori,*' another man told him that it meant ''Tis better to fly than to die'; and poor Fudge crumpled up."

"Your moral seems to be that ignorance of Latin is a good thing," remarked the Adjutant. "But in the end it let him down badly."

"Not at all," responded the Captain. "When he recovered from the shock he had an inspiration. Under the impression that '*fugere*' indicated flight through the air, he transferred to the Flying Corps, and now flaunts his family motto with greater conviction than ever."

From a patent medicine testimonial:

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

Weekly Paper.

Lord Rhondda must be told about this.

THE LAST POT.

LET others hymn the weariness and pain
(Or, if they will, the glory and the glamour)
Of holding fast, from Flanders to Lorraine,
The thin brown line at which the Germans hammer;
My Muse, a more domesticated maid,
Aspires to sing a song of Marmalade.

O Marmalade!—I do not mean the sort,
Sweet marrow-pulp, for babes and maidens fitter,
But that wherein the golden fishes sport
On orange seas (with just a dash of bitter),
Not falsely coy, but eager to parade
Their Southern birth—in short, O Marmalade!

Much have I sacrificed: my happy home,
My faith in experts' figures, half my money,
The fortnight that I meant to spend in Rome,
My weekly effort to be fairly funny;
But these are trifles, light as air when weighed
Against this other—Breakfast Marmalade.

Fair was the porridge in the days of peace,
And still more fair the cream and sugar taken;
Plump were the twin poached eggs, yet not obese,
Upon their thrones of toast, and crisp the bacon—
I face their loss undaunted, unafraid,
If only I may keep my Marmalade.

An evening press without CALLISTHENES;
A tabless Staff; immobilised spaghetti;
A SHAW with whom the Common Man agrees;
A ZAMBRA searching vainly for NEGRETTI;
When spades are trumps, a hand without a spade—
So is my breakfast lacking Marmalade.

O RHONDDA (Lord)! O KEILLER! O Dundee!
O CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, Limited! O Seville!
O orange groves along the Middle Sea!
(O Jaffa, for example!) O the devil—
Let Beef and Butter, Rolls and Rabbits fade,
But give me back my love, my Marmalade.

A. A. M.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The GERMAN Emperor and the Emperor of AUSTRIA.*)

The Emperor of Austria. I say, Uncle. By the way, may I call you Uncle?

The German Emperor. Certainly you may call me Uncle if you like. But why should you wish to?

The E. of A. Oh, you've been very kind to me, you know, in initiating me into the deepest secrets of statecraft, and I felt that we were more than merely one Emperor to another. Anyhow, a sort of irresistible Uncle feeling came over me. But you're quite sure you don't mind?

The G. E. Quite sure. (*Aside*) What is he driving at? (*Aloud*) And shall we now begin our lecture?

The E. of A. Yes, Uncle, directly. But first, as your dutiful nephew, I want to tell you something which struck me as rather witty. Mind you stop me if you've heard it.

The G. E. I own I don't much care for witty strokes.

The E. of A. No, I know you don't. But you're sure to like this one. It's really funny, and made me laugh a good deal.

The G. E. Well, then, out with it.

The E. of A. Listen, then. They are saying in Vienna that my glorious predecessor, the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH——

The G. E. A good man if ever there was one.

The E. of A. Yes, I know. Well, they say about him that he is not really dead.

The G. E. I wish I could think so.

The E. of A. You don't quite mean that, do you, Uncle? Because, you know, if he were alive I should not be where I am, and you and I would not be holding sweet converse together.

The G. E. Oh, in that sense of course I did not mean it. But proceed with your witty stroke.

The E. of A. Well, they say in Vienna that our revered FRANCIS JOSEPH is not dead, but that he sold his soul to you in order to be young again, and that I, the Emperor CHARLES, am not myself but am only a continuation of FRANCIS JOSEPH, and that some day you will fetch me away with an army of little goblins. Ha! ha! But I see you don't laugh.

The G. E. Laugh, indeed! How should a German Emperor laugh when he finds himself compared to *Mephistopheles?* For that is what it comes to.

The E. of A. How clever of you to see it at once! But I am sorry you don't think it funny. It really means that you are the devil of a fellow, and that I am only the slave of your will. If I don't mind I don't see why you should. But some people never get accustomed to our Viennese lightheartedness.

The G. E. (*aside*). A strange idea of lightheartedness this young man seems to have. (*Aloud*) I must find out if there is any witty story about you in Berlin, so that I may tell it to you.

The E. of A. Yes, do. Then we shall know *si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit.*

The G. E. (*awfully*). YOUNG MAN!

The E. of A. Oh, I'm not frightened of you, Uncle. I used to be, but I've got over that. I try to teach myself to respect you as a worthy man striving to do what he can in a world that is wicked enough to have almost ceased to believe in him. You ought to be grateful to me, Uncle. If I were really FRANCIS JOSEPH you might have found things more difficult, for he knew a great deal and was not often liable to be deceived. However, let us proceed with the lecture. What is the subject to-day?

The G. E. The subject is, *How a Monarch shall earn the love of his subjects and the affectionate esteem of the whole world.* Have you your notebook ready? Then we will begin. [*Left lecturing.*

Another Impending Apology.

"At a meeting of the Parks Committee of the Birmingham City Council yesterday, the Administrative Sub-committee expressed the opinion that it was in the interests of food-production that pigs should be kept in some of the city parks. They, accordingly, recommended that the superintendent should be kept in some of the city parks."
Liverpool Evening Express.

"FAST CRUISERS FOR BRAZIL.
BUENOS AYRES, Friday.
Congress is considering a project for increasing the credit for the fleet by fifty millions of gold pesos (normally £10,000,000), with a view to the construction of fast cruisers, submarines, hydroplanes, mines and naval stations."—*Evening Paper.*

The self-sacrificing attitude of Argentina towards her former naval rival should receive the widest publicity.

"General Wanted; good home, high wages on munition scale, and hardly any work; use of piano, bicycle, and drawing-room to entertain her friends; mistress will teach maid two modern languages, and master will instruct her in conic sections and the differential calculus."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. Punch is much obliged to the numerous correspondents who have sent him the above paragraph, but he deprecates jocosity on really serious subjects.



TIME 19-

The Youngster. "I suppose you was somethink else afore you took to soldiering?"
The Veteran. "Yus. When I were a nipper I used to sound the 'All clear!' on raid nights in London."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

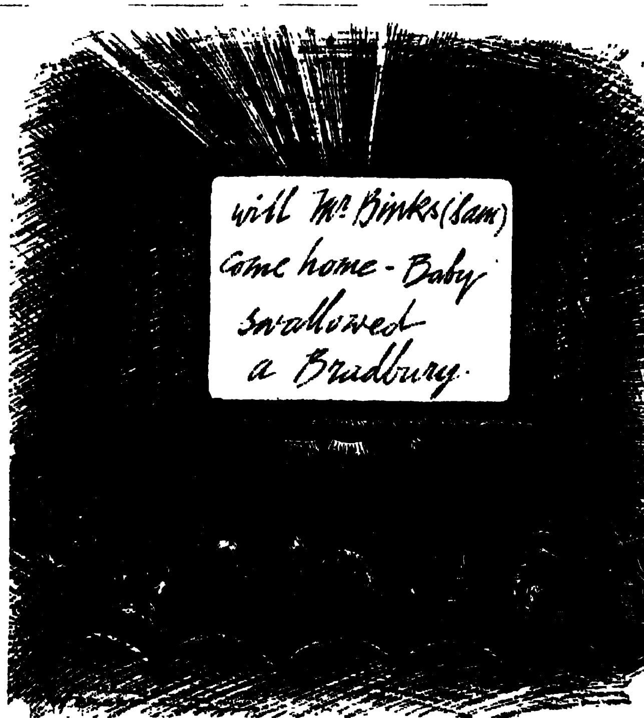
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Perceiving that *Simple Souls* (Cassell) was going to amuse me, I said to myself that I would turn down the corner of any page that held a specially quotable or entertaining passage—a practice, I hasten to add, only permissible to the reviewer. Somewhere towards the end of chapter two, however, I abandoned this plan. Moderation, even in dog's-ears, must be observed. The fact is that Mr. John Hastings Turner has, as befits a dramatist, an aptitude for "lines" that makes *Simple Souls* one of the most titillating stories that I have met for a very long time. I wish I could add that the tale is as credible as it is amusing; but I think that even Mr. Turner can hardly have hoped for many souls so simple as to believe in the idealistic *Duke of Wynningham* and his quixotic union with a daughter of the people to whom he had once given tea at the Zoological Gardens. But despite this unreality some quality of a whimsical fairy-tale beauty in the drawing of the two chief characters, and, above all, Mr. Turner's gift of fantastic dialogue, give the book an appeal greater than anything that its improbable scheme would suggest. I am not saying that the wit, admirable as it is, does not sometimes get a little in the way of the story. The epigrammatic facility of almost every character may prompt a suspicion that they are only Mr. Turner himself in different disguises; I say almost every character, for there is one exception at least in the Duchess's alcoholic father, a tiny portrait of admirable fidelity and observation. Now and again the author seems unable to resist "playing the lion too," with the result that some wildly audacious *mot* leaves the reader so dissolved in happy laughter as to be forgetful of the situation. But as an irresponsible entertainment *Simple Souls* remains a notable and indeed brilliant success.

Though *Mulberry Springs* (Unwin) is officially, and no doubt in fact, a first novel, I believe I am right in saying that its author, Miss Margaret Storrs Turner, is no novice in publication. She has now proved that she can write a very agreeable comedy of intrigue, which would be more than twice as good if it were rather less than half as long. When *Marie Louise* was so abruptly deserted by her fascinating father, on their way to the English home that she had never seen, I looked forward (encouraged by this excellent start) to a book full of the most entertaining adventures. But somehow, when the now impecunious heroine had been installed, under an *alias*, as social organizer to the rising health-resort of *Mulberry Springs*, most of the pleasant possibilities of the situation seemed to melt away in floods of not very interesting talk. To be mistaken first for a princess, then for an adventuress, seemed an insufficiently distinguished fate for so altogether charming a heroine. And by the time we passed to more strenuous happenings, not without drama, I have to confess that the verbosity of everyone had begun to get a little on my nerves. "I think you have the gift of springing straight into the middle of things, without troubling about the beginning or thinking of the end," the mother of *Marie Louise* said to her. I have to repeat the same criticism to Miss Turner, with a regret that, once in the middle of things, she flings about her such a cloud of words that

beginning, middle and end are equally obscured. Wit, however, she has already by nature; brevity will come by art, and fulfil in a second novel (I hope) the promise of her first.

If you are an enthusiast for action untrammelled by the probabilities, *The Man of Silver Mount* (Cassell) is just the book for you. Never, I venture to say, has hero wrung from a modest allowance of time and space a tithe of the adventures, hairbreadth escapes, desperate encounters, bolts from the blue and gods from the machine that young *Harry Dixon*, its hero, enjoys. From the moment that the good ship *Dunbar* sinks beneath the wave, leaving him at the mercy of the elements and a couple of bloodthirsty Mexicans, life for him may be described as one continuous vaudeville. Far be it from me to do Mr. Max Pemberton the disservice of telling you how Silver Mount, an island of the blest in the middle of the Atlantic, came to be inhabited by the old *Man* and his band of desperados. These and the cockatoos are but a few of the objects of interest to be encountered in an island compared with which the *locus in quo* of the *Swiss Family Robinson* was as dull as Battersea Park. For one thing there is always a fight going on somewhere, and *Harry Dixon* finds it every time. He is there when the minions of the Mexican Republic come to smoke the old *Man* out, and when the latter starts to wipe the island clean of its Elizabethan aborigines *Harry* is still in the thick of it. When the German fleet arrives (subsequent to August, 1914) and prepares to massacre everybody, *Master Dixon*, reinforced by an American detective, remains in active eruption. Finally, when the British fleet appears and obliterates the enemy, he is to be found assisting at the obsequies. And as it is patently impossible for anything to happen to the British fleet there is nothing left for it but that everything and everybody should end happily, everybody, that is, who hasn't stopped something in the stirring events of the previous few days. Our hero returns safely to his native Edinburgh with a wife, a fortune and the makings of a reputation for being the biggest liar north of the Tweed. More than that no reasonable-minded hero could expect.



S.O.S. AT SUBURBAN PICTURES.

[In cases of emergency affecting any of the audience messages sometimes thrown on the screen by the courtesy of the management.]

Should you agree with the publishers you will think *The Lynwood Affair* (Hutchinson) "another of those stirring romances which, without being a detective tale, has all the movement of an exciting mystery." Well, a mystery it is, but of such an anæmic kind that very little excitement is to be had out of it. *Lady Lynwood*, who for substantial reasons was unpopular with the family into which she had married, died suddenly in her bed about 3.30 A.M., and on the same date and with equal abruptness her husband died in a railway carriage at 3.45 A.M. Hence complications familiar to the Law. In this case *Syd Bond*, *Lady Lynwood's* brother, sought to prove that the baronet had predeceased his wife; but he failed—to my great satisfaction, for he really was a prince of bounders. Still I have a grievance against Miss Silberrad for making me more interested in *Syd's* failure than in anyone's success. And that in a book of this *genre* is not quite right. Where, as always, Miss Silberrad triumphs is in the drawing of character and in easy natural dialogue. I wish she would leave mysteries to writers of less distinction.

Dixon Scott already has an enduring memorial in his posthumous volume of brilliant studies of *Men of Letters*, to which the versatile and appreciative Max contributed a preface. Follows a friend—Mr. Bertram Smith—with a sheaf of the young soldier-journalist's thoughts on *A Number of Things* (Foulis). This handsome book betrays the fact that for all his skill in the handling of words he was better journalist than essayist. His essays seem to miss the calm reflective mood. They are restless, crammed full of good things, be it admitted, but still crammed, uneasy and over-elaborate. But a too vivid imagination is a fault rare enough to count as a very considerable virtue, and it is here found in conjunction with a capacity for taking exquisite pains. And Scott could *see*. Perhaps the best instance of this power is the uncannily perceptive "Motoring by Night"—though I would hazard that this would be by no means his own favourite. He would no doubt have preferred those studies of the country by the ecstatic townsman which seem a little unreal.

I wish to treat *Problems of the Peace* (Allen and Unwin) with scrupulous fairness, but I confess that it contains hardly an argument that does not leave me violently unconvinced. The writer, William Harbutt Dawson, is an exponent of the "concessional" school at (I should suppose) its highest development. Beginning with some admirable generalities about the world's need of a peace, founded, not on treaties, but ideals, he proceeds to elaborate this theory into a policy that involves the concession to Germany of practically all the points at issue. If, therefore, you retain any lingering hopes of punishment for brutal aggression you must prepare, under Mr. Dawson's tuition, to shed them now, or else leave the book severely alone. When a writer heads almost all his chapters with a quotation from Richard Cobden it can hardly astonish anyone to find the contents of those chapters fiercely antagonistic to the "economic weapon." The author happens also to be gently impartial on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine, and sympathetic towards the Imperial aims of all Empires but our own. I hope I am not unfair, for example, in taking Mr. Dawson's attitude towards the German Colonies, which he would, of course, return practically *en bloc*, as typical of a policy that would not only hasten to "grasp the blood-stained hand," but tactfully press into it a substantial honorarium. It is, I confess, an ideal that astounds me.

CHARIVARIA.

LATEST reports from Whitehall indicate that nothing is being done to curb the excesses of the Red Tape Guard.

* * *

"After what has taken place in Russia," said a Conscientious Objector at Tower Bridge Police Court, "I am prepared to fight." Unfortunately for the Bolsheviks the decision arrived too late, but LENIN is said to be keeping the man's name by him for use in any further wars.

* * *

"I should like to see a number of Hindoos imported solely to make curry," writes "Anglo-Indian" in the Press. We have often wondered what kept Anglo-Indians so fierce.

* * *

Some pictures said to be worth several thousand pounds have been taken from the Brine Baths Hotel, Nantwich, despite the fact that under the Defence of the Realm Acts the stealing of pictures is illegal.

* * *

"What is a dud?" asked Sir JOHN BADDELEY at the Guildhall. We suspect Sir JOHN of having an eye on a High Court judgeship.

* * *

We understand that Japan has decided upon what course to take in regard to Russia, but is still open to receive suggestions from our newspaper critics.

* * *

An absentee at Lambeth was said to have been dodging the army since June, 1916. The War Office, however, wishes it to be understood, in explanation of its apparent inactivity, that during this period it has had other distractions.

* * *

We are informed by a statistician that, if enemy aircraft visit the Metropolis every night, any resident in Greater London may expect to be killed on an average once in every four hundred years.

* * *

The GOVERNOR of New Jersey has issued a proclamation requiring all able-bodied men to work or go to gaol. It is thought that he must have been reading some of our Parliamentary reports.

* * *

Following closely upon the recent bank amalgamations comes the news that a North of England gentleman with a margarine-card has arranged to amalgamate with a London stockbroker with a meat-card.

* * *

Commenting on the death of the notorious Captain of Koepenick, the *Kölnische Zeitung* refers to him as "the only man who ever succeeded in making the German Army look ridiculous." This is the kind of subtle flattery that the HOHENZOLLERNS really appreciate.

* * *

The Huns are distributing a publication called the "Anti-Northcliffe Mail" to British officer prisoners, and it is thought likely that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD should henceforth have a still warmer place in his heart for his "German friends."

* * *

The German Federal Council has passed an ordinance permitting tobacco manufacturers to use the leaves of all kinds of shrubs as substitutes for tobacco. The chemicals which went to the manufacture of the German cigar of commerce are now required for even more terrible purposes.

* * *

An evening paper is asking its readers which is the windiest place in London. So far this is quite the brightest journalistic idea for distracting attention from the reduced size of newspapers.

* * *

A woman who told the KAISER's fortune twenty-seven years ago has just been fined five pounds at Reading. If she had only notified the authorities of what was about to occur, how different everything might be to-day.

* * *

The Food Ministry announces that one coupon will now purchase a double quantity of bacon, provided the consumer is content with gammon. Several elderly ladies have written to Lord RHONDDA expressing their pained surprise at this ill-timed levity.

* * *

Boys under seventeen are to be excluded from Liverpool billiard halls, and some of them are complaining bitterly that if this sort of thing is to be permitted there might as well not be a war on at all.

* * *

A contemporary calls attention to the fact that more deaths are caused by motor-cars than by aeroplanes. Still the motor-cars have of course, had more practice.



MEAT-SHORTAGE IN BINGOLAND.

SUSPICIOUS HOUSEWIFE DISCOVERS BUTCHER HOARDING AN ELEPHANT FOR BOOK CUSTOMERS.

"ANGLO-BRITISH FRIENDSHIP."
Headline in "City Press."

A very necessary hint to fomenters of domestic strife.

"Turning over the faded pages of a century-old magazine the other day, I chanced upon . . . a kind of anthology of the poems of certain Dublin chimney-sweepers of a hundred years ago or thereabouts. . . . One of the best specimens in the selection is a piece from the PEN OF A CLIMBING-BOY, named Billy Doyle, whose employer, Daniel O'Brien, also wooed the nurse in his dingy cellar abode."—*Irish Paper.*

This lady must not be confused with the heroine of SCOTT's line,

"Fit nurse for a poetic child."

"AN INDIAN ARTIST.—'Twelve Portraits' is the title of portfolio published by Mr. Amal Home containing pencil sketches of some notables of Bengal by Mr. Mukul C. Dey. Sir J. G. Woodroffe write an introduction in which he describes Mr. Dey as 'one of those young Indians who have be the commencing of as Indian artich one under the influence of what seems to remaissance and is himself a notable extinguish.' Mr. Dey's write his was appendi both in America and Europe and he is the just Indian either. The sketches in the portpolio show great event and we agree with Sir John Woodroffe that the artist his seized the pundamental characterists of his sitters."
The Englishman (Calcutta).

We do not know to what school of art Mr. DEY belongs, but the printer is undoubtedly an impressionist.

DILEMMA OF AN ANTI-PATRIOT.

WHEN Britain first at their command
Who swear by Jingo's name was led on
Against my wish to take a hand
In Europe's ghastly Armageddon,
I urged with all my vocal powers
That this was no affair of ours.

Though Germany's aggressive views
I could not greet with acclamation,
In taking sides one has to choose
One's own or else the other nation;
And I 've contended all along
That England always must be wrong.

And when they talked of Teuton shame,
Of Belgium butchered by the enemy,
I called for proofs, reserved my blame,
And would not let these tales envenom me,
Or change the burden of my song
That England anyhow was wrong.

She claimed to follow Freedom's ways
And do to death the foe that barred 'em;
I pointed, in a pregnant phrase,
To Liberty in league with Tsardom!
What were we doing in this galley?
And none could face that crushing sally.

At length the Bolsheviks appeared,
Standing as Russia's liberators;
I waved my cap in air and cheered
These noble self-determinators;
On peace-at-any-price I found
Their attitude was very sound.

And now my two loves fight like cats,
And I between am torn asunder,
Not knowing which to shout for—that 's
The horrid doubt I 'm labouring under;
Which am I (both can't well be right),
Pro-German or Pro-Trotskyite?

O. S.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Oh, what a tangled web! First I disguise myself in khaki, grow a bristling moustache and a tapering waist and pretend to be a soldier; and then, when I am really beginning to deceive everybody, including myself, I am thrust into a gent's winter suiting and a soft hat and have to pretend to be a quite harmless civilian. And now I ask myself, what am I really? War is indeed an odd thing and plays queer tricks with a man. If they gave me a sou'-wester and a torpedo and told me to push off and be a sailor, I 've got to such a state that I 'd do it and ask no questions—except about pay and allowances.

It is a most peculiar thing, but all the Huns in this part of the world have large flapping ears. There is in our own hostel a peculiarly long-eared young man, dressed just like a gentleman, who has come to sit at the next table, in order to hear all about it. I say some very indiscreet things about my pay; and I 'm quite sure he is reporting to his chiefs, who sit at the other end of the room and pretend they don't know him, that there is a growing discontent among officers in the British Army as to their financial position, and that a mutiny on the subject may be expected at any moment.

He is a most fascinating lad, and I can hardly take my eyes off him; I notice that whenever he is near a mirror he can hardly take his eyes off himself. He never realised he could look so pleasing to the eye until the Central Powers dressed him up to impress Neutral States; and now he knows that he is a blond Teuton god; he can tell by the crease in his trousers. As for us, it is pathetic to see how he and his countrymen work themselves up to scowl at us. An American here, who was in Berlin till the split, says he told the Germans what is their trouble; they are just in love with the English, and it is their pique which makes them carry on so. Upon my word, I am not so sure he was wrong, and maybe their animosity now is nothing to what their clinging affection will be later on.

For myself, I prefer the animosity; one sees the Austrians here getting the other thing, and it appears to give no inner satisfaction. I have one of them under my notice who belongs to the breed of arch-nut, the kind that evokes that telling phrase of the novelist, "spotless evening dress." You know what I mean. When I put on a stiff shirt it is only to find that there is one more laundry-woman gone mad; and it takes a couple of steel clamps, with a series of nuts and bolts, to hold the two halves together, even in the middle, where there used to be a soft job for a small pearl stud. Then there is always the other fellow, who gives you the idea that in his life there are no such things as laundry-women at all, and he starts new, all over and through, every evening. That is our splendid Austrian, even more spick than he is span. He has to submit to being surrounded by all his overdressed allies, who *will* shake his hand and *won't* take the bands off their cigars before smoking same. Us it amuses, but our American friends can hardly sit still and do nothing about it. Terrible people for getting to business, these U.S.A. fellows. "Can't we steal their grease-cards." they say, "and watch them disappear gradually?"

What the natives think about it all I am sure I can't say. You know how unpopular we always say we English are when we get abroad? Yes, it is just possible we are a little conservative, a shade too critical of anything which happens to differ from our own idea. But anyhow we don't bluster, and I have the feeling that we are not nearly so unpopular as the other fellows. The other day there was an affair in a teashop. Two Prussian gents, thinking they 'd got nothing but a small woman up against them, started on the Dominators-of-the-Universe tack. They shouted for coffee and cursed the maid audibly when she failed to bring milk with it. And when she did bring the milk they cursed even more noisily at her attempts to take the sugar away. She pointed out that, owing to laws and wars and submarines and things, you couldn't have milk and sugar in the same coffee in that place these hard times. So they did one of their big offensives on her, and when they thought they 'd knocked all the life out of her they got up and said they wouldn't have anything more to do with the coffee or the milk or the sugar or anything else in the place, not even the bill.

But, making to go, they forgot about the door porter, a large quiet prize-fighter. He just barred their way, tapped one of them on the shoulder and said, quite nicely and amicably, "Now, you just go back and pay for your coffee." The Prussian is as much diplomat as soldier; he knows when to fight and, again, he knows when not to fight. In this case he returned and paid for his coffee and came back to the door again. But the natives of this place are very methodical and orderly of mind; they like to see things done neatly and completely. The porter wasn't for letting them go just yet. "Now look here," he said, almost affectionately this time, "you just go back and *drink* your coffee." And, by HINDENBURG, they did. Yours ever, HENRY.

"GOTHA-ATTRACTING NOSES."—*Star.*

This should give a great fillip to the temperance movement.

"An important section of influential men in Germany has, it is reported, decided to endeavour to secure the conclusion of a general peace on the basis of the status quo ante vellum."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Another scrap of paper? No, thank you.

"TOWN PROPERTY WANTED TO RENT.

Fat wanted for fried chips; state quantity and price."—*Scotsman.*

A Scotch friend to whom this conundrum has been submitted suggests that the answer is "the hire the fouar."



THE BOMBERANG.

Hans of Coblenz (*during reprisal*). "I AM DISAPPOINTED IN THE BRITISH!"



The Bantam. "'Ave—you—got—your—meat ticket?" *Longshanks.* "Wot's meat tickets got to——" *Bantam.* "You'll—want it—'fore I've—done wiv yer—to put on your eye."

OUR GREATEST NEED.

It will be remembered that, under the heading of "A Grave Warning," a leading organ of the Press recently issued this momentous announcement:

"It is hoped to reduce the output of the —— to one hundred and twenty thousand copies daily, whereby a saving of about five tons of paper per diem will be effected. If this reduction is not effected within a reasonable period after Monday next, March 11th, when the increase in price takes place, it will be necessary to adopt a drastic rationing system, whereby the —— can only be supplied to those whose need is greatest."

As might have been expected, the demand to be enrolled among the favoured one hundred and twenty thousand was so terrific that the rationing system had to be adopted forthwith and a Need Ministry appointed to decide conflicting claims.

At the first meeting of the Need Board on Wednesday last the first case that came up for hearing was that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who applied for a year's rations. The application was allowed, but the Chairman warned the Archbishop that the grant was subject to revision if he openly expressed views which were not in consonance with the public interest.

Coupons for a year were unanimously granted to Sir H. Dalziel, Mr. Lynch and Mr. S. L. Hughes.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Sir Edward Carson, who appeared in person to support their claims, failed to satisfy the Board and were removed in a state of acute inanition.

The case of Mr. Ebenezer Hopkins, of Peckham Rye, who applied for three months' rations on the strength of having contributed a letter, signed "England Expects," was carefully considered, but on his admitting that the letter had also appeared in *The Morning Ghost* the Board found themselves unable to grant relief.

A remarkable instance of the nutritive and restorative effect of the right sort of newspaper reading comes to hand from Oxford. A well-known Professor, who was discovered lying on the pavement in the High in a state of collapse, was immediately revived by a generous though ill-dressed stranger, who presented him with a well-thumbed copy of the Educational Supplement of the ——, with the words, "Your need is greater than mine." The spirit of Sir Philip Sidney is still alive.

We may also note that at the inquest held last week on Mrs. Jaggers, of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, it was shown that she was not suffering from disease or lack of food, but only from extreme intellectual malnutrition, the result of her failure to procure the —— for the last week. The Coroner, at the suggestion of the jury, has forwarded a full report to the Need Ministry, in the hope that the claims of the surviving members of the family may receive favourable consideration. They number seven, and are all suffering from mental anæmia.

The queues at the newspaper shops all over the country have been larger than ever during the past week. At the principal news-shop in Birmingham supplies ran short, and a riot was only stopped by the intervention of the Mayor, who arrived on the scene with ten copies of the ——, which he distributed in quarter columns to the famished populace. In Manchester an arrangement has been made with the proprietors of all the cinemas for the filming of the leading columns of the



THE MACEDONIAN AND HIS MOKE.

Master. "O MAN OF LITTLE SENSE, WHAT MEAN THESE BOXES ON THE TOP? WHERE THINK YOU I AM TO SIT?"

—— every day. By this means it is hoped to reduce the number of burglaries perpetrated by desperate individuals whose thirst for information has entirely obliterated their ability to discriminate between *meum* and *tuum*. Jewels and plate they leave untouched, but copies of the —— they must and will have.

To Margarine.

Whether the years prove fat or lean
 This vow I here rehearse:—
I take you, dearest Margarine,
 For butter or for worse.

"No man taken who is needed for food."
Canadian Paper.

"A joint dinner of all American university men now in England will be held at the ——— Restaurant to-morrow."—*London Paper.*

Now we are awaiting the inevitable articles in the German Press on "Cannibalism in the British Empire."

"Counsel for plaintiff said Mrs. ——— went to Herne Bay with her two children with the idea of opening a hoarding house."
Daily Mirror.

Happily she seems to have abandoned the idea, or she would soon have been a defendant.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

Branson is one of those people who take kindly to rules. He finds real happiness in "looking both ways keeping to the right (or is it the left?), eating one slice less and lighting his cigarettes with spills.

I was not surprised when I met him at a Tube station to find his attention riveted on a poster giving "Hints to Travellers."

"Fine idea," he said, catching sight of me. "If everybody would obey those instructions there wouldn't be all this talk of congestion on the Tubes."

I told him nobody could remember all the tips given, but he derided me. "They should do as I'm going to," said he; "get used to them one by one. 'Hurry on, please,' to-day; 'Hurry off, please,' to-morrow, and so on. They'll soon find themselves carrying out the rules instinctively."

I met Branson again about a week later, on the same platform. It was eight o'clock in the evening. He looked older, I thought, and worried.

I went up to him. "What's the matter, old man?" I said. He turned on me with a snarl. "It's this infernal rule business," he growled. "I've been trying to get to Charing Cross for the last two hours."

"What's the difficulty," I asked. "You've had scores of trains."

He shook his head sadly and motioned me to a bill on the wall beside us. "Hints to Travellers," it read. "Please do not attempt to enter a crowded car."

Justices' Justice.

"The Bench, in view of previous convictions, was recommended for deportation."
North-Country Paper.

From a parish magazine:—

"As Summer-time begins this year on March 24th, the clocks must be put back on one hour the Saturday evening previous."

In face of this ambiguous advice we intend to put our clocks on; others can put them back if they choose.

From a notice issued by the Scottish Food Commissioner:—

"No sugar will be served in industrial canteens. The usual allowance of one oz. for every seven meals per week can be used in cooking."

Apparently the meat-shortage has not yet reached Scotland.

THE DRYADS.

(*Dedicated to the Women's Land Army.*)

From out the dreaming forest's span,
Where all day long in flower-time
They listened to the pipe of Pan
Or round the young Iacchus ran
In raiment even shorter than
Is quite the thing in our time:—

From marble fount and leafy nook,
From terraced lawns and shady,
Where Thaïs of the ribboned crook
Her dancing curls at Daphnis shook
Till Daphnis got fatigued and took
Up with some other lady;—

They come, they come. But where are now
Your silks, ye shepherdesses?
Where are the vine-leaves off your brow
And hung on what low swinging bough
Your panther skins, which you'll allow
Are somewhat draughty dresses?

They come with pitchforks all a-poise,
And "Business first" their motto;
With hobnailed boots and corduroys
The pageant of the nymphs deploys;
Beside them Botticelli cloys,
So do the works of Watteau.

Observe Corinna where she moves,
With bumpkin supervisers,
Along the valley's shining grooves,
With crack of whip and stamp of hooves:
And Lalage! how she improves
The soil with fertilisers.

The south wind and the west wind blow;
O'erhead the catkin dangles;
And here and there on clumping toe
The clodbound hamadryads go;
There isn't much that they don't know
About the price of mangels.

And not for Spring's command they stayed
Like those whom legend hallows;
On Winter morns they took the spade
While lingering Phœbus yet delayed,
They did their hair without a maid
And trudged the miry fallows.

Then here's the nymph! She played about
Too long, too long looked showy
In pagan masque and revel rout,
But when she heard the war-god's shout
One must admit she did come out
Extremely strong, did Chloe.

And when she seeks the pillow's down
To lay her weary forehead on
She dreams not of her old renown,
The lynx's pelt, the paniered gown,
But plumes herself on wearing brown
Et-ceteras like Corydon. Evoe.

Commercial Candour.

"Croup Specific, unfailing inaction."
Advt. in "U. P. Times" (India).

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

IX.

Conversation on Chapter LXXXIII.

George. You promised to tell us more about the revival of pig-keeping, Mamma.

Mrs. M. Yes, and I will keep my promise. The pig, my dear children, is a very remarkable animal, and has not always received fair treatment from mankind. Some races, as you are doubtless aware, hold it in positive abhorrence. Others, while freely availing themselves of its many useful qualities, do not hesitate to revile the animal itself; and even the English are not free from reproach in this respect.

Richard. Yes, Mamma; only yesterday Papa called Mary a "greedy little pig" when she asked for a third helping of pudding.

Mrs. M. That only shows how deeply this prejudice has spread, for your father, as you know, is a most humane and tolerant man. And yet pigs are not wanting in intelligence. Indeed the old hostility was considerably modified by the appearance from time to time of learned pigs, who were able to tell the time, do simple sums in arithmetic and even spell out sentences in answer to questions.

Mary. Oh, Mamma, do give me a learned pig for my next birthday present!

Mrs. M. I will consider it with your father. But to resume. Pigs are not merely intelligent but highly palatable. Perhaps no animal provides meat so widely varied in flavour. Pork, bacon, ham, brawn, sausages have all qualities of their own.

George. Yes, Mamma; but are sausages always made from pig?

Mrs. M. My dear boy, strange stories are told of the ingredients used by unscrupulous manufacturers, but in this household, at any rate, sausages are above suspicion.

Mary. Mamma, why do we always have sausages for breakfast on Sunday?

Mrs. M. That is a question, Mary, hardly in accordance with the dignity of our subject, though your father may be able to throw light on the prevalence of this curious custom. As I was saying, pigs gradually came to establish themselves in popular favour in the reign we are now discussing, owing to the shortage of imported meat. Indeed their value was so generally recognised that a Ministry of Pig-Production was created, and the first holder of that office showed such a patriotic sense of his responsibilities that, being the principal proprietor of a great group of newspapers, on his appointment he immediately resigned all direction or control of these organs. This exhibition of integrity and independence was not without its reward, for the Prime Minister immediately raised him from the rank of Viscount to that of Earl, and conferred on him the Order of the Garter.

Richard. While we are on this subject, Mamma, why is it that you have told us so little about the great dispute whether Bacon wrote Shakspeare, beyond saying that it convulsed literary circles in this reign?

Mrs. M. Because the theory, though widely embraced, does not rest on good authority, and, as I have often said—for example, in connection with the story of Hubert's going to put out Prince Arthur's eyes in the prison—I never tell you anything in my history of England that is not *strictly true*.

Richard. Thank you, Mamma. It is a great comfort to know that we can rely on your accuracy.

Mrs. M. I thank you too, my dear boy, for your confidence. I was going to tell you something about the revival of eels as an article of diet, owing to the efforts of Lord Desborough, but I see your father coming in at the gate. As a reward for your attention I propose that after tea we shall all join in a game of drawing pigs with our eyes shut.

A PAIR OF INCORRIGIBLES.

The tall soldier just returned on leave from the Front mounted the motor-bus in company with his proud little wife.

"Well, it's a comfort to get you back again, George. Ay, but you look well considering all you've been through."

"Been through?" protested George. "I've been lucky. All the time we've been in a quiet part of the line. Didn't I tell you it was like being in camp, only the food was better?"

"Well, you did say so, George, but I thought you was wrapping things up. I know what you are."

"Fact. If you didn't hear the noise you'd never know there was a war on. But how have you been doing?"

"Oh, we've managed fine."

"What about all these food troubles?"

"It's just the talk of them papers, George. They make a lot out of a little."

"I tell you it fair gave me the hump to think of you standing in a queue for a bit of margarine or sugar."

"Don't talk rubbish. We've all got tickets and everything's distributed proper."

"Haven't you had to go in queues, then?"

"Didn't I write you a dozen times how well we was managing?"

"But have you had to go standing in queues?"



THE COAT THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

"Me with my washing and the children to look after and the house to keep clean! I'd not waste my time like that."

"Well, that's all right. I did worry more than a bit when I read them papers."

"You take notice what I write to you, George, and don't bother about a pack of lies in papers."

Just then another soldier swung on to the bus and came and sat down close by the couple.

"Why, it's ole George!" shouted the newcomer.

"Hello, Joe. I've just got in. Met the missis at the station."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Kay. Glad to see you. Fancy dropping on ole George like this! Last time I saw 'im he was up to his waist in mud looking for a nice clean 'ole to put his head in out of the way of machine-gun bullets. And when we got 'im out, and was just going to give 'im some tea to warm 'im, if a dud shell didn't drop right on the billy and knock it and the stove about a mile deep in the ground. Ah, you should have heard George's language."

"And this was your quiet part of the line!" said the wife indignantly.

"Quiet!" said Joe. "If that's quiet I don't want a noisy place. By-the-by, Mrs. Kay, I wanted to thank you for what you did for my missis when she 'ad bronchitis. Look 'ere, ole pal, your wife's a sport. She'd stand a hour in a queue to get a quarter of tea for 'erself, and then another hour to get another quarter for my missis. She was on that game for a month. One of the best your wife is."

"Standing in queues!" shouted George. "Didn't you tell me you never stood in queues?"

His wife looked at him deprecatingly. "It was only in a 'quiet part' of the queue, George."

"Well," said Joe, "you're a pair, you are."

Cupboard-Love?

From garrison orders:—

"Miss ——, W.A.A.C., having reported for duty as Area Controller of March 10th, 1918, is taken on the strength of these Head-quarters, and is attached to the Garrison Adjutant for rations from that date."

"It would be a good idea to introduce the national dish of the South of France, viz., bouilo abaisso."—*Sunday Paper.*

And not a bad idea to adopt the national spelling.



WITH THE I.E.F.

Tommy. "BONG JORNO, SIGNORA. ANY APPLES TO-DAY?"   *Signora.* "NON, NIENTE. ENGLISH—'NAPOO.'"

COMBED OUT.

IT was the fairest flower in Fashion's border,
A dream in tweeds that Messrs. Binks and Son,
"Designers of Exclusive Clothes— to order,"
Had brought to bloom amid a lesser run
Of "stylish suits for gents." But this was spun
On Cumbrian looms that catch and weave together
Earth, sea and sky, white foam and purple heather,
Twilight's last blush and daybreak new-begun,
And blend them into one.

Business ensued; it filled my soul with wonder
That two-pound-ten could buy as fair a thing
As ever gleamed amid the hoarded plunder
Of conquering Mogul or Arabian king,
Lord of enchanted lamp and magic ring;
And "Binks," I cried, "now is your opportunity
To show Great Mudford's uninspired community
That all your trousers are not built to cling
About the *Brothers Bing*."

Binks did his best, and forth afield I carolled
On one delicious morn in early May;
I saw my neighbours also fresh-apparelled
And knew myself more beautiful than they;
In sober brown or unoffending grey
Or railway lines (the lure of adolescence)
They lacked the chic, the *élan*, the quintessence
Of *flânerie* that made men turn and say,
"How well Brown looks to-day!"

At me alone did all the girls direct eyes,
For once oblivious of the studied art
Of Smith, who sports a pretty taste in neckties;
I had the curate groggy from the start
At crumpet worries, and the spinster's heart,
Monopolized by that ecclesiastic,
Woke to the larger life, attuned and plastic,
Whispering as I made ready to depart,
"Isn't he just too smart?"

Alas, frail cloth and frailer reputation!
Long years ago I laid them both to rest;
No subsequent sartorial creation
Preserved my bubble fame, no fancy vest
Or Futurist cravat repaid my quest,
Yet oft I cried, "Some season yet to come 'll
Find me once more the neighbourhood's Beau Brummel,
And Brown's approval be the acid test
Of who is really dressed."

And now comes Spring again, but no exotic
In new-blown vesture smiles 'neath heaven's blue;
Rather men say, "We must be patriotic
And for the present make our old clothes do."
What visions blind me as I hurry to
The attic drawer and shake the moth balls from it,
Crying, "My king of suits, my Binks's comet;
Once more Big Mudford's dudes shall be '*napoo*'
When we appear on view."

ALGOL.

"It is a fine scene, denoting 'Eat, drink, and be merry, to-morrow we 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we lose its spontaneous significance."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Some of us have a difficulty in grasping it even to-day.



THE NEW CITIZENSHIP.

Mr. Punch. "PASS, EDUCATION BILL; AND ALL WILL BE MUCH BETTER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FURTHER HOSTILITIES ON THE HOME FRONT.

"Through my heart first."

Mr. Leif Jones. Mr. Clynes.

Monday, March 11th.—The debate on the relations between the Government and the Press duly took place, but, contrary to the advance-notices appearing in rival organs, did little either to shake or strengthen the position of the Government.

For a moment it appeared as if Mr. Chamberlain was going to drive home his charge that the Administration was under the thumb of certain newspaper trusts. But premature cheers from the Lloydophobists below the Gangway warned him that he might be going too far. "*Non tali auxilio,*" he muttered in a scornful aside, and thenceforward diluted his indictment until it became as thin as Government ale.

Any gravity that was left in it was dispersed by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, who in his best "Sub Rosa" manner proved to demonstration that if a Department of Propaganda was required you did not want a person like George Washington to conduct it. His little hatchet would have cut no ice at all. You must have stalwart backwoodsmen, accustomed to grind their own axes and not hampered by "needless scrupulosity."

The most surprising feature of the subsequent speeches was the manner in which Irish Nationalist Members tumbled over one another in paying tributes of admiration to Lord Northcliffe, whose faith in himself, if at all shaken by previous speeches, must have been restored by Mr. McKean's touching confession that he had "always believed in *The Daily Mail.*"

Lord Beaverbrook came in for less attention than his noble colleague. In fact Lord Hugh Cecil was principally concerned about the manner in which as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster he would administer his ecclesiastical patronage. As a result of to-day's debate candidates for livings within his gift have been warned against the further use of that favourite hymn, "The roseate hues."

Tuesday, March 12th.—In their anxiety not to interfere with the deliberations of those patriotic Irishmen who are trying to settle how Ireland shall be governed in the future the Government are allowing it to become ungovernable by anybody. That was the point of a vigorous speech delivered by Lord Salisbury, who incidentally remarked that the Irish Constabulary would have no difficulty if they were properly supported by the Government. To this Lord Curzon replied that it was not a question of support but of numbers. How could nine thousand constables keep in order a population of four and a-half millions?

A concrete example of this arithmetical problem had been supplied a few minutes before in another place by the Chief Secretary. It had been reported that the town of Kiltimagh, in Galway, had been captured and held for two days by Sinn Fein volunteers. The true facts of this "mischievous tale," according to Mr. Duke, were that three hundred young men from outlying districts met at Kiltimagh, did a little drilling, and then dispersed. "The two constables who were on duty have duly reported the occurrence." But they do not appear to have followed the famous example of their colleague, who on a similar occasion "surrounded the crowd."

On the Consolidated Fund Bill Mr. Leif Jones made his annual attack upon beer. The best thing in his speech was a quotation from a medical report on the effects of alcohol. Among these are "loquacity and an argumentative frame of mind" and "uncritical self-satisfaction of the subject with his own performances." But, as even temperance orators have been known to dis-

play these symptoms the House was not much impressed.

Wednesday, March 13th.—The Lords spent a useful half-hour in a discussion on fresh-water fish. Lord BUCKMASTER displayed a remarkable knowledge of their habits, due, it is supposed, to his former association with the Great Seal.

The Army Council, in order to get on with the War, has prohibited the sale of the high boots beloved by "flappers," except during June and July. Sir JOHN REES protested, on the ground that such footgear is "particularly comforting in the winter," but Mr. FORSTER claimed to be even better acquainted with the subject-matter, and declared that "quantities of the goods in question are only suitable for summer wear." The incident will, I trust, be duly noted as an example of how Britain met the crisis in her fate.

In some districts a new terror has been added to death by the refusal of the Registrars to issue a certificate except in exchange for the deceased's sugar-card. The practice has now been officially forbidden, but not until a rumour had gained credence that no male citizen between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five would henceforth be allowed to die without a permit from the DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL SERVICE.

The case for Mr. FISHER'S Education Bill is so strong that it hardly needed Mr. ACLAND'S vigorous advocacy. It was not seriously threatened by Mr. PETO'S objection that certain plays by SHAKSPEARE and Sir JAMES BARRIE could not be produced if child-labour were prohibited; or by the frank obscurantism of Sir F. BANBURY, who declared that higher education was often a positive hindrance to a business man, and implied that if by an unkind fate he had proceeded from Winchester to Oxford he would now be sweeping a crossing.

Thursday, March 14th.—It was satisfactory to hear from Mr. CLYNES that our wheat stocks compare favourably with what they were this time last year. He still hopes to avoid the rationing of bread-stuffs, but only if people voluntarily accept the principle that half a loaf in the hand is worth a whole bread-coupon in the near future.

Not long ago Members were urging Mr. ILLINGWORTH to adopt the Canadian plan of using postmarks to advertise the War Bonds. At last he consented, and now Mr. RONALD McNEILL complains because this patriotic superinscription tends to obliterate the address as well as the stamp. But the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, though hustled from pillar to post, never turns a hair.

I assume that Mr. LEES-SMITH had some patriotic purpose in view when he set out to talk about Japanese intervention in Siberia, and must commiserate with him on the maladroitness of expression that led the House to believe that his object was to set the Allies by the ears and to represent Japan as a greedy-grab, rather worse than Germany.

His speech, however, had the negative merit of drawing from Mr. BALFOUR a most illuminating account of the Eastern situation as he views it. Confessing himself an optimist about Russia, though not about her immediate future, he made it plain that if Japan were obliged to intervene she would do so not as a spoliator but as a friend, honestly desirous of helping the Russians to pull themselves together, and defeat the common foe.



Lady (to stall-holder "in aid of"). "MY DEAR, I'VE HEARD YOU'VE TAKEN SEVENTY POUNDS ALREADY. WHATEVER ARE YOU LOOKING SO MISERABLE FOR?"

Friend. "OH, WHAT'S THE USE WHEN THERE ISN'T A SINGLE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE PLACE?"

"Miniature Pony, 10 hands Quick to ride and drive. Fast, can do 10 miles an hour with no whip. Suit Bath-chair."
Exchange and Mart.

Invalids desiring a rapid convalescence please note.

A crafty old man of Dundee
Had hoarded *x* packets of tea;
By camouflage tricks
He disguised them as bricks,
And no one's the wiser but he.

"The wedding ceremony took place at Kaduna, and we are informed the happy pair have gone to Bukuru. May good luck always dodge their steps."—*Nigerian Pioneer.*

No cause is given for this cruel curse, but perhaps they had omitted to pay their subscriptions.

UP IN THE MORNING.

Second-Lieutenant Jerry and I share a room in a farm. When we inspected it for the first time by the light of an electric torch, at the end of a march one Arctic night, it looked a suitable place in which to store a broken-down reaper-and-binder, preserved for sentimental reasons; but our two servants set about it and turned it into a retreat that suggests the interior of a shack in a backwoods film. We have each a bedstead of wood and hen wire; a strip of camouflage webbing disguises the bleak nudity of the stone floor; the departed window glass is represented by white calico; there is an oil-drum brazier on the hearth, and a wide chimney that serves as exit for nearly half the smoke. Gunner Dexter, my servant and proved ally, has fixed an ammunition box against the wall to hold my books, adorning it with frills cut from a page of *The Daily Snip*, and pinned up the three sentimental picture-post-cards which invariably travel with us, thus transforming this haunt of rats and desolation into a home from home.

There is a mile or two and a brick wall between us and Fritz, and we do not worry about him unless he suddenly notices our farm on his map in the small hours and we have to dive outside to dodge shells in our pyjamas and British Warms. (Our *moral* is so high that we quite often wear pyjamas o' nights; a sure test.)

Jerry has two faults as a stable companion—two and two only. The first is his habit of singing as he dresses, and the second his morbid persistence in cold baths. As I often tell him, were I not a lover of music his matutinal exuberance would not depress me as it does. As for his baths—in any-one less tactful I should regard them as a series of studied taunts. When I inhabited the temperate zone I too had a cold bath every morning; but why should Jerry constantly remind me of those happy days? Apart from the personal innuendo underlying this habit of Jerry's, I feel deeply its moral effect. It works on my imagination so strongly that if I am already up when he indulges in it I feel driven to get into bed again; while if I have not yet risen I find it quite impossible to do so till the effect has worn off.

His servant, blue-nosed and rigid-fingered, brings in his canvas bath and spreads it open with a sound of splintering ice, pours into it a bucket of snow-water and little bergs, and then drops in a sponge like a crackling mass of brown coral. By the time Jerry, even on his most resolute and offensive mornings, has extricated himself from his flea-bag, the floes on his bath are united by new ice, and Jerry sits down—sits down and lathers himself—amidst the tinkle and crash of a break-up. He makes me think of a dugong, very pink and tremulous and discordantly vocal, that has just come up to blow—anything but an encouraging tableau to watch on a morning so cold that the ordinary thermometer cannot cope with it.



THE QUEUE HABIT. MR. BIGGS LOOKS AHEAD.

Dexter always manages to bring me a cup of tea from somewhere, glorious stuff, and apart from the question of flavour—which varies—the one thing warm in a world of ice. I fancy he steals it from the cookhouse close by, or wheedles it out of Gunner Lavender, the cook; and if you have drunk deeply of tea as brewed by the Army you know what a potent liquid it is. The first thing Dexter says is "Good morning, Sir, your tea," and the second is, "Which boots will you put on, Sir?" And then I try to remember which pair is dirty and which pair clean, so that I may choose the former, and sneak five minutes more warmth and comfort while he polishes them.

Jerry, with all his Spartan habits and aquatic tastes, usually gives a painful display of procrastination before rising. Rainbird, his man, has to steal a double quantity of shaving water for him every morning. He has come to regard it as a matter of course that his master, or "bloke," lingers in bed till the first lot is frozen over. Jerry watches it as who should time himself by an egg-boiler, and when the once steaming mug is cold and skinned with ice, then Jerry rolls, vocal, from his flea-bag and upbraids Rainbird, asking that long-suffering soldier how it can be imagined that one should shave in an iced drink.

While in bed, our policy is Fabian; morning parade seems a long way off; Jerry has been heard murmuring applicable quatrains from old KHAYYAM into his air-pillow. But, once out in the cold, speed at all costs is our only hope. It is a general practice in the B.E.F. either to sleep fully rigged, or, if risking all and cultivating the luxurious pyjama, to dress upwards. It may seem strange to neutrals, who conform to the habits of a by-gone era, to don breeches, boots and even spurs before the simple necessary shirt; but, once breeched and booted, your British Warm and a muffler transform you into the semblance of a completely accoutred subaltern; while there is no Sam Browne or Trench coat imposing enough to carry off pyjama trousers, whether in action or on parade.

Dexter and Rainbird see us in our hour of weakness, that grim wan hour before breakfast, but they are loyal fellows, kind, considerate and thoroughly motherly. The one who comes to your bedside with a cup of tea—though it be but Army tea in a chipped enamel cup—has you at his mercy. And all through our days of battle, no matter how manfully we strafe the gunners for ill-shorn jowls, no matter how heroically we stand and watch Hun shells falling in the next field, we feel that in the eyes of Dexter and of Rainbird, severally and respectively, we are but children and weaklings.

Dawn to me hereafter will not be personified as a rosy-fingered damsel or a lovely swift-footed deity in amice grey, but as a sturdy little man in khaki, crimson-eared with cold, heralded and escorted by frozen wafts of outer air, bearing in one knobby fist a pair of boots, and in the other a tin mug of black and smoking tea.

THE PILLAR-BOX.

INTO the theory and philosophy of letter-writing this is not the time to enter. The theme is placid and therefore inopportune when a war is raging. But, were the occasion fitting, much could be said as to the differences in human character where the epistolary art is concerned: how this man will answer letters punctiliously, and that one, taking refuge in the dictum that after a fortnight all letters answer themselves, will write none at all; how this woman will tell all the news that matters, and that one all the news that doesn't matter. But the present is not the time; a war rages.

None the less, but for the War the predicament with regard to letter-writing in which the family of X finds itself at the moment would never have come about, and therefore it is better that the story should be told now or never. ("Never!" you perhaps say; but you are too late, for, see, it is already in print.)

The X family live in the country, in a house remote from postal conveniences; and it was a boon beyond price when, just before the KAISER contracted hydrophobia from one of the maddest dogs of war, a pillar-box was erected at the gate of a neighbouring farm by a not ordinarily too considerate Postmaster-General.

After a while, in the dearth of able-bodied postmen, the aged substitute whose duty it is morning and evening to empty this box began to suggest that, since very often it was empty to start with, it would be wiser to close it altogether.

"What's the sense," he would say, "of my coming these extra two miles either for nothing at all or for a single postcard?" and "Why shouldn't these here folks be made to walk to the next post-box, same as they used to? Don't they know there's a war on?"

When these sentiments penetrated to the X family there was general panic. Mr. X was in a panic because no man likes to see comforts and conveniences receding from him, and also because he entertained the hope of getting rid of his house to some Londoner who had a distaste for air-raids, and the adjacency of the pillar-box made such a transfer more likely.

Mrs. X was in a panic because she did not like the girls to have to walk so far as the next pillar-box on dark nights and in wet weather.

The girls were in a panic for the same reason, and the servants shared the sentiment.

Meanwhile the situation was becoming grave, for every day hostility was more and more apparent in the curve of the old collector's back.

"Very well," said Mr. X, with Napoleonic resource, "there's nothing for it but to write more letters. You must all write more letters."

"We write all we can," said Gladys X.

"That's no use," her father replied. "You must write more. There must be enough letters or postcards in the box every day to ensure its being retained."

"How many do you think will be necessary for that?" Mrs. X inquired.

"That's what we've got to find out. We can do it only by experimenting. We'll begin with twenty."

And that is why, when other families are making spills or doing other forms of war-work, the X family are writing letters and postcards. Under the shadow of the great fear of losing the pillar-box they have become the most constant correspondents in the world. Almost anyone is liable to receive a missive from them. They answer advertisements in which they have no interest whatever. They inquire the prices of things they have no intention of buying. They retail to distant aunts the most trifling gossip. They do up all the newspapers that come to the house and despatch them to the ends of the earth. If only the "Lonely Soldier" would reappear in *The Times'* Personal Column they would be happier, but he seems to have permanently vanished. Once or twice, when it has been impossible to think of anyone else, they have even addressed envelopes to each other and posted them.

So far these superhuman efforts have met with complete success, for the box remains open. But it is a desperately hard and anxious task.



"DO 39 BUSES PASS 'ERE, SIR?"
"LOR' BLESS YOU, YES, MISSUS—'UNDREDS!"

EVEN IN OUR ASHES—

I propose to relate a passage in the life of Ben Butterworth of this parish. Unfortunately it is not very creditable to Ben, but that is not my fault. Ben is of an immense age and is very proud of the fact. "I am turned eighty-five," he is accustomed to say, "but I am good for a fair day's work yet." He adds that he don't go rumbusting about, like some, but keeps 'isself to 'isself and don't push his way wo're he ain't wanted. He is looked after by a widowed daughter of uncertain age and stern principles, who keeps him respectable and lets him out into the air with a short clay pipe and a screw of tobacco.

Old Ben's great days come in the winter, for it is then that the parish fathers draw him out of his leisure and provide him with a real job. There is in this parish, on the very edge of it, a narrow public footpath some three hundred yards in length, which leads to a river and is heavily overhung by trees. In Winter, when the leaves have all fallen or been blown down, the pathway is clogged with a thick and sodden carpet of decay, and hither comes old Ben with a little barrow, a stumpy broom, a rake and two bits of board which he uses for transferring to the barrow the heaps of leaves which he has raked together. To what mysterious place he finally consigns them I cannot say. He works slowly but steadily, and in the result he clears every vestige of leaf from the path and makes it once more a pride and a pleasure to the parish. "'Tain't everybody," he says, "as could get through with a job like this. You've got to know how to handle a rake and how to make the most of your barrow. Some others might think it was easy, but they ain't got my experience. I done this bit of work fifteen year and I knows the ways of it."

Last December, when the appointed time for the path-cleaning came round, old Ben was kept at home on account of an illness which he called "Bronicle Toobs," and his place was taken by a frosty-faced white-haired lad of eighty, who executed his work with decent celerity and dispatch. So far as I could see he was hardly, if at all, inferior to Ben in any of the finer points of their common art.

Ben, however, was of a different opinion. A week or two after the last leaf had been removed he emerged to contemplate his rival's work. I came upon him as he was critically observing every inch of the ground, and passed the time of day with him. He made no secret of his contempt for the usurper. "This young feller who done my job," he said, "don't seem to know how to set to it. They might as well have give it to a child to do. He's left these here leaves lying in 'eaps and 'eaps, ah, and waste-paper too, Sir—you're standing on a bit yourself, Sir. He oughtn't to have undertook the work. It's deceiving people, that's what I call it, and I shall tell him so if I come acrorst him."

I tried to soothe the old man by telling him that the whole parish had noticed and deplored his absence. This however had but little effect upon him, for he had already assumed that everybody must have been sensible of the loss.

As I came home the same way a few minutes afterwards, the old man's back was turned and he did not hear me. He was engaged in an absorbing occupation. He had collected from somewhere a great accumulation of leaves, which he was laboriously distributing over the footpath, obviously in order to depreciate the effect of his rival's work. When at last he saw me he pointed to his handiwork and said triumphantly, "He calls this cleaning a path. Why, he don't know how to clean 'isself, let alone a path."

MORAL.

When all the land was waking up to war
And thousands rushed to put a tunic on,
Young Jimmy sat in drinking-shops and swore
He'd be in civvies when the world had gone;
He had no use for patriotic stuff,
And what was Belgium when a man had beer?
"Just wait until they take you by the scruff,
But *never volunteer.*"

Yet next week saw him sweating with the rest,
Presenting arms and padding it for leagues;
He did the rifle business with a zest,
But what he couldn't stomach was fatigues;
Yet when the Sergeant wanted someone quick
Young Jimmy was the first to answer, "Here!"
Though afterwards he'd say it made him sick—
"*Don't ever volunteer.*"

Young Jimmy was a terror at the Front
For digging-jobs and bombing and patrols,
Though all along he said, "A stunt's a stunt,
But don't go *asking* for a brace of holes."
And then one night he tried too big a thing—
I saw him on his stretcher at the rear—
And what I think the lad was whispering
Was, "*Never volunteer.*"

Old soldiers sit and grumble in the barns
And tell their wisdom to the young men round,
And this is all the burden of their yarns—
"Don't do a blessed thing until you're bound;"
But when there's something dirty to be done
It's wondrous how this wisdom disappears;
Of all the multitude I don't know one
Who *never volunteers.*

A. P. H.

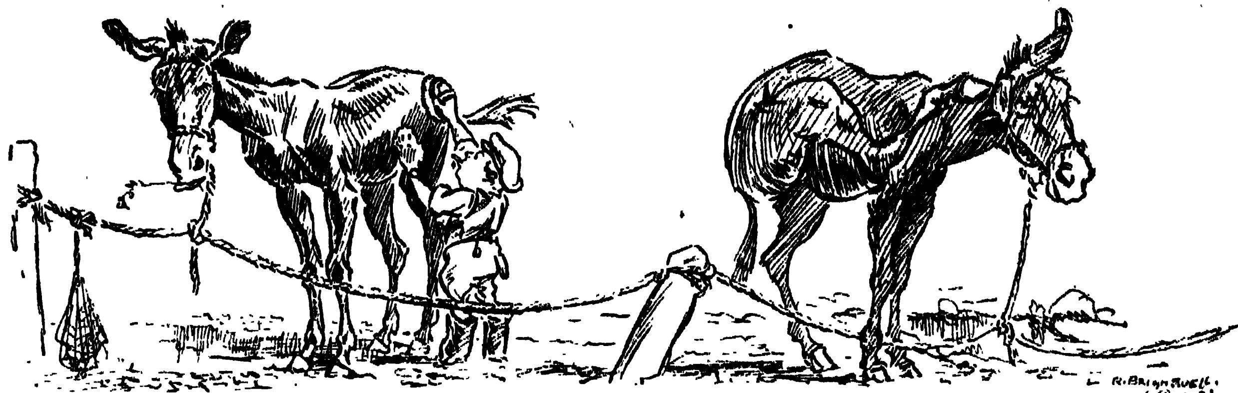
THE WELFARE OF THE BLIND.

At the request of Sir Arthur Pearson Mr. Punch calls the attention of his readers to the following scheme:—

On the recommendation of the Advisory Committee on the Welfare of the Blind the Local Government Board have decided to compile a register of all blind persons—that is, of all persons who are too blind to perform work for which eyesight is essential.

Circular letters have been addressed to all Public Health and Local Education Authorities, Institutions and Societies for the Blind, Nursing Associations and Poor Law Guardians, asking them to co-operate by forwarding particulars of the blind persons who have come under their notice. But, as the value of the Register will depend largely upon its approach to completeness, it is hoped that any blind person who is not in touch with any of those bodies will communicate either with the Local Authority of his area or with the Local Government Board, Whitehall, direct. It should be clearly understood that the information to be furnished will not be used, otherwise than for statistical purposes, except upon the application or with the consent of the person concerned.

At the same time the Local Government Board are drawing up a list of Institutions, Societies and Agencies for the Blind, with a view to the compilation, in the interests of the public and the blind themselves, of a Register of approved Societies, and any such Society which has not already been invited to do so is asked to communicate at an early date with the Secretary of the Local Government Board.



LITTLE THINGS



THAT TRY



THE TRANSPORTS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

In *A History of Departed Things* (Kegan Paul) Mrs. Henry Head has put to her credit a considerable achievement. She tells her story mainly in the form of letters from one person, and she creates an effect so lifelike that the story cannot possibly be anything but fiction. *Bettina* is the "heroine" round whom as a centre such action as there is takes place. For more than half the book I submitted with delight, almost with enthusiasm, to the charm of this fascinating widow. There is about her letters a delicate aroma of lavender and roses, and her comments on herself and her friends are both genial and humorous. So she goes on, creating her own particular atmosphere, and being steadily spoilt, I am sorry to say, by all who are brought into association with her. Then suddenly she deteriorates. She bitterly resents her daughter *Fanny's* engagement to *Ambrose*, and when *Fanny* dies (quite wantonly and unnecessarily) she herself, *Bettina* the beloved, the gentle and generous, catches *Ambrose's* heart on the rebound and marries him! Mrs. Henry Head may plead the example of *Colonel Esmond* and *Lady Castlewood*, but I cannot admit any palliation on that ground, for I have never reconciled myself to *Lady Castlewood's* second marriage. She may say further that she is entitled to do what she likes with her own. I reply that she must observe the rules. If she meant *Bettina* to turn out inconsiderate and selfish and disloyal she had no business to cause me to fall in love with the said *Bettina*. Mrs. Head did this of set purpose, and I owe her a grudge for having brought me up with a round turn. Still I forgive her out of gratitude for the pleasure I got from my early illusions. I think, by the way, that it would have been easy to find a better title.

Anne's House of Dreams (Constable) strikes me as a good example of what I might call the Economical Sequel. You will take my meaning when I explain that Miss L. M. Montgomery, having safely—and to my recollection very agreeably—got her heroine, *Anne*, engaged in a previous volume, expends no fewer than sixty pages of the present over her marriage and settling-down. Moreover, with a wedding so diffuse it is safe guessing in fiction of this kind that in due course another interesting event may be expected to demand its meed of chapters. As indeed is the case here, and not only once. For the rest, the story of *Anne's* happy-ever-after is a record of no very sensational events in the charming scenery (caught by Miss Montgomery with equal sympathy and skill) of the St. Lawrence Gulf. What drama there is has to be supplied by *Anne's* neighbours, especially beautiful *Mrs. Moore*, whose husband, after making her miserable, ran away to sea, but was unfortunately restored to her some time later, childish from brain injury. More unfortunately still, *Anne's* husband, being a doctor, saw that a simple operation would restore the smiling imbecile to his original capacities—which of course was precisely the last thing that his wife or anybody else in the least wanted. However, he had his way, and behold, when they got (so to speak) to *Mr. Moore's* vital spark, they found—but in spite of almost overwhelming temptation I will not spoil the one situation in the story by telling you what they found. Anyhow, they found a comfortable end to a pretty tale—a tale, however, which neither in style nor scheme can I regard as quite worthy of the quotation from Rupert Brooke that forms its text.



SWINGING THE LEAD IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Benevolent Old Gentleman. "So you say you fought in the Hundred Years' War, my brave man?"

The Veteran. "Yes, my lord. I joined up in the first week."

Though an Englishman, Mr. Hamil Grant is, as he himself admits, a representative American journalist of the Pulitzer School, which means that whether you derive entertainment or not from *Both Sides of the Atlantic* (Grant Richards) it would be unwise to accept as gospel all the author's conclusions. Superficiality and inaccuracy are not unknown in a certain type of American journalism, and that Mr. Grant is on occasion both superficial and inaccurate is sufficiently attested in the present volume, as witness his solemn statement, made in all seriousness, that "Locksley prophesied the coming of the Parliament of Man." These shortcomings may be necessary, even desirable, in the news-sheet, but the American journalists that I know would be the first to admit that they are out of place on the library shelf. Most of the gossip and anecdotes included in Mr. Grant's pages are the commonplaces of the journalistic, financial, social and political worlds of the Eastern United States, and while no American would dream of taking them at their face value unsophisticated English folk, with their universal ignorance of the United States and their childlike faith in the respectability of half-guinea volumes, might easily make that error. The author does good service in his attempt to explain to English readers just what William Randolph Hearst stands for in American journalism, even if he omits all reference to that prime organ of pro-German propaganda, the International News Service—Hearst's "Eighty-ring Circus," as *The Chicago Tribune* called it. And his chapter on West Point offers a real oasis of informative matter in a somewhat trackless desert of small talk.

The story of La Vendée never grows stale and in *Sir Isumbras at the Ford* (Murray) D. K. Broster has made a really charming romance of the last unhappy phase, ending with the victory of Hoche at Quiberon. The picturesque but perhaps rather over-fanciful title suggests, I imagine, the action of the splendidly reckless and resourceful hero, the *Chevalier de la Vireville*, in retrieving the little kidnapped *Count Anne-Hilarion*, and also saving *Raymonde*, a Breton leader's *agent de correspondance*, who from being his enemy became his wife. The writer is not content with the skilful management of breathless incidents; character and motive have free play, and his full-length portraits of the Chevalier—brave, generous, yet hardly forgiving a great injury—of his little friend *Anne*, of *Anne's* grandfather and *Elspeth* his nurse, of *Grain d'Orge*, the gigantic and unwashed Chouan sergeant, and of the two old ladies, renegade aristocrats, are painted with a precision and plausibility uncommon in this kind. If I have a criticism it is that our author rescues his favourites too easily and too often from absolutely certain death.

Without any sound reason, except that I looked for one story and got another, *Ordeal by Sea* (Jarrolds) a little disappointed me. So high an opinion do I hold of Mr. Archibald Hurd's views on naval questions that he will perhaps excuse my feeling of grievance when I found that his little book contained a mere collection of facts to the total exclusion of ideas and theories. Still we cannot be told too often or too nakedly the story of German crime at sea. The record, as Mr. Hurd sets it forth, would be one of unrelieved horror if it were not for the opportunities which these crimes have offered to our gallant sailors to show an undaunted courage in the face of an abominable foe. Let those who urge us to stretch out friendly hands to the enemy read these heart-rending pages, and they must confess that however weary we may grow of war there can be no peace so long as these savageries in which the Hun still glories go unpunished.

"General Wanted in small private family; must be good plain cook: no basement; boots, steps, knives or windows; dug-out."

The Universe.

The last word is characteristically cryptic, but the stress laid upon the absence of windows convinces us that it applies to the residence and not to the General.

CHARIVARIA.

Count Hertling hopes that Livonia and Esthonia will allow Germany to be in close relationship with them. It will have been noticed that Germany is already very close where the Ukrainians are concerned.

* * *

Lenin, it appears, is not without his little successes. The Germans have promised him that the Russian fleet shall not fall into the hands of the *bourgeoisie*.

* * *

Sir Douglas and Lady Haig are to be congratulated upon the birth of a charming little Field-Marshal.

* * *

"We must keep up our air service," says *The Cologne Gazette*. Meanwhile the Allies seem determined to keep it down.

* * *

It is said that some of the Germans on the Western Front are much annoyed with the Kaiser for talking of an offensive with a war on.

* * *

The most striking innovation which marks the inception of the new Air Force is the complete absence of red tabs. While it will be interesting to watch officers trying to look like staff-officers, the most annoying part is that junior officers will in future have to be polite to everybody.

* * *

It is now expected that Intelligence Officers will in future wear no decorations except an intelligent look.

* * *

During a food debate in the Austrian Parliament a free fight was opened by a Czech deputy throwing a piece of sugar at a German member. There is a strong rumour that Lord Chaplin intends to open his next attack upon Lord Rhondda with a pound of margarine.

* * *

It is rumoured in Petrograd that Maidenhead has declared itself a Republic and is offering Germany a separate peace.

* * *

Russia's war bill is given as £5,000,000,000. It is understood that Germany has finally approved the expenditure, but decided that it must not happen again.

* * *

"The daily resignation of the Spanish Government is becoming so popular," writes a correspondent, "that the Premier has been asked to give two matinées a week in addition to the regular daily performance."

* * *

Mr. Robert Smillie has declared that in his opinion there will be a Labour Government in 1928. We have heard these early peace optimists before.

* * *

"Restaurant-keepers," says a news item, "have produced figures to disprove charges of profiteering." It would be more satisfactory if they were able to show that their patrons had produced figures as the result of their expenditure.

* * *

"Conditions in the silk trade have become acute," declares the Silk Association in its annual report. At the slightest provocation, it appears, the worms come out on turn.

* * *

"Pig clubs," says a contemporary, "are springing up everywhere." The pig story is expected at any moment.

* * *

A Chertsey farmer who gave a sack of potatoes as a prize at a whist drive subsequently won his own prize. It is not known when he left Scotland.

* * *

A British Dogs Wool Association has been formed to obtain wool from the combings of certain dogs. It is doubtful whether wool from all dogs can be used, but the Association is said to be experimenting with several dress-lengths of dachshund.

* * *

"There is nothing with which to make hot cross buns this year," says Mr. Finch, of the London Master Bakers' Association. We have never known a little thing like this to daunt an enterprising tradesman.

* * *

"To keep caterpillars away from fruit trees," says a gardening paper, "a strong alkaline mixture should be used." This is, of course, much better and not quite so rough as the old plan of hiding behind a tree and suddenly jumping out and shouting, "Boo."

* * *

A chemist's assistant has been charged at Westminster Police Court with stealing bottles of medicine. The enormity of the offence is increased when it is remembered that he took several bottles labelled quite plainly, "Not to be Taken."

* * *

The Chairman of the Woking Tribunal, on learning that an applicant had been attended by ten doctors, remarked, "It is a miracle you are alive." We regret we cannot publish the ten neat little speeches made by the doctors upon reading this announcement.

* * *

Miss Agnes Reader, of Ashford, who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday, was left an orphan, says *The Evening News*, when quite young. This supports a long-held contention of ours that most centenarians are orphans.

* * *

The boat-billed stork at the Zoo has died. The post-mortem is not yet complete, but there is reason to believe that death was caused by the bird's attempting to swallow its scissors ration without sufficient mastication.

* * *

The Isle of Man Legislature is to have another debate on Manx power.

* * *

Children of five and upwards, the Food Ministry hopes, will be able to receive an increased meat ration in May. Youngsters in all parts of the country, it is stated, are making extraordinary efforts to reach the required age during the next five weeks.



Schoolboy (being charged a penny more for having his football inflated). "Oh, bother! Has wind gone up now?"

MENDING THE THATCH.

(*For the Repertory of the "Irish Players."*)

Act I.

Scene.—*The kitchen of* Michael Bourke's *cottage in Kerry; a wild night, with rain.* Michael Bourke *and his friend* Paddy O'Shea *sit by the remains of a turf fire on very rickety chairs. The fire is the only light in the kitchen, and there is practically no furniture. Rain drips from the roof and occasionally hits* Michael Bourke *on the head. When the curtain rises the two men are singing scraps of old songs.*

Michael Bourke. Do you mind this one, Paddy? (*Tries a note or two and then begins in a quavering voice*)

And they locked the pride of Erin's Isle
In cold Kilmainham jail-l-l-l-l.

(*He hangs on to the last note until a drop of water from the thatch hits him on the head.*) Bad coss to it!

[*He looks around on the floor for his hat and puts it on.*

Paddy O'Shea (*gazing into the fire and after deep thought*). Wouldn't it be the grand thing now, Michael, if you would be after putting a bit of something on the thatch the way you wouldn't be destroyed with the rain and it falling on you?

Michael Bourke (*with the water running from the brim of his hat*). That's the grand notion you've got, Paddy O'Shea. (*He relapses into thought.*) But sure the wind would only be blowing it off again (*again relapses into thought*), or maybe the hens would be flying up and destroying it on me.

Paddy O'Shea (*getting up with a certain amount of decision*). It's yourself that has the head on you, Michael. (*A pause.*) Is it true that Murphy below is after getting a new barrel of porter?

Michael Bourke (*rising with alacrity*). As true as God's in heaven. [*Both men go out.*

Curtain.

Act II.

Scene.—*The same as before, only worse. Five years have elapsed. One of the two chairs has now only three legs, and the hole in the thatch is bigger. A wild night. Still raining.* Michael Bourke *and* Paddy O'Shea, *looking a little older, are sitting by the fire with their hats on their heads. Both get liberally sprinkled with water from time to time.*

Michael Bourke (*singing*).

Oh, I knew she had consented
By the roll-ll-ll-lling of her eye-e-e-e.

Paddy O'Shea (*who has been beating time with his feet*). 'Tis a great song entirely.

Michael Bourke (*with the water running from his clothes to form a pool on the floor*). As fine a song as you'll hear in the kingdom of Kerry. Many's the time herself would sing it before the rheumatics took her, and her not able to move a finger till her death. (*Gazes into the fire.*) Maybe we should go down to Murphy's below, or they'll have the stuff drunk on us and us not getting a drop at all.

Paddy O'Shea. 'Tis yourself that has the grand head on you, Michael. [*They go out.*

Curtain.

Act III.

Scene.—*Worse than ever. Again a wild night and still raining. Another five years have elapsed. Half the roof has gone and the rain splashes on the floor. One chair has now two legs and a box to rest on, and the other is carrying on with three legs. The rain has put the fire out. Both men have their hats crammed down over the ears. Locks of grey hair straggle out over the collars of their coats.*

Michael Bourke (*singing*).

Oh, the French are in the bay,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

Paddy O'Shea. It's the voice of you would melt a stone, Michael Bourke.

[Michael Bourke *sings on, while* Paddy O'Shea *turns up the collar of his coat. The floor is now deep in water and the wind whistles in through the hole in the roof.*

Paddy O'Shea (*hesitatingly*). Wouldn't it be the grand thing now, Michael, if you would be after putting a bit of something on the roof?

Michael Bourke (*interrupted*). The divil fly away with the roof! What with Dublin Castle and the hens flying up on me and the wind blowing out of the four corners of the earth—— [*Gives it up and goes on with his song.*

Paddy O'Shea (*hesitatingly*). The young peeler's after telling me this very day that Murphy below has the grand stuff straight from Guinness in Dublin. (*A pause.*) Would you be thinking of stretching your legs, Michael?

Michael Bourke (*rising with alacrity, but not to be outdone in circumlocution*). Maybe we would be hearing from the young lads of things that does be going on in foreign lands across the water. Let you be coming now, Paddy O'Shea.

[*They go out and leave the rain splashing on the floor.*

Curtain.

THE SENTIMENTALIST.

I like to think of my true love, remote from everything,
In some secluded silken room where she may play and sing,
And dream for hours and hours of me, yet never find it palls;
But, alas! she's cleaning windows in a suit of overalls.

I like to think of my true love all lonely in a bower
Of roses, how she lingers there to pass a sunlit hour
Amid the perfume and the bees, dreaming she will be mine;
But, alas! she's in a smock and breeks and she's off to feed the swine.

I like to think of my true love a-riding every day
All in her slender shining coach with prancing horses grey—
A-riding stately through the town thinking of her dear man;
But, alas! she's in a motor-coat and she's gone to drive a van.

I like to think of my true love however she's employed,
For somehow just the thought of her it makes me overjoyed;
I wish I had her stowed away and adequately dressed,
But, coat or breeks or overalls, I will love my true love best.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Sisters of the Community of the —— are again generously lending the Moat House, ——, for a series of week-end Retreats, and Quiet Days and Half-days for laymen and women. The Moat House is so easy of excess and so well suited for Retreats that the kindness of the Community is much appreciated."—*The Guardian.*

From a notice of *The Eton Review*:—

"Mr. 2G. Bernard Shaw pokes some rather elephantine fun at the costume of the Etonian as seen in the streets of Windsor."

Daily Telegraph.

Is the world really large enough to contain two "G. B. S.'s"? and, if so, does not the first of them think the last a bore?



A WALK-OVER?

The Kaiser. "THIS IS THE DOORMAT OF OUR NEW PREMISES."
Emperor Karl. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE IT'S DEAD?"

BOLSHEVISED LITERATURE.

[A request from Russia for an adapted version of *Sleeping Partners* has been received. It is particularly requested that the hero should not be of higher rank than sergeant and that the heroine should belong to the proletariat. The deluded husband should be *bourgeois*, but in this case he must be properly poisoned at the end. Anticipating a demand for this sort of adaptation, I have begun by Bolshevising the best known story in the world, *Cinderella*.]

IN the best parlour, on the horse-hair sofa, with the priceless old lace antimacassar, Cinderella was sitting. As she sat there she sighed to herself, for she was very unhappy. Why was she unhappy? Because she was *bourgeoise*.

Her two elder sisters were not *bourgeoises*. They belonged to the proletariat. Every day they went off to the Committee of Commissaries of all the Soviets of the Soldiers and Sailors and Workmen's Institutes and made speeches, and left poor Cinderella at home on the horse-hair sofa. She was not really *bourgeoise*. She belonged to the proletariat as much as they did. She too would have loved to go to the Committee of Commissaries of all the Soviets of Soldiers and Sailors and Workmen's Institutes. She wanted to make a speech. Every day her sisters and her stepmother made speeches, all speaking together. Sometimes they issued proclamations addressed "To All." Oh, how she longed to issue a proclamation "To All"! But her stepmother and her sisters said that she was *bourgeoise*. They dressed her in fine clean clothes and made her sit at home on the horse-hair sofa. How cruel they were to her!

They were at a meeting of the Committee of Commissaries to-night. The Chief Commissary was to read a new proclamation, calling on somebody else to do something. It was said to be the most important meeting of the Committee of Commissaries ever held, for after the proclamation had been read all the Commissaries were to speak at once, instead of only three at a time. Her stepmother and her sisters had put on all their worst clothes and had gone off together to it. Poor Cinderella had helped to dress them. She knew that, however bad their clothes were, they still looked like *bourgeoisie*, but she had to pretend that they were all even more obviously proletarian than ever, and she had helped to tear holes in their gowns and to put mud on them.

"Couldn't *I* come too?" she asked wistfully. "I have never made a speech."

"Nonsense, child," they said. "A little *bourgeoise* like you? Why, they'd turn you out at once." And then they tramped off and left her.

As she sat there sighing, suddenly the door opened and her Fairy Godmother appeared before her.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*Failing a definite ruling by the Soviets that fairies are* bourgeoisie *and not members of the proletariat I am unwilling to discard the Fairy Godmother altogether. "People's Commissioner," however, may be substituted if desired.*]

"Why are you crying, child," she asked.

"Alas, godmother," said Cinderella, "my sisters have gone to the meeting of Commissaries of all the Soviets, and I cannot go. I am *bourgeoise*. Besides I have no clothes."



"Cheer up," said the fairy, "I can soon give you clothes." And she waved her wand [or "*issued a manifesto*."—AUTHOR] and behold! Cinderella was dressed delightfully in the sort of clothes which only a member of the proletariat could wear. Even the beautiful fan in in her hand became a proclamation, and her boots alone would have let her into any council of Soldiers and Sailors and Workmen's Institutes.

"But remember," said the Fairy Godmother, "you must be back by midnight or something terrible will happen to you."

Cinderella promised gaily and tramped off.

The meeting of Commissaries was at its height. Everybody was speaking at once. Suddenly the figure of a new Commissary was seen standing on a table. In her hand she held a proclamation.

"Comrades," she cried, and her voice was so clear that everybody stopped to listen to her, "the Revolution is in danger. I have made a great discovery. It is this—you are all *bourgeois*."

There was an appalling sensation.

"Yes," she went on, "you think you belong to the proletariat, but you don't. It is doubtful if anybody does. However much you think you do there is always somebody a little lower than you to whom you seem incredibly *bourgeois*. That is what you seem to me. If there *is* such a thing as the proletariat, which I doubt, it is quite certain that I am the only true representative of it. I am the absolute limit in that direction. I will now read my proclamation. It is addressed 'To All,' by which is meant, of course, all the absolute limits in the world. There will naturally be one of us in each country. I call upon these comrades of mine to rise in their power and slay their oppressors. Doubtless they will do so when they have heard my proclamation."

She paused a moment and then began, "To All."

At that moment the clock struck twelve.

Later on it struck one and two . . .

At three o'clock Cinderella was still reading her proclamation . . .

She is reading it now.

A. A. M.

"A special Memorial Concert will be held in the Town Hall to-morrow (Sunday), by the Permanent Orchestra, to the late President, Mr. ——. All vocal friends wishing to pay their last respect are invited to sit on the orchestra."

Provincial Paper.

If it is like some orchestras we wot of a silent tribute would no doubt be best.

Commercial Candour.

"FOR GREAT VALUE, WE KNOW OF NONE BETTER OR WORSE, THESE ARE SIMPLY 'OUR OWN.'"

Advt. in South African Paper.

"There were 150 million children under 16 in the United Kingdom."

Northampton Daily Echo.

We hope this is not an attempt to revive the War-baby scare.

"We took 42 prisoners, including Orderly Sergeant Feldwebel, and four non-commissioned officers."—*Evening News.*

It is a pity that Colonel Oberst escaped.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

I MAY warn you at once that there is nothing at all in this little episode save as illustrating an experience that is, I suppose, common to many of the middle-ageing in these tumultuous days.

"John is home on short leave," his mother wrote, "and we both want you to dine here on Tuesday, to meet some friends of his, Major and Mrs. Packenham."

This, of course, was very pleasant. John's mother is one of the most charming hostesses in the world; and I have known John himself since he was in sailor-suits. I accepted, as they say, with alacrity.

All the way to the house I kept on telling myself to be sure and remember that John was now a grown man. It is indeed obviously impossible to regard as anything else a war-worn veteran who has already collected two gold stripes and as many stars. But one had to be careful. Only that morning, with secret blushes, I had emptied my pocket-book of a little collection of foreign stamps which, following an ancient custom, I had continued to set aside for him . . .

Of course all this clearly ought to have prepared me for the Packenhams; but somehow it didn't. Since the name was unfamiliar to me, I had been wondering (perhaps with a touch of jealousy) how long they had been intimates of the household, and forming, as one does at such times, a mental picture of the pair. I am afraid indeed that I detested them both cordially beforehand.

And then—the disillusion. I say nothing about John, because he is another story, and (to those of us who care) a very proud and thrilling one. But those Packenhams . . . At first I thought they hadn't come, and that the pair of attractive children who smiled shyly over our introduction must be last-minute substitutes. Then I caught the words, "Major and Mrs.," and began to realize . . . .

It certainly was the queerest shock. Possibly both uniform and knee-skirts have a tendency to rejuvenate; but, so far as appearance went, if either of the couple had seen twenty, that was the limit of it. I took Mrs. Packenham in, and in the pauses of a conversation chiefly devoted to rabbits (as pets, not provender) occupied myself with sensational speculations as to how long her hair had been up.

But it was the gallant Major who furnished my chief problem. "Where were you," I asked him suddenly, "before the War?"

He blushed (I had already noticed this habit of his when addressed). "In the fifth—with John," he said.

"Fifth—division?" (You see how slowly my mind was working.)

"No—form. School, you know. We were there together."

I apologised, but not before his natural embarrassment had deepened the blush perceptibly. All at once the sight roused in me a sympathy almost paternal; and to feel paternal to a Major was an experience so bewildering as to hold me silent for a long while.

"You're very quiet," said John's mother at last in a concerned undertone. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing," I assured her. "Only I'm trying to see life."

"And can you?"

I contrived a wistful smile. "At this moment, no," I confessed. "It seems to be going rather too quickly for me."

"For me, too," said John's mother. But she of course was looking at John.



The Soldier. "WELL, NANNIE, IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHEREABOUTS YOUR NEPHEW IS AND WHAT REGIMENT HE BELONGS TO I'LL TRY AND GET NEWS OF HIM FOR YOU."

His old Nurse. "AH, DEARIE, I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT. BUT I KNOW HE'S IN THE TELEPHONE DUG-OUT."

A RATIONAL VIEW.

WHERE'ER one goes, one hears the question
What food to eat, and just how much,
And many an impotent suggestion
The vital problem fails to touch.

Don't think me all too vain, my brothers,
If I should venture to opine
That, after sampling many others,
No method's quite so good as mine.

This is my system—I'll repeat it
To guide your palate when in doubt:
When there is food to eat, I eat it,
And when there's none—I go without.

TO MY LADY IN SPRING

(After much reading of Communiqués from the Western Front).

If no artillery of vows
Nor creeping barrages of prayer
Compassion in your breast may rouse,
But I am still a stranger there
On bended knees with outstretched hand
In No Man's Land;

If, when I only wait the sign
To compass with outflanking curve
The chosen portion of your line,
You summon up your coy reserve
With rosy S.O.S.'s flame
And spoil my game;

If labouring thus I may but win,
Prepared by batteries of art,
A temporary footing in
The outpost trenches of your heart,
That is not good enough for me,
Hermione.

For somehow I must surely seize
The full objective I desire;
The buds have raided all the trees
And Spring has burst the Winter's wire;
A strong offensive round us thrills
Of daffodils.

The lark has stormed the skies with song,
Delivering each time the goods;
Last Sunday as I strolled along
I found a primrose in the woods;
It gave no kind of warning shout—
It just came out.

Then plague on all cajolings sweet
And drumfire of continued woe,
I'll rush you, lady, off your feet
And take you prisoner ere you know;
Triumphant, forcible and frank,
I'll play the Tank. Evoe.

A WAR-TIME CHILD.

I think that, to start with, Anne's interest in me was first aroused by the fact that I was possessed of only one leg; so you see there are compensations in leaving one's limbs behind one in Flanders.

"Poor ole leg," she used to say pityingly; "he got lost at France, didn't he? Won't he never come back again?"

She seemed so absurdly miserable when I told her that he wouldn't that I hastened to assure her that I didn't mind in the least—should, in fact, much prefer the new bought leg that was coming, which would never ache or be cold or tired.

"Never ache no more?" she echoed. "I'm glad," and so she was comforted.

It is a constant regret to me that Anne was born thirty years later than I was. There are so few Annes among my contemporaries; besides it saddens me to feel that she really hardly remembers the time when there was no war. Even her toys and dolls she plays with under war conditions.

"No butter and no margarine this morning," I heard her cheerfully telling her special favourite, Dolly Dumps, "so you must just eat your breakfast without; there's treacle or honey, an' that's all. 'Coz of the War."

Anne cherishes a pair of white bantams which live in a little pen in a corner of the paddock; she feeds them herself in the afternoons unless she happens to be out or away, when someone looks after them for her. One afternoon the gardener, thinking she was out to tea, fed the bantams for the night, and Anne, not knowing what he had done, gave them several of her small handfuls of food when she came in later. She was terribly distressed when she discovered that they had had a double meal and for a long time refused to be comforted. "I know Whitie and Nobs has 'ceeded their rations; what will the Food Troller think of me?" she asked pathetically.

"You *must* pull down the blinds," I heard her severely admonishing the dolls who live in the smart red dolls' house in the corner of the nursery; "I have told you before. Guv'ment will have you if you don't."

To her Golliwog she was even more emphatic.

"I'm ashamed of you," she told him, "taking away Dolly Dumps' biscuit. I'm afraid you must be a Food Hog, and that's nearly a German, you know."

In the middle of the morning, yesterday, I found her in the act of putting her Teddy Bear (clad in bright pink pyjamas) into the small wooden bed in which he sleeps.

"Teddy ill?" I inquired sympathetically.

"No, he's been naughty." Anne's voice sounded rather hard.

"What's he done now?" I asked.

Anne finished arranging the rose-patterned eider-down smoothly over Teddy's recumbent form, then, coming over to me, she said, "I told him for a great treat he might light the fire in the dolls' house this morning, and," here she lowered her voice portentously, "he used a match for it!"

"Well," I said, "why was that naughty? What ought he to have done?"

She looked at me in hurt surprise.

"Why, used a spill, of course. Mustn't use matches in war-time."

"But perhaps there weren't any spills," I pleaded, for Teddy is an old pal of mine and I didn't like to feel he was in trouble.

"Oh, yes, there was," said Anne relentlessly; "there was lots and lots. Me and Nurse made them yesterday, and Teddy knew, 'coz he helped do the twiddly bit at the end."

So there was no explaining away Teddy's unfortunate lapse from the paths of patriotism, and he stayed in bed till luncheon-time.

I was watching Anne, the other evening, carefully manœuvring her little flock of Noah's Ark animals up the narrow gangway into the Ark.

"Do you know," I asked her idly, "why the animals went into the Ark?"

She paused in her occupation and looked round, a gaudily-painted leopard poised between her small pink finger and thumb.

"Of course I know—Air Raid," she said, and pushed the leopard in through his little doorway.

Poor little Annes of to-day, who have never known of other time but war-time!

REVELATIONS.

"Tell me about yourself," said the subaltern, gazing at her in admiration; "where you were born and all that. No, really? I knew some people there. Did you always live there?"

"No; when I was seventeen my father's business went bust through the War and I had to earn my own living."

"You poor old thing. What did you do?"

"I taught at the High School."

"You didn't! What did you teach?"

"Mathematics."

"Good Lord, what a clever old thing you must be! What high school was that? No! Why then you must know the Petersons?"

"Why, Kitty and I left school the same term, only I went back to teach."

"So you know Kitty. I was sort of engaged to her at one time."

"You're not '*Bob*'?—don't tell me that!"

"By Jove, yes; she often spoke of—— Why, it must have been you! What was your father, by the way?"

"Architect."

"Really? I never knew that. By Jove, old thing, we are finding each other out."

They had been married two years—War years, though.

A young poultry-farmer of Bray
Wrote off for some ducks to Bombay;
When he opened the case
The sight of his face
Was as good as a farcical play.



A WAR OFFICE GUIDE.

"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE PLAIT" (*Pope, amended*).

THE FOOD HOARDER.

THE railway carriage was full of men and smoke, and from the time we left Slowhole the talk was all of food.

Had we been women, by now we should probably have got to the stage of exchanging fatless recipes, or how to concoct ribs of beef from a turnip and some gelatine.

As it was, conversation was mostly a dirge on baconless breakfasts.

The man who sat next to me had not tasted it for seven weeks and was quite pathetic about it.

"You come 'ome with me some Sunday," said his stout and jovial friend sitting opposite, "and we 'll give you a treat. Why (and he lowered his voice slightly), I 've got 'arf-a-dozen 'ams and four or five flitches o' bacon—prime," he added with a gleam in his eye.

There was a sudden pause, and the man in the far corner took out his notebook.

"I shall be obliged for your name and address," he said. "I am the Food Inspector for this district and it will be my business to call on you shortly."

We sat in stunned silence while he wrote, and when he got out at the next station the stout man breathed heavily.

"Ay," he said, looking after him with a slow smile, "but I didn't tell yon chap that that bacon 's still running about."

TO MY GUN-LORRY.

LURCHING colossus of the rubbered wheel,
Left, for my sins, in my unhappy charge,
What irony can speak the pains I feel,
What Billingsgate, what language of the barge,
When poignantly I call to recollection
The ponderous jokes you 've played my poor old Section?

How oft I 've tended you through dust and heat
Or delved you out from depths of soggy snow;
How oft at frozen dawn I 've done the feat
Of getting your intestine rods to go;
And when you 've stuck, how frequently my sorry
Drivers refer to "Little Annie Laurie"!

A blend of choler and of cold disdain,
I stand and watch you wallowing axle-deep
In loamy pasture, and should be profane
Were I not rather more inclined to weep;
Then, roused at last my usually slow bile,
I ask what silly ass first called you "Mobile"?

A Non-Stop Performance.

"'The Crucifixion' is to be rendered at the evening service in the West U.F. Church on Sunday. Mr. —— will beat the organ."
Scotch Paper.

From an advertisement of a new soap:—

"—— is indispensable to Mechanics, Motorists, Plumbers, Blacksmiths, Brass and Iron Moulders, Saddlers, Shoemakers, and to all who desire Soft, White, Smooth Hands."

Our "rude mechanicals," as SHAKSPEARE called them, seem to be growing luxurious.



Bunty. "WHATEVER'S THAT, MUMMIE?" *Mother.* "SPAGHETTI, DARLING."
Bunty. "GOOD GRACIOUS! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE STUFF YOU THREW OVER PEOPLE AT WEDDINGS."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

X.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXXIII.
(continued).

George. Tell us something more, Mamma, about the amusements of this wonderful period.

Mrs. M. I think I told you that playing-cards were introduced into England in this reign. They were invented, so it is said, to divert the melancholy of Lord Southmount, caused by the attacks of his ungrateful fellow-countrymen. "Beggar my Neighbour" and "Nap" were the names of two of the simplest of these games, but there were many others, such as "Whist" and "Bridge."

Mary. What funny names! And why "Nap," Mamma?

Mrs. M. I really cannot tell you for certain, my dear child, but I infer that this game was specially prescribed as an antidote to sleeplessness, which has so often proved detrimental to the health of those who work their brains too hard.

Richard. Had not Lord Southmount a very large brain?

Mrs. M. Yes, quite colossal. It weighed two hundred pounds, or ounces, I forget which, but it was quite the largest on record. Indeed there is a legend that in order to preserve his balance he was obliged to weight his boots with lead. Cards, however, were not played merely as a distraction from care. Many people indulged in the pastime out of sheer lightheartedness, and the craving was so strong that they played cards at all times and in all places, even to the extent of going out for "whist-drives," which I believe were a form of "joy-ride," as it was called. Another feature of this reign was the revival of old country songs and dances. People collected folk-tunes from the oldest inhabitants of remote villages, and the number of centenarian singers was quite remarkable. In the dancing movement WILLIAM MORRIS, who invented wall-papers, was very prominent.

Mary. What sort of toys did the children have in these times, Mamma?

Mrs. M. Very few, I fear, as children were mainly occupied with writing poetry; but fairy-stories were very popular with adult readers, and pantomimes, as they were called, though originally intended for a juvenile audience, were almost exclusively attended by people of mature age. The influence of youth was also markedly shown in the domain of art. Children, as I have reason to know, Mary, from your last attempt to delineate your father, are not given to flattery, and some of the great painters of this reign made a practice in their portraiture of representing their subjects, not as they were at the time, but as they were likely to appear after about twenty years of acute indigestion or chronic alcoholism.

Mary. Oh, Mamma! I am sure my picture of Papa wasn't like that.

Mrs. M. Well, here is your father; you had better ask him for his opinion.

THE CALL.

THE air around was trembling-bright
And full of dancing specks of light,
While butterflies were dancing too
Between the shining green and blue;
I might not watch, I might not stay,
I ran along the meadow way.

The straggling brambles caught my feet,
The clover field was, oh! so sweet;
I heard a singing in the sky
And busy things went buzzing by.
How this could be I cannot tell,
But all the hedges sang as well.

Along the clover-field I ran
To where the little wood began,
And there I understood at last
Why I had come so far, so fast—
On every leaf of every tree
A fairy sat and smiled at me! R. F.



Old King Coal
Has us all in Control,
And a stringent old Soul is he:
You may call for your Food,
You may call for your Fun,
But not after Ten-thirtee.

NIGHT LIGHT SAVING.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 18th.—Sir ALFRED MOND gave a portentous list of the premises that he has commandeered for the Air Ministry in various parts of the Metropolis, and, to judge by his complaint that Mr. KENNEDY JONES had prevented him from acquiring the British Museum, it would seem that he has not finally abandoned his designs upon that institution. His hope, perhaps, is that when the Trustees find themselves entirely surrounded by the enemy's outposts they will surrender at discretion.

The shrinkage in the size of eggs has not escaped the vigilant gaze of Mr. HARCOURT. His suspicions that Lord RHONDDA is in some way responsible for it has been deepened rather than removed by Mr. CLYNES' assurance that the only specimens which weigh less than twenty-four ounces a dozen come from Egypt; for was not Egypt the home of the first Food-Controller?

Members heard with satisfaction tempered by envy Dr. MACNAMARA'S statement that the Central Billeting Board has acquired twelve hostels in Glasgow, where, for the modest sum of 23*s.* a week, residents can obtain three square meals a day. It is confidently anticipated that the shortage of labour in the shipyards will be speedily remedied by a large movement of population from the West End restaurants to Clydeside.

The debate on the Education Bill, which passed its Second Reading, was one long eulogy, in various keys, of its author, Mr. FISHER, who would be well advised, in view of the hazards of the Committee stage, to offer a sacrifice to Nemesis.

Mr. MARRIOTT led off with an excellent speech; though it was a little odd to hear him in the presence of the Labour Party inviting the House to "consider what might have been lost to the country if, instead of going on from their private preparatory schools to Eton and Winchester, Members of this House had been forced prematurely into an industrial career."

An appropriate reply was furnished by Mr. O'GRADY, who recalled his apprenticeship to "the art and craft of cabinet-making." Who knows?—he may yet find it useful.

"I do not rise," said Sir EDWARD PARROTT, "from the mere impulsion of an itch for speaking." That was fortunate, for even without this stimulus his speech filled nine columns of the official report. It was full of classical allusions, but I missed my old friend, *Psittacus loquitur.*

Tuesday, March 19th.—It was not indurated conservatism but regard for the public welfare that caused Lord HALSBURY to resist the passage of Lord BUCKMASTER'S Bill enabling women to become solicitors. Ninety-two years' experience of the ways of woman have convinced him that she can only see one side of a case. The female attorney will, he fears, be quite unable to write those conciliatory letters in the early



"POULTRY."
MR. STANTON.

stages of a quarrel which so often prevent it from developing into litigation. It is distressing to record that the Peers by a substantial majority refused to endorse this idyllic view of the typical "solicitor's letter."

Their Lordships then settled down to an academic discussion on the League of Nations, in the course of which Lord LOREBURN revealed his entire agreement with Lord LANSDOWNE'S famous letter; and Lord LANSDOWNE himself, while accepting the description of Germany as "the anarchist of Europe,"



"THE LADIES."
LORD HALSBURY.

nevertheless urged her inclusion in the League.

In the Commons Mr. TREVELYAN and other gentlemen who think that war can be ended by talk once more attacked what they call secret diplomacy. If the mysteries of foreign affairs were regularly confided to Mr. KING and Mr. PRINGLE there would, they believe, be much less danger of disputes ending in war. Mr. BALFOUR differed. For one thing, he said, the House, with all its merits, lacked a sense of proportion. In his view "open diplomacy" would lead to open quarrels, and so long as he was Foreign Minister he would have nothing to do with it.

Question-time, as usual, was largely devoted to food. Mr. STANTON received the comforting assurance that fifty thousand tons of damaged grain, &c., will be available for "utility fowls"; Mr. TYSON-WILSON complained of the action of the FOOD-CONTROLLER in raiding a house where the only evidence of hoarding was a single pound of pepper (believed to be part of the peck picked by *Peter Piper*); and Mr. TURTON was informed that in the matter of sugar His Majesty's Judges were treated exactly in the same way as humbler members of the community. Hence the vogue in assize-towns of that well-known ditty, "A little bit of sugar for the beak."

Wednesday, March 20th.—Lord CURZON made an earnest appeal to the Peers to save paper by foregoing the daily supply of "Votes and Proceedings." If they pine for light fiction let them satisfy themselves with the War Cabinet's *apologia pro vita sua*, just issued.

Eloquent upon many topics, the volume is silent upon the luxuriant crop of peerages and other titular distinctions produced in the year 1917. Lord SELBORNE is still pressing for a sort of *catalogue raisonné*, recording the public services of the recipients. But Lord CURZON was obdurate. The public did not ask for reasons when a TENNYSON or a LISTER, a FRENCH or a JELLICOE was ennobled; why should it do so when the fount of honour poured its pleasant drops upon Lord Blank or Lord Dash?

In the matter of shipbuilding Sir ERIC GEDDES declined to sit on the stool of repentance. In fact at one time he seemed more likely to throw it at his critics, in the manner of the famous JENNY of the same ilk. While admitting that we had lost a fifth of our tonnage, and wanted an additional 100,000 tons a month to make up our leeway, he claimed that in the circumstances the Admiralty Controller of Shipbuilding had been highly efficient. That being so, it was not quite easy to



Lady (to butler). "HARRISON, YOUR COLD IS VERY BAD. YOU MUST NOT GO OUT TO-NIGHT."
Butler (reproachfully). "OH, MILADY, DON'T MAKE AN 'OT-'OUSE FLOWER OF ME."

understand why that official should be superseded by Lord PIRRIE, even though a section of the Press has been clamouring for his appointment.

The shortage of ships having caused a deficiency of coal, Sir ALBERT STANLEY informed Members that they must do with less gas in future. This dreary outlook was temporarily relieved by the Member for Battersea, who, after a long interval of silence, treated the House to "a nicht wi' BURNS."

Thursday, March 21st.—As spokesman of the Board of Agriculture in the Upper House the Duke of MARLBOROUGH recently found himself called upon to defend an order of the Board which as a practical farmer he declined to carry out. *Pooh-Bah* would have seen no insurmountable difficulty in such a situation, but would have simply issued another regulation forbidding himself to obey himself. His Grace of Blenheim is made of less flexible stuff, and took the more honourable course of resigning his office and returning to his lonely furrow.

Just before the House adjourned for the Easter Recess Mr. BONAR LAW announced the opening of the long-advertised attack on our lines in France. It is believed that HINDENBURG would have launched it earlier but for his desire not to interfere with the great offensive conducted by his friends on the Westminster front.

THE GERMAN GRAVES.

I WONDER are there roses still
In Ablain St. Nazaire,
And crosses girt with daffodil
In that old garden there.
I wonder if the long grass waves
With wild-flowers just the same
Where Germans made their soldiers' graves
Before the English came?

The English set those crosses straight
And kept the legends clean;
The English made the wicket-gate
And left the garden green;
And now who knows what regiments dwell
In Ablain St. Nazaire?
But I would have them guard as well
The graves we guarded there.

So do not tear those fences up
And drive your waggons through,
Or trample rose and buttercup
As careless feet may do;
For I have friends where Germans tread
In graves across the line,
And as I do towards their dead
So may they do to mine.

And when at last the Prussians pass
Among those mounds and see
The reverent cornflowers crowd the grass
Because of you and me,
They'll give perhaps one humble thought
To all the "English fools"
Who fought as never men have fought
But somehow kept the rules.

A. P. H.

A farmer's testimonial:—

"I am using your Linseed Oil Meal for horses, cows and fowls, and find it remarkably good *in each case* in producing flesh, milk and butter and eggs."

The Bulletin (Sydney, N.S.W.)

We beg to call Mr. PROTHERO'S attention to the words we have italicized.

OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS.

A great deal of publicity has of late been given to the Army's pigeons, some of which acted as bank messengers when the Tank was picking our pockets in Trafalgar Square the other day; but no one has yet said a word for another very remarkable ornithological war organisation, which has its head-quarters at Polperro.

It is not, of course, wise to divulge all the activities which our propagandists are prosecuting with so much zeal and, it is to be hoped, success, but the Censor having decided that the time has come to let the public into the secret of those vast structures which have for so long puzzled the passers-by at this Cornish retreat we are glad to be the first to lift the veil.

It is here that for some months past the Parrot Corps has been in training.

Colonel Bryant, who is in charge of this interesting and very ingenious branch of public service, willingly put his information at the disposal of our representative—the more willingly, perhaps, because of the long embargo of silence placed upon him, silence and his ordinary avocation being not too compatible.

"The Colonel took me," writes our representative, "first to the class-rooms, where the parrots are instructed in the sentences which they are to repeat as they fly about the country. Here we found one of the lecturers addressing his pupils, all remarkably attentive and intelligent-looking. They were not at desks, as in an ordinary educational chamber, but each occupied a perch, and there were some hundreds in all. At the time I entered, the provocatory class was in progress, and the words which the lecturer was instilling were these: 'Don't you know there's a war on?'; 'We're at war, you know;' 'You seem to forget we're at war'—all delivered with a sarcastic inflexion that cannot fail in its purpose.

"In the next room, a food economy class was acquiring phrases calculated to promote the conservation of the nation's supplies: 'Eat less bread,' 'Eat less meat,' 'Remember the U-boats.' It is considered, not, I think, without reason, that a voice from the sky or the upper branches of a tree enjoining recollections of the menace of the German submarine will have a curiously far-reaching effect.

"Other phrases which these happy and willing students are acquiring include, 'Are you doing your bit?' with the accent on the *you*; and 'What have *you* put in the War Loan?'

"'In fact,' the Colonel remarked, 'the whole ground of patriotic and civic duty is to be covered.'

"'Splendid!' I said. 'And where do you get the birds?'

"'We have breeding stations all over the place,' said Colonel Bryant. 'There is one, for example, in the House of Commons. And here,' he added, throwing open another door, 'is a very important department.'

"It was a room similar to those which I had seen, but the lecturer was speaking German.

"'This is under the Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries,' said the Colonel: 'Lord Northcliffe. The birds are being taught phrases in German bearing upon the iniquity of the Central Powers and the virtues of the Allies, and when proficient they will be released to fly to Germany and begin the good work.'

"'But how will they find their way to Germany?'

"'They have been crossed with German homing pigeons. It was an idea of his Lordship's,' said my cicerone.

"'We will now,' he proceeded, 'visit the Camouflage Department.'

"Here a strange sight met the eye. On one side of the vast hall were myriad parrots of all the colours of the prism. In the middle were a number of men standing beside huge cauldrons of some grey fluid with brushes in their hands, and with these brushes each was dabbing at the plumage of a captive bird, transforming its brilliancy into a neutral monotone.

"'You see,' said the Colonel, 'it is necessary that the members of our corps should be in uniform and also should attract as little notice as possible, and we therefore have to adopt this course. The birds naturally don't like it; their vanity is touched, and some of their expressions of disgust are most forcible. But being wise creatures they come to recognise the necessity, and it is really very interesting to see their patriotic efforts to show that even without fine feathers they can be fine birds.'

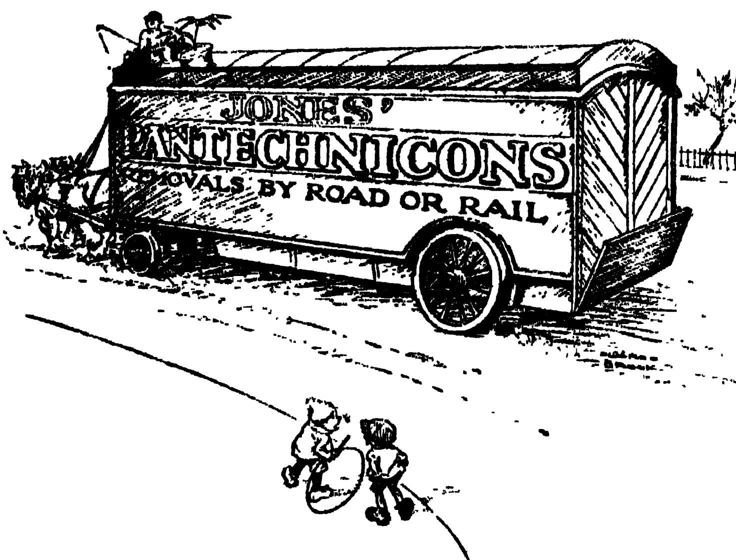
"'And when do they start on this mission?' I asked.

"'Well, just as soon as the paper shortage admits of every gun licensee in the kingdom receiving a leaflet describing the corps' uniform and forbidding him to shoot any bird that wears it. Otherwise, with the present scarcity of food, the gallant fellows might all be killed.'

"'Are they aware of that risk?' I inquired.

"'Perfectly. But they accept it with admirable composure. You have no idea what reserves of stoical courage and purpose are hidden in the breast of a parrot. They are out to win the War and nothing will dissuade them.'

"I came away," adds our representative, concluding his report, "enormously impressed."



"Wot do they 'ave them vans so long for?"
"'Ow'd they be able to call 'em *that* if they didn't?"

"Owing to food restrictions the survivors on being taken to a local hotel could only be served with hot coffee."—*Morning Post.*

Now then, Lord Rhondda, see that your rationing regulations are interpreted rationally.

"Girls Wanted, for Rock Rolling."
Blackpool Gazette and News.

Sisyphus seems to have been called up.

"FORMS FOR THE INCOME TAX.
READY THIS WEEK.
Returns should be made by Feb. 31, but the time will be extended."—*Canadian Paper.*

The Dominion Revenue Department appears to have laid to heart the old proverb, quoted by George Herbert, "Reckon right, and February hath one-and-thirty days."

There was an old sportsman of Deal
Who religiously kept a tame eel;
When Lord Desborough said,
"Why not eat it instead?"
He was deaf to his lordship's appeal.



IF A "DON'T-TRAVEL PROPAGANDA" IS STARTED.

WOULD-BE HOLIDAY-MAKERS BEING URGED TO FORGO THEIR EASTER TRIPS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GOAT.

I WONDER if we have kept our *bonne bouche* too long . . . .

I should point out that the fact of my being in possession of a reasonably young and, as I believe, edible goat is purely fortuitous. I have no normal traffic in goats. My energetic sister-in-law is entirely to blame. She set on foot about a year ago a tremendous scheme for furnishing goats' milk for the needy. Consequently she became a keen, almost a perfervid, collectress of goats. My farm was called upon to act as a place of assembly—a sort of rail-head. And there this kid was born ten months ago. He should, they say, have been eaten in adolescence, but no one about the place could be found to kill him, and indeed he was such a bewitching little beggar that he must have touched the heart of a Hun.

Now he has lost his charm. He is clumsy and ungainly, with an insolent manner and no self-restraint. He climbs trees, jumps dykes, devastates the garden, steals anything he can find, and, in a word, it is high time he went.

I have never eaten goat, but I have always supposed that it can be eaten so long as it is "seethed." But how do we stand in the matter? Does a goat come within the scope of meat rations, and if so is he cattle and sheep, or is he rabbits and fowls? I do not think we can be accused of hoarding him so long as he is alive, but as soon as he becomes meat he puts us in a very awkward position. Having bred and reared him ourselves we had not supposed that there was any question in the matter until I came across some paragraphs the other day as to the handling of self-produced food. As producers of the goat I gather that we have only a claim as to one-third of him, provided of course that he ranks as pig, fowl or rabbit.

And if he ranks as sheep or cattle it is not now legal for a farmer himself to kill him. He must be sent to a public market and "graded." I have not gathered if I should be permitted to be represented at the grading in order to ensure that he was not given too high a category.

However here is another thing. It seems that all these difficulties would be evaded if I simply had the goat out and shot him. Then he would rank as game, like any other wild duck or pigeon. And quite right too. I can vouch for it that his mother came off a neighbouring mountain and was as wild as a hawk.

And then, again, I have every reason to put him down as a pest, along with sparrows and rats. He has destroyed nearly half a ton of turnips since the New Year.

Well, now by forming a "Goat Club" for the destruction of goats, after the Sparrow Club model, I suppose I can shoot him, if I can get together enough beaters to put him across country in good style. Any time would do; there is no close season now for deer.

And that raises another point. For all I know he may be venison.

But I don't like the idea of shooting him. I don't know if I can bring myself to do it. He has often eaten out of my hand.

I should have no hesitation at all in writing direct to the FOOD-CONTROLLER for enlightenment, but I am convinced that he would think I was pulling his leg. I don't know why, but there is always supposed to be something funny about a goat. He seems to rank in that way with the banana and the Gorgonzola, and, perhaps one should add, the township of Paisley. But there is nothing funny about my goat.

Something will have to be done at once. I feel that the thing is closing in on me. I feel that after a few weeks' delay, even if he met with a fatal accident, I should find myself helpless to deal with him until I had laboriously collected coupons to cover every particle of his anatomy. BIS.

"Boy wanted for factory near Elephant."
Daily Express.

To attend to trunk calls, presumably.

"POOR OLD SHIP!"

She wasn't much to brag about, she wasn't much to see,
A rusty crusty hooker as a merchant ship could be;
They sunk her off the Longships Light as night was coming on,
And we had to go and leave her there, and, poor old ship, she's gone.
All that was good of her, all that was bad of her,
All that we gave to her, all that we had of her,
Poor old ship, she's gone!

The times we spent aboard her, they was oftener bad than good,
But bad or good, we'd live the lot all over if we could;
She's stood her trick as well as us, she's had her whack of fun,
She's shared it all with sailormen, and, poor old ship, she's done.
Hard times and soft times and all times we've been with her,
Bad days and good days and all sorts we've seen with her,
And, poor old ship, she's done!

She's stuck her crazy derricks up by half a hundred quays,
She's dipped her dingy duster in the spray of all the seas;
Her funnel's caked with Cape Horn ice and blistered in the sun,
She's moseyed round above a bit, and, poor old ship, she's done.
North seas and south, and they've all had a go at her,
Hot winds and cold, and they've all had a blow at her,
And, poor old ship, she's done!

She's trailed her smudge the whole world round in weather grey and blue,
She's churned a dozen oceans with her blooming nine-knot screw;
She's sampled all the harbour mud from Cardiff to Canton,
And she'll never clear another port, for, poor old ship, she's gone.
Ports up and down, and she's seen many a score of 'em:
Seas high and low, and she won't sail no more of 'em,
For, poor old ship, she's gone!

And chaps that knowed her in their time, 'tween London and Rangoon,
In many a sailors' drinking-place and water-front saloon,
Will set their drinks down when they hear her blooming yarn is spun,
And say, "I sailed aboard her once, and, poor old ship, she's done.
Many's the hard word I once used to spend on her,
Ah, them was great days, and now there's an end on her,
Poor old ship, she's done!"

C. F. S.

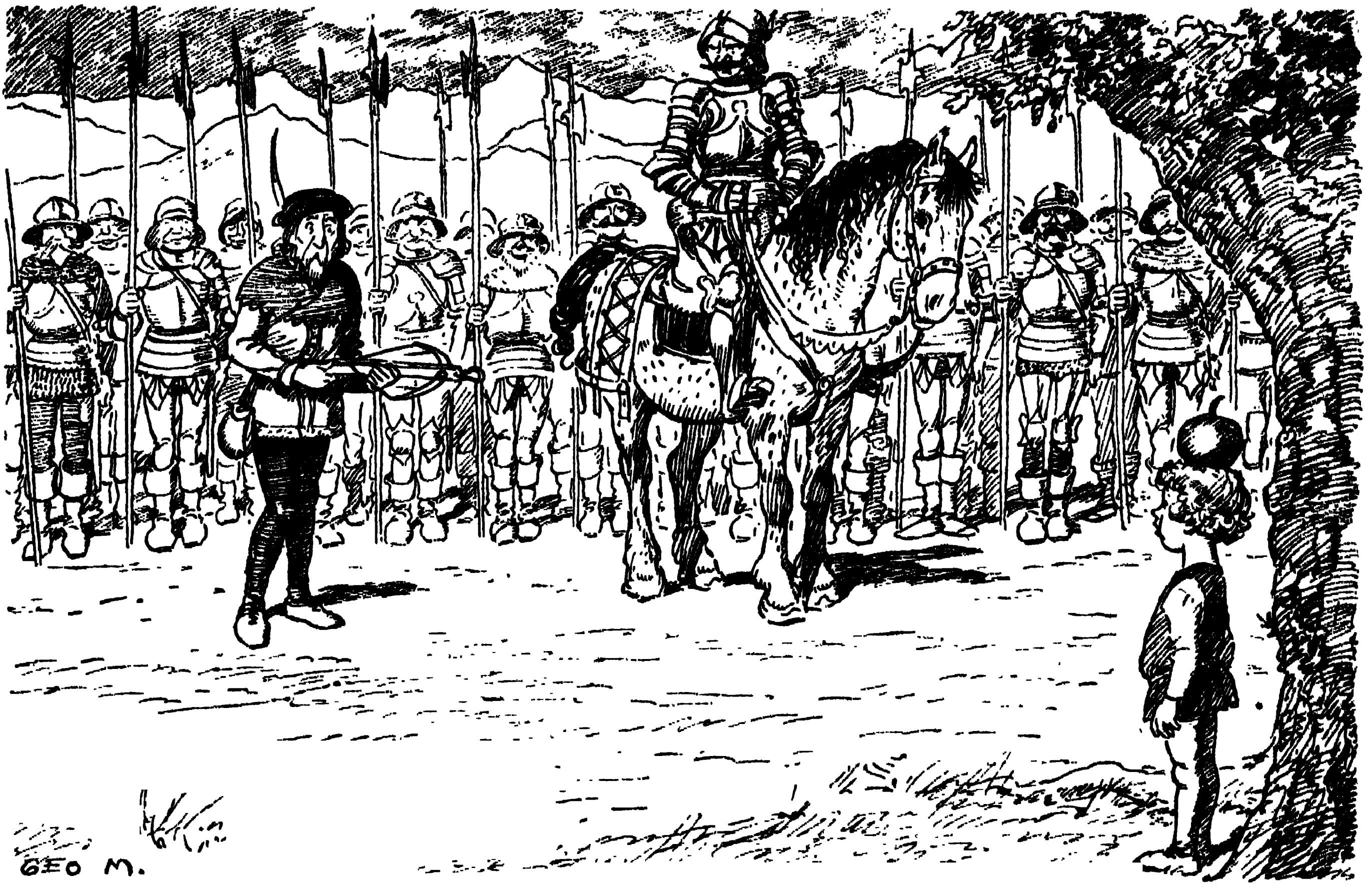
AN INDISPENSABLE.

Dreadful things have been happening in our village, and we are not sure at all that the metaphorical sunshine in which we are at this moment basking indicates anything more than a temporary alleviation of our troubles. We hope for the best, but we have been tossed about and cheated so often that even our hope has become diluted. We therefore invoke the sympathy of Mr. Punch, being certain that he at least will, so far as he can, refuse to see some of his most regular readers ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of circumstance and fate. Briefly the story is as follows:—

There is in our village one butcher's shop with one butcher attached to it. Other butchers there are in the parish, who live miles away, have their own lists of customers and declare that they can take on no others. They might, they say, though with some difficulty, make a hard push and accommodate one or two; but even if they could do this they would find it all but impossible to deliver at such a distance, and for all practical purposes they may be ruled out. We are therefore reduced for our rationed amount of meat to our own solitary butcher. If he were removed we should be plunged into absolute meatlessness. All of us, no doubt, would suffer to the same extent—squire, parson, barber, grocer and peer; and that would, of course, be a good thing, though the price of it would be prohibitive even to the richest.

Our own butcher is a young fellow on the right side of thirty. His complexion is of a ruddiness such as I have remarked in all butchers with whom I have become acquainted. His hair is magnificently greased and shines with an enviable lustre, and he is altogether an agreeable young fellow and a kind-hearted one, except when in the course of business he is compelled to slaughter. Still, the necessity of his business being admitted, I am certain he carries that business out with promptitude and dispatch and with as much mercy as it admits. Earlier in the War, when the great appeal was made for men, young Tadworth, for that is our butcher's name, responded with the rest. Like many others, but with better reason, he was persuaded, however, that his business was indispensable for the community. He appealed to the Local Tribunal and was granted exemption for some months. In the meantime he had been medically examined and had been passed fit for general service. This was a fatal thing for him, for the military authorities were determined—and small blame to them—not to let ruddy-complexioned and obviously healthy men like Tadworth escape from their net. In the course of time his period of exemption drew to an end and he applied again to the Local Tribunal. This time he was exempted for two months, and was ordered not to appeal again without the leave of the Tribunal. I do not propose to follow him through all the ins and outs of his subsequent appearances before one or the other of the Tribunals. Suffice it to say that there came a moment when, all his power of appeal having been exhausted, he was faced with the certainty that he would be called upon to join up within about a week, and we in the village were faced with the certainty of being deprived of such butcher's meat as the Food Controller purported to allow us.

It is all very well to say, as Lord Rhondda does, that we shall have so much meat per week, but the apportionment is bound to be illusive if there is no meat of any kind to be got, owing to the departure of our butcher to the stricken fields of France. The village will be surrounded with other villages eating their fair share of meat, while we, owing to Tadworth's painful and immoderate conditions of health, are forced to do without meat altogether. I have omitted to say that Tadworth has made most gallant efforts to dispose of his business, but all in vain; nor has he been able to find anyone who would take it over temporarily. The other day we heard with despair that he had received a final calling-up notice, and the spirits of the village sank to zero. No sooner had this happened than he received another notice bidding him consider the former one cancelled, and so we swing from hope to gloom and back again. What will happen to us in the end I cannot say, for, as Mr. Barlow, the grocer, puts it, "the end is not yet." We may have to live surrounded by a comparative plenty in which we shall have no share. Are we right in counting upon Mr. Punch's sympathy?



[Perhaps the ordeal of WILLIAM TELL was worse than we thought.]

Little Willie. "DADDY, CAN I HAVE THE APPLE AFTER YOU HAVE DONE WITH IT? WHY HAVE HORSES FOUR LEGS? WHAT MAKES SNOW WHITE? I SAW A DEAD CAT YESTERDAY. CAN A RABBIT SING? IS THE MAN IN THE MOON LONELY? WHY IS WATER WET?" ETC.

FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR.

Mr. Punch begs to make an appeal, to his London readers in particular, on behalf of Prisoners of War of the London Regiment. Lady VICTORIA HERBERT'S Scheme has upon its books between nine hundred and a thousand Prisoners of War, to each of whom a parcel of food, costing nine shillings, is sent three times in every fortnight. More than half of these parcels are supplied by the guarantee of individual "adopters," and it is for four hundred and fifty men belonging to eight different Battalions of the London Regiment that Lady VICTORIA HERBERT is now making appeal. The parcels are made up in her own house by her own staff. Mr. Punch begs his kind readers to give something to this good cause, making their cheques payable to Lady VICTORIA HERBERT'S Scheme, crossing them "Lloyd's Bank, Oxford Street," and addressing them to 5, Stratford Place, W.1.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

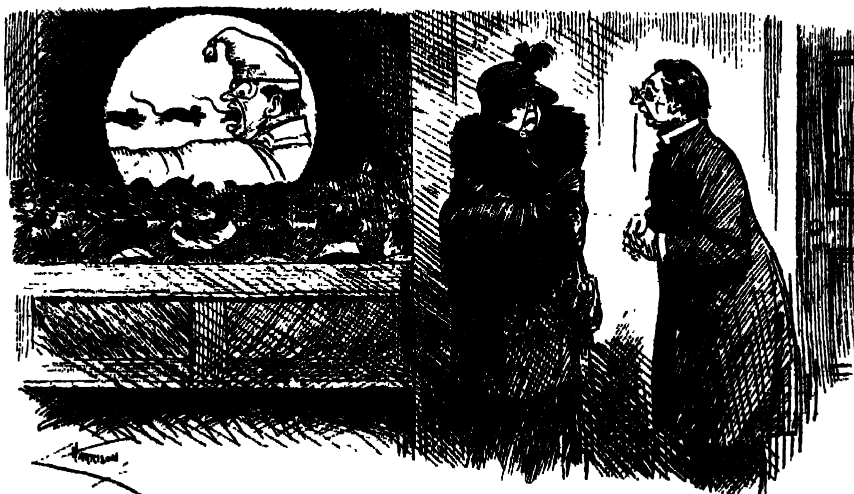
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

HAVING delighted greatly in Capt. F. BRETT YOUNG'S most artistic work on the War in East Africa, *Marching on Tanga*, I was much intrigued to find him, in the greater freedom of a novel, *The Crescent Moon* (SECKER), returning to the same adventurous scene. I know no author who presents so vividly the strangeness (he objects to its being called the "mystery") of waste crude Africa, and when, on his background of strange scents, strange stars and strange bird-calls, he projects some quite admirably-drawn characters in a high state of melodramatic animation, he goes far to satisfy the most rapacious of readers. Certainly its atmosphere and characterisation are the best of the book, and one has to confess to as little belief in the likelihood of an English missionary and his sister ever being planted, fresh from home and entirely without instruction in the ways of the country, in the centre of what was German East Africa, as in that astronomical novelty, a new moon that persistently rises at sunset. But if Captain YOUNG occasionally allows himself to appear uninformed he does not lack imagination or even a qualified sympathy for that celestial heathen deity, *The Crescent Moon*, so necessary to his story, and for the Christian priest. Not unnaturally the two came into violent conflict, since the obscure tribe to whom the priest ministered still persisted in weird moon-worship, involving—it would be hardly proper to say what, but you can take my word that your own parson would never have approved of it. You may even find it a strain to take it all quite seriously, but, at any rate, the Hunnish conduct of the German officer who egged on the natives is quite convincing, and for the rest, atmosphere, action and one or two charming people well compensate for a dash of the improbable.

The Question of Alsace-Lorraine (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) appears at an appropriate moment, for, although none of us is likely to forget the wrong done in 1871, it is just as well that a temperate statement of the case should be put before us when the enemy is asserting a false historical claim to these borderlands. It is true that in his little book M. JULES DUHEM has a special cause to plead, but there is a notable restraint about his advocacy. The truth is that he

is in such a strong position that he does not need to conceal or put a gloss upon the facts. "Everywhere," he writes, "the process of Germanization ends in complete failure, and the specific cause of this failure lies in the unyielding tyranny of German rule," and, he might have added, in the hopeless inability of the Huns to understand any temperament but their own. At one time they have used threats and punishments, at another they have tried the effect of bribes and blandishments, but always without shaking the loyalty of these true sons of France. I have been profoundly moved by the account M. Duhem gives of their staunchness, and beg you to read this book, which has been admirably translated by Mrs. R. Stawell, and see for yourself what insults and sufferings the natives of Alsace and Lorraine have endured during these long years, and with how fine a courage.

I have had occasion to observe more than once before now on the pleasure I take in the novel that treats of expanding fortunes. Any story built on the "From a penny to Park Lane" *motif* is assured beforehand of my delighted interest, if only I can believe in it. I must, however, regretfully add that this proviso altogether rules out *The Foolishness of Lilian* (Lane), the developments of which would overcome the best willed credulity. *Lilian* was a factory girl, of sensational loveliness and mysterious origin; and the book treats of her successful efforts to rise on "stepping stones of her dead self to higher," or at least more luxurious, "things." I make no complaint against Miss Jessie Champion for frankly basing her heroine's fortunes upon a successful combination of blackmail, gambling and usury. Indeed this beginning promised a touch of originality pleasantly stimulant. But, after all, it introduced nothing less hackneyed than an engagement on the stage, with its inevitable result (in fiction) of instant and overwhelming triumph. I do not think that, in the course of a long career, I have read any theatrical scenes so preposterously divorced from actuality as these. Even so, *Lilian* wasn't satisfied, but continued her foolishness to the extent of throwing up this amazing engagement and starting again as private secretary to a gentleman with a beard who—but no, I lack spirit to tell you what happened there. One word of kindly-meant advice to the author: Let her, before sitting down to her next story, make an opportunity to hear two or more persons speaking ordinary conversational English, and note the vocabulary that comes naturally to their use. If (to take one example from a thousand) she can find a father saying, in a moment of relaxed and intimate talk with his daughter, "Your instinct was correct . . . there is no need to enlarge upon the procession of events," I will most gladly apologise. Till that happens I remain unconvinced.



Lady Parishioner (at Village Magic Lantern Entertainment). "Surely a little lacking in tact, my dear Vicar—a slide of that character for children on a meatless day!"

Miss Caroline Barton, sweet and seventy, suddenly impressed with her uselessness under war conditions, decided one day to gather in her own home as many of her friends, jolly old incapables like herself, as she could lay her hands on. "Wrack-straws" was what she called them, and as for each one who came there was a house shut up and quite a number of domestics released for war-work, there really was something in the scheme. Very well it worked too on the whole. Moreover, thanks to the lively collaboration of Miss Janet Laing, who tells us all about it in *Before the Wind* (Dent), it was a much more exciting affair than you might think, unless you knew that one of the old dears was really a burglaress in disguise, that *Miss Barton's* odd-job man was a wounded V.C. playing detective *pro tem.*, and that her young lady companion was as nice a heroine as even a V.C. could require. Further there was a German dug-out on the premises, crammed full of empty cases labelled "high-explosive" (a circumstance never explained; but why worry about such a trifle in these stirring days?), and finally there was a Zeppelin raid timed with the most absolute nicety to suit a crisis which gets itself handled in the end, after giving one some moments of misgiving, in entirely competent fashion. The authoress, whose Scottish origin reveals itself unfailingly in her use of the word "whenever," takes her war, you see, something lightly. Her opening pages will be found perhaps a little solemn as compared with the general tone, but that is soon forgotten, and altogether this is one of the gayest stories I have read for many a dull day.

"The blackthorn this year is budding and flowering at the same time; flowers usually precede the bud."

Freeman's Journal.

And this is not the only botanical curiosity connected with this shrub, for until the blackthorn is well out the constabulary never begins to shoot.

From a review of a new book on music:—

"Possibly a slightly larger proportion of exercises in the broader rhythms (3s. 2d., 4s. 2d., and 6s. 4d.) would have been an improvement."—*Educational News.*

But why stop here? Why not a theme entirely composed of Treasury notes (10/- and £1)?

Little Jack Horner once made a corner,
And thought, "What a shrewd wit is mine!"
It was therefore the droller to see the Controller
Unearth it; and, my! what a fine!

What to do with the Odd Coupon.

"The odd coupon we shall keep as much as possible for bacon. We boil it whole and eat it cold to make it go far. If there is a scrap over it is chopped and mixed with cooked haricot beans."—*Daily Mail.*

"The Vicar of —— announced to his congregation on Sunday that he had acquired the plot of land for an extension of the pretty graveyard attached to St. ——'s Church. The unexpected intimation has been received with the liveliest satisfaction by the parishioners."

Lancashire Paper.

It's a poor heart that never rejoices.

CHARIVARIA.

The Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court was opened to the public last Saturday. The spectre has not yet appeared, and a rumour is going about that there has been a hitch in respect to its food-card.

* * *

At Hove eight hundred dogs are said to be unlicensed. It is believed that they elude arrest by going into Brighton and posing as Russian tripe-hounds.

* * *

Now that the speed of express trains is to be reduced it is hoped that passengers will not attempt to pluck cabbages from rail-side allotments while the train is in motion.

* * *

What might have proved an awkward incident was avoided at the Zoo the other day by the prompt action of an attendant. It appears that a dear old lady, not knowing it was a meatless day, offered the biggest lion a caterpillar.

* * *

Surplices, we are told, were worn on Sunday by the Egham parish church choir for the first time in fifty years. It is not known who mislaid them.

* * *

According to a witness at Lewes, gallons of beer are thrown down drains every day in many breweries. A correspondent writes to say that he often wondered how they got rid of the stuff.

* * *

Private Ivey Cleveland, of the United States Army, who takes size fifteen in foot-gear, has been discharged owing to the difficulty of getting military boots to fit him. The possibility of his being transferred to the Navy and served out with a pair of battle cruisers seems to have been overlooked.

* * *

It appears doubtful whether the War has improved our manners. Only the other day a Battersea motor lorry dashed into a house at Hither Green and sat down in the drawing-room without removing its bonnet.

* * *

A lamb has been born at Welton with five legs, but we understand that a recount has been demanded by jealous farmers in the neighbourhood.

We read of an American journalist who started work sixteen years ago and is now said to be worth 200,000 dollars. His frugality, good habits, total abstinence and the fact that an uncle left him 199,999 dollars brought about this result.



The Hero-Worshipper. "There goes Mrs. Tompkins' 'usband—'e's one of the old 'Contemptibles.'"
The Cynic. "All 'usbands is contemptibles!"

A South London housewife has won four tea services at four consecutive whist drives. All that is now necessary is to win one war and then she will probably have the nucleus of a cup of tea.

NOTICE.

PUNCH **AND PAPER SHORTAGE.**

Owing to the further drastic reduction in the supplies of paper, no return of unsold copies will be allowed after the Number to be dated April 17.

Readers who desire to continue to receive *Punch* regularly should at once place a definite order with their news-agents.

* * *

A Hull skipper reports that a torpedo which missed his ship made a circular movement and returned towards the submarine which fired it. It is in little economies of this kind that the German Navy is really seen at its best.

* * *

An alarming falling-off in the birth-rate at Mannheim is reported by the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It seems that since the Allied air-raids on the town many Germans positively refuse to be born.

* * *

"Lord Rhondda," says a news item, "has protested to the United Dairies, Limited, against the delivery of milk by motor-car." It could hardly be expected that an up-to-date Company would stick to the old-fashioned method of delivering milk by cow.

* * *

A Spaniard, discovered in Paris with a wireless apparatus installed on his roof, informed the police that he merely used it to get the correct time from the Eiffel Tower. It is thought that henceforth he may have to do his own time.

* * *

Railway companies are considering the question of doing away with the old first-class three-seats-a-side carriages. Several prominent profiteers, it is understood, have complained that the arm-rests prevent them from occupying more than one seat at a time.

"My favourite month for marriage," says Miss Ella Shields in a weekly paper, "is June." Nothing is said of her opinion as to the best month for resuming one's maiden name.

"CONCRETE SHIPBUILDING AT BARROW."
Newspaper Headline.

Better than all the abstract shipbuilding elsewhere.

"A —— Car, still in active service, has a mileage record of 27,000 miles. This car has travelled a distance equal to more than ten times around the world."
Barbados Advocate.

How the world has shrunk! Rations, we suppose.

"United States citizenship papers have been refused by a Supreme Court Justice to Roberto Piccinini, an upholsterer, of New York, because in the spelling test he spelled 'cat' with a 'k.'"—*Daily Express.*

Hard lines, Roberto, that they did not try you with "kitten."

"THE SOUL OF A NATION."

The little things of which we lately chattered—
The dearth of taxis or the dawn of spring;
Themes we discussed as though they really mattered,
Like rationed meat or raiders on the wing;—

How thin it seems to-day, this vacant prattle,
Drowned by the thunder rolling in the West,
Voice of the great arbitrament of battle
That puts our temper to the final test.

Thither our eyes are turned, our hearts are straining,
Where those we love, whose courage laughs at fear,
Amid the storm of steel around them raining,
Go to their death for all we hold most dear.

New-born of this supremest hour of trial,
In quiet confidence shall be our strength,
Fixed on a faith that will not take denial
Nor doubt that we have found our soul at length.

O England, staunch of nerve and strong of sinew,
Best when you face the odds and stand at bay,
Now show a watching world what stuff is in you!
Now make your soldiers proud of you to-day!

March 28th. O. S.

A BRIEF ROMANCE.

"The return of the prodigal!" cried Peter as my manly form darkened the entrance to the dug-out. "But we shall not kill the fatted calf at present. Luckily for Tony."

Tony looked up from the fervent pages of *Love Triumphant*.

"Why luckily for Tony?" he asked.

"Because of his curious resemblance to the fatted calf. There might be some unfortunate mistake. But come in, old son," Peter went on, addressing me—"come in and sing us songs of Kensington, and tales of far Mayfair."

I was, as you will guess, newly returned from leave, and, with a reminiscent sigh, I settled myself in the corner.

"For fourteen glorious days I have lain upon silken divans," I began, "while lovely maidens danced before me or brought nectar in golden goblets."

"Very unwholesome. I don't care for the sound of it," said Peter. "I want something pastoral—something with fields in it and hedges and simple farming folk and cool dairies and—and all that."

But Tony protested. "Nonsense," he said; "we have pastoral pleasures enough and to spare. Me for the divans, as our good Allies would say."

"I have one story," I said, "which will combine both and thus suit the tastes of all my patrons. It is the story of Mirabelle."

"Mirabelle!" murmured Tony with his eyes closed, and there rose before his mind—this is pure conjecture, of course, but I feel confident of its truth—there rose before his mind the picture of a resplendent figure, all green sequins and bare arms and raven tresses and diamond tiaras.

"Mirabelle!" murmured Peter, and there rose before his mind—pure conjecture again—the picture of a slim land-worker in smock and corduroy breeches, backed by a thick-set hedge, and all about her the scent of the good brown earth.

"Mirabelle," I said, "loves the country." Here Peter smiled an appreciative smile. "But she lives in London."

"Good girl," said Tony.

"She lives in London in a house not a hundred miles from Grosvenor Square."

"No house in London— Tony began, but I went straight on.

"Mirabelle is the most enchanting person in the world."

"Dark or fair?" asked Tony.

"Both. Dark eyes and fair hair. If you knew her you wouldn't wonder that on my arrival, as soon as I'd cleaned up, I went off to see her. She received me with acclamation."

"With a what?" they both asked.

"Acclamation. Loud sounds of joy. 'Hurrah!' and that kind of thing."

"I've guessed it," said Peter. "It's going to be a dog or a rabbit."

"Yes, or a parrot," said Tony. "You remember it said 'Hurrah!' Or the Australian mynah at the Zoo. That talks, and the Zoo isn't a hundred miles from Grosvenor Square."

"You're quite wrong," I said.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a human girl. Why not?"

"And she said 'Hurrah!' when she saw you? Oh, well, we must take your word for it," said Tony.

"You must," I said. "And you must take my word for it that she got off early from her hospital most days, so that she could play about with me, thinking it right that soldiers on leave from France should have special privileges. We had a topping time. Mirabelle enjoys everything and looks so nice while she's enjoying it. I told her about you, Peter."

"Did you, though?"

"Yes. And she said she'd like to meet you, and when were you coming on leave?"

"I say, did she really? I believe we should get on rather well together. You say she likes the country?"

"Yes. I told her about you too, Tony, and she asked when you were coming on leave."

"How ripping of her!"

"I expect you'd fall in love with her at once."

"I've done so already," said Tony.

"It's no good," said Peter. "I'm first for leave, and I've practically made up my mind to propose to her."

"Oh, no, you can't do that. I spoke first," said Tony. And they began an argument which became so heated that I was obliged to intervene.

"I'd better settle this at once," I said. "Under different circumstances she would no doubt have been pleased to accept either of you fine handsome young officers, but as it is she cannot."

"And why?"

"Because I am engaged to her myself." I said it quite quietly and casually, but I was unable to keep from my face a smile which I fear must have appeared idiotic.

"And this is your cruel way of breaking it to us," said Peter rather bitterly.

But Tony was utterly dejected.

"To think," said he, "that the romance of my life should have ended like this."

Aeroplanes are Cheap To-day.

"Business Men's Week in Kendal and district produced a total of War Bond subscriptions which was beyond the highest expectations. The committee specially elected to conduct the arrangements set the district the task, at the behest of the Government, of raising £45,000 for 28,000 aeroplanes."—*Westmorland Gazette.*

"Cæsar's opera, 'Omnia Romæ,' 1469, a capital copy of the first edition, went for £480, against £600 in 1914."—*Scotsman.*

This, no doubt, is the composition which caused such a furore at the Coliseum—in Rome.



THE NEW TERROR.

Brighton Alien (*discussing the long-distance gun with Maidenhead Alien*). "VERE SHALL VE GO NOW? SHOOTLAND?"



"What was it, exactly, that your son got his medal for?"
"Well, as far as I can see, Ma'am, it was 'im and the enemy—'im or them, and it 'appened to be 'im."

UNHAPPY RETURNS.

The Captain and the Lieutenant sat on opposite sides of the table in the dug-out and regarded each other gloomily by the light of a remnant of candle stuck on the crown of the Captain's steel helmet where it lay on the table. The Captain sat with his hands in his pockets and sucked repellently at an empty pipe. The Lieutenant withdrew his gaze from the depressing spectacle of his companion-in-arms and let his eyes wander round the walls of the dug-out, decorated with fungus-covered photographs, culled from the leading weeklies, of ladies high in the theatrical world, in strange attitudes and stranger apparel.

"Happy days," said the Captain suddenly and with great bitterness. "Listen to it."

Outside (and in one or two places inside also) the rain fell steadily, just as it had been falling for the greater part of a week. At the door there began a duck-board track, which wound away into the gloom of the evening, its progress apparently governed by no law save its own fancy and untrammelled by any necessity of ever arriving anywhere. On each side of the track began the mud, which extended as far as and a good deal farther than the eye could see in all directions. It was the very best kind of mud, soft, liquid, deceptive mud, and one wondered, looking at its evil exterior, how many unsuspecting souls had met their end beneath its surface.

"Rations ought to be up soon," said the Lieutenant. "Good luck to 'em."

"To-day," observed the Captain, with the air of one for whom death cannot possibly have any sting, "is my birthday. Twenty-six years ago the little old-world country village was electrified by the news that I had been born. Flags were hung out, bells were rung, the verger bought a clean collar, and my father debated with the Vicar at some length on the rival merits of Percival and Erasmus as names for the future Prime Minister."

"Ay, grandad," interposed the Lieutenant.

"And now," pursued the Captain, "here I sit, a palsied hulk, the wreck of a man that once was wont to cause fair ladies to turn in the street to gaze after him."

"Your back view is the best," murmured the Lieutenant.

"Will anyone remember my birthday?" asked the Captain querulously as he warmed to his subject. "No. And again, No."

"I think I shall," said the Lieutenant.

"To-day will be exactly like yesterday and exactly like to-morrow, as far as I am concerned," went on the Captain, moodily hurling his revolver at a rat of mammoth proportions that was seeking to drown its sorrows in a pool of rain-water on the floor. "Where are the costly gifts? Echo answers, Search me. No one will send me the silver-backed brushes, the trouser-press mounted in platinum, the silk pyjamas or the last year's calendar. These things are not for me. I am forgotten; and here I lie, passed over by the hurrying throng, a mildewed wreck."

"Oh, is that mildew?" asked the Lieutenant with interest. "I just thought you hadn't shaved for a week."

At this point the candle expired abruptly, and the Lieutenant, after vainly striking nine matches, lighted a second fragment. "Those rations ought to be up by now," he said.

Even as he spoke there arose in the distance a tumult of voices, obviously proceeding from some little distance down the duck-board track. "That sounds like 'em," said the Lieutenant.

The voices drew nearer, and it became plain that they proceeded from two persons engaged in heated converse as they walked. The occupants of the dug-out listened with interest to the peculiar squelching noises that marked the progress of the procession, which pursued its way until apparently within some forty yards of the dug-out.

Even the face of the Captain had begun to show traces of faint interest, when on a sudden came a quick sliding sound, a thick oily splash, one hurried but forcible remark, and then silence. But not for long. In a few seconds the evening air was rent and ripped by the most masterly and inspired flow of language that it had ever been the Captain's privilege to listen to. On and on it went, rising to undreamed-of heights of eloquence for over a minute, and then faltered, died down and finally ceased, to be followed by an urgent demand for assistance. The other voice now joined the anthem, and the sounds that followed indicated to the relieved listeners that some wretched man was being saved from a horrible end.

Presently there came a knock at the entrance to the dug-out; the waterproof sheet which served as a door was thrust aside, and a face, round, heated and mud-besmeared, appeared at the opening.

"Good evenin', Sir," said the face.

"Good evening, Quartermaster-Sergeant," said the Captain; "and why have you shed the light of your presence upon us in this wise? Come inside and narrate to us of your adventures upon the road."

Thus adjured, the face entered, followed by what at first sight the Lieutenant took to be a section of the bank of the Thames at Wapping at low water, but which on closer investigation proved to be the remainder of the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"Fell orf them perishin' boards, Sir," said the warrior. "And there's a parcel for you near as big as this dug-aht, which I thought as 'ow I'd better bring up myself, seeing as 'ow I was passin' this way."

The Captain started, glanced at the Lieutenant, and, pouring some whisky into an aluminium cup, handed it to the muddy Mercury.

"Thank 'ee, Sir," said the latter, and, wiping his moustache on the back of his hand, thrust his head through the doorway and hailed some person unseen. Whereupon there staggered in a small rotund private, tottering under the weight of an enormous sack, entirely covered with mud, which he let fall on the floor with a crash. This, when opened, disgorged a very large parcel, securely bound in canvas and fastened with stout cord.



The Vicar. "This is indeed a most delightful cup of tea."
Hostess. "Yes; Polly made it. She has greatly improved since she went to that Government Office."

"Good night, Sir," said the Thames at Wapping, and with his satellite took his departure, their voices rising and falling and dying away down the duck-boards.

"Now, palsied hulk, what of it?" inquired the Lieutenant, producing a large knife.

"No," observed the Captain, "let us first of all gloat for a space and conjecture as to the contents of this wonderful thing. Observe the contour of the cake in the right-hand corner by your foot. Verily a sturdy cake. Down the side I would draw your attention to the thick roll of magazines of recent date, whereby our hard-earned leisure shall for a while be rendered tolerable. Note also the small hard knobs denoting footstuffs in various forms. You may ask, how do I know all this? Instinct, is the reply. Moreover, what else but food for body and mind would anyone send to our gallant lads at the Front? What else would be so appreciated at the present crisis in our affairs? Therefore I say again, food it is. Truly, Allah is great, and we will have such a meal this night, good Master Ridley, that the consequences shall not leave us for many a long year."

"If you have finished the preliminary address," said the Lieutenant, "what about revealing the glories that lie hid beneath that calm exterior?"

The Captain cut the cord and emptied the contents of the parcel out on to the table. For a second there was utter silence in the dug-out, and then two loud gasps, as the Captain and the Lieutenant regarded with protruding eyes one steel body-shield (warranted to turn a bullet at fifty yards), five tins of antiseptic tooth paste, one large box-periscope, seventeen Oxo-cubes, three copies of *The Church Times*, and, wrapped in cotton wool, a large framed photograph of a stout old gentleman with long white whiskers and a benevolent smile.

With a shaking hand the Lieutenant picked up a small card that lurked beneath a tin of tooth-paste, glanced at it and handed it to the Captain, who had sunk back into his seat and was reaching feverishly for his revolver, forgetting that it lay on the corpse of the gigantic rat in the pool of rainwater.

The Captain took the card and regarded it with the expression of one who sees a snake in his bath. On it was inscribed in a clear round hand:—

"With birthday greetings from Uncle Jasper."

WAR-TIME ECONOMICS.

We had been to the meeting of the local Food Vigilance Society, and when we left the hall it was raining. My wife said she was glad that she had married a man who always carried an umbrella.

It did not take me a minute to put it up; it is a peculiar umbrella, but I am used to it.

"But why do you carry a thing like that?" she asked, as she took my arm.

"That, my dear, is your fault," I said.

I have always been unfortunate with umbrellas. My average is about four a year, but I rather spoilt it last summer when I lost three in two months.

The third was a birthday present from my wife. It was a gorgeous thing in green silk, with a gold waistband and a tortoiseshell handle. I prefer them plain. The third time I took it out I left it in the train. When I told my wife about it she said it was time I economised, and I promised to do so.

Accordingly I went to my umbrella shop, and told the proprietor, who had come forward with the affable smile he reserved for his best customers, that I wanted a *cheap* umbrella.

He said he quite understood, and with a lightning flap he opened one.

"A plain serviceable article like this," he said. "Quite a good silk at the price—a guinea."

"A *cheap* one," I repeated.

His smile fell ten degrees. He said the best was the cheapest in the long run.

"But it won't have a long run," I said. "An umbrella lasts me barely three weeks."

"In that case this might suit you." He unrolled another. "A good strong mixture. Twelve-and-sixpence."

"The cheapest you have," I said.

He savagely produced another. "Seven-and-sixpence," he said.

"You have nothing cheaper than that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we have," he said, with a sneer. "An umbrella we keep for people who *say* they only want one to go home with. Cotton. Five-and-six."

I took it. I could afford to lose ten of those a year and yet save money; and also gain a reputation for independence of character and common sense, like George Withers. Half the respect we have for George is due to his umbrella. It is a family heirloom, with a whalebone frame; and the stick is a weighty oak sapling. We joke about it, but we are almost as proud of it as he is.

No one joked about my umbrella. I noticed one or two furtive glances as I placed it in the rack; and afterwards I saw people trying not to look at it. I attempted one or two jokes myself, but they fell flat. It looked what it was—a *cheap* umbrella. Never mind, I should soon lose it.

It was neither ornamental nor useful. Quite early two of the ribs came out of their sockets and had to be replaced each time I opened it. Then the stick warped, and it was difficult to put the thing up. Nor would it stay up. The spring catch refused to act. I had to brace the handle against my back and hold the frame in position while I fished for the spring.

Of course I did not leave *that* umbrella in the train. I simply *could not* forget it, try as I would. You may forget to remember a thing, but you cannot remember to forget it. Not if you play the game, as I did with that umbrella.

Once I nearly succeeded. I was talking eagerly to a friend as I left the train, but an officious person ran after me with the thing.

Several times when the light was bad in the hall I managed to lend it to friends, but they always sent it back the next day.

And I found that while saving on umbrellas I had to spend more on other things. My friends could afford to wear old clothes, but I could not while carrying that umbrella.

As with bent heads we struggled homewards against the rain I summed up the result of my war-time economy.

"A summer suit which I could have done without; a new overcoat—my old one is still good—at least three pairs of gloves, and two hats—one way or another that umbrella has cost me——"

"Mind!" cried my wife.

Too late! Another umbrella crashed into us. Mine got the worst of the collision: it collapsed—an utter wreck.

The stranger hastily apologised; said it was entirely his fault, and he could not allow a lady to suffer through his clumsiness; thrust his umbrella into my hand, seized what was left of mine, and disappeared.

The umbrella he left with me was a very superior article. It had a silk cover, an ebony stick mounted in silver, with a malachite ball at the top; and it had a tassel.

I lost it next day.

THE GIRL HE OUGHT TO HAVE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Private Williams, the Marine,
Is the tallest man I 've seen
(Though I 'd tell him, were he smaller,
That his tales are even taller).

Once "on leaf" he went ashore,
Drank *one* glass of ale—no more
(That 's what all defaulters do,
One glass, yes! but *never* two);
Yet, alas, there 's more to come,
For he got the maximum.
Reader, wait until you 've heard
His account of what occurred;
How it was he came to make
Such a ludicrous mistake,
Such a lamentable slip—
Brought his gal off to the ship,
Got himself into a mess
Just through absent-mindedness.

After several hours ashore
He forgot that "leaf" was o'er
Till he saw the "Liberty
Boat" about to put to sea.
That was quite a sad mishap,
For his gal was on his lap
(Gal just after William's heart,
"Small, yer know, but proper smart"),
Sitting restful-like quite near,
Not a cable from the pier.
Private Williams, at the sight,
Calling out with all his might,
"'Ang on, mates! I'm on me way!"
Snatched his matches and his clay,
Parcels, pouch and other gear,
Bay'net, bottle (ginger-beer),
But forgot—the careless chap—
What was sitting on his lap,
And, while running for the boat,
Crammed the lot inside his coat;
Then, on duty so intent,
Clean forgot the incident.

Such the simple tale he tells.
Sentence: Fourteen days in "



"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE."

(New Version.)



Old Lady (newcomer to district). "And could you possibly let me have some fish-heads?"
Harassed Fishmonger. "We don't sell no fish-'eads to new fices."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XI.

Conversation on Chapter LXXXIV.

George. Was it not in this time that there was the great dispute about education?

Mrs. M. Disputes about the best form of education were of long standing, but in this period they became more acute than ever, owing to the quarrels between the men of science and the humanists, or supporters of letters and the arts. A great scandal arose when it appeared that a well-known Chancellor of the Exchequer did not know what decimals were and irreverently alluded to them as "dots," prefixing an epithet which I cannot bring myself to repeat. It was also alleged that another eminent Minister confessed that until the age of sixty he was under the impression that a hydraulic ram was an animal. On the other hand, the scientists were charged with equally gross ignorance, and a famous Professor of Biology seems to have confused Augustus John with one of the Roman Emperors. Ultimately, as I think I told you, Greek and Latin were abolished at all schools and universities.

Richard. But how is it that I have to learn them now?

Mrs. M. Because of the second Restoration of Learning. Men of science, and doctors in particular, continued to use technical terms which were chiefly based on Latin and Greek, and it became necessary for students and patients to re-learn these tongues privily in order to understand what they were studying, or what diseases they were suffering from. Secret schools for the classics sprang up all over the country, and it became so difficult and so unpopular to enforce the penalties prescribed in what was known as the Wells Act, from the name of its proposer, that it was modified and finally removed from the Statute Book. We have good reason in our family to be thankful for this merciful change, as your great-grandfather, Dr. Theophilus Markham, had been actually sentenced to death for possessing a copy of the works of Homer, but was granted a free pardon and subsequently compiled an excellent Greek grammar. Slightingly as you may think, Richard, of his "poor old grammar," it was considered when it was written to be a most valuable work, and Cardinal Belloc condescended to write a preface for it.

Richard. Then I will treat it with all the respect I can, for the sake of the Cardinal. All the same I wish the Greeks could have done without irregular verbs.

Mrs. M. Irregularity—always excluding morals—lends interest to life. At the period of which I am speaking, a great, and for a while successful, attempt was made to simplify spelling and write words as they were sounded. "Phonetic spelling" was legally enforced in books and newspapers, but, instead of producing uniformity, it led to greater variety and even chaos, for the State pronunciation pleased nobody; Lancashire and Yorkshire absolutely refused to recognize aspirates, and at one time there were eleven competing systems of standardised spelling in England alone. Scotland, Ireland and Wales were exempted from the Act, and this only added to the confusion.

Mary. Still it must have been rather nice to spell as you liked.

Mrs. M. That is just exactly what did not happen. You had to spell as other people liked. And when it came to altering the spelling of family names, and our revered patronymic was degraded to Markum, a reaction set in and the trouble ended in a return to the old system.

"The population of Petrograd are starving, tortured and harassed by the Bolsheviks, who seem to be completely indifferent to Reuter's Special Service."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

They prefer Wolff's Bureau.

"'If it is not worth while going on with the race it is not worth while going on with the race it is not worth while going on with with the race,' commented Dr. Saleeby."

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

He needn't have rubbed it in like that. We quite understand.

"A Contention has been sitting, seeking to settle the Home Rule controversy on satisfactory lines, but it has not been successful."

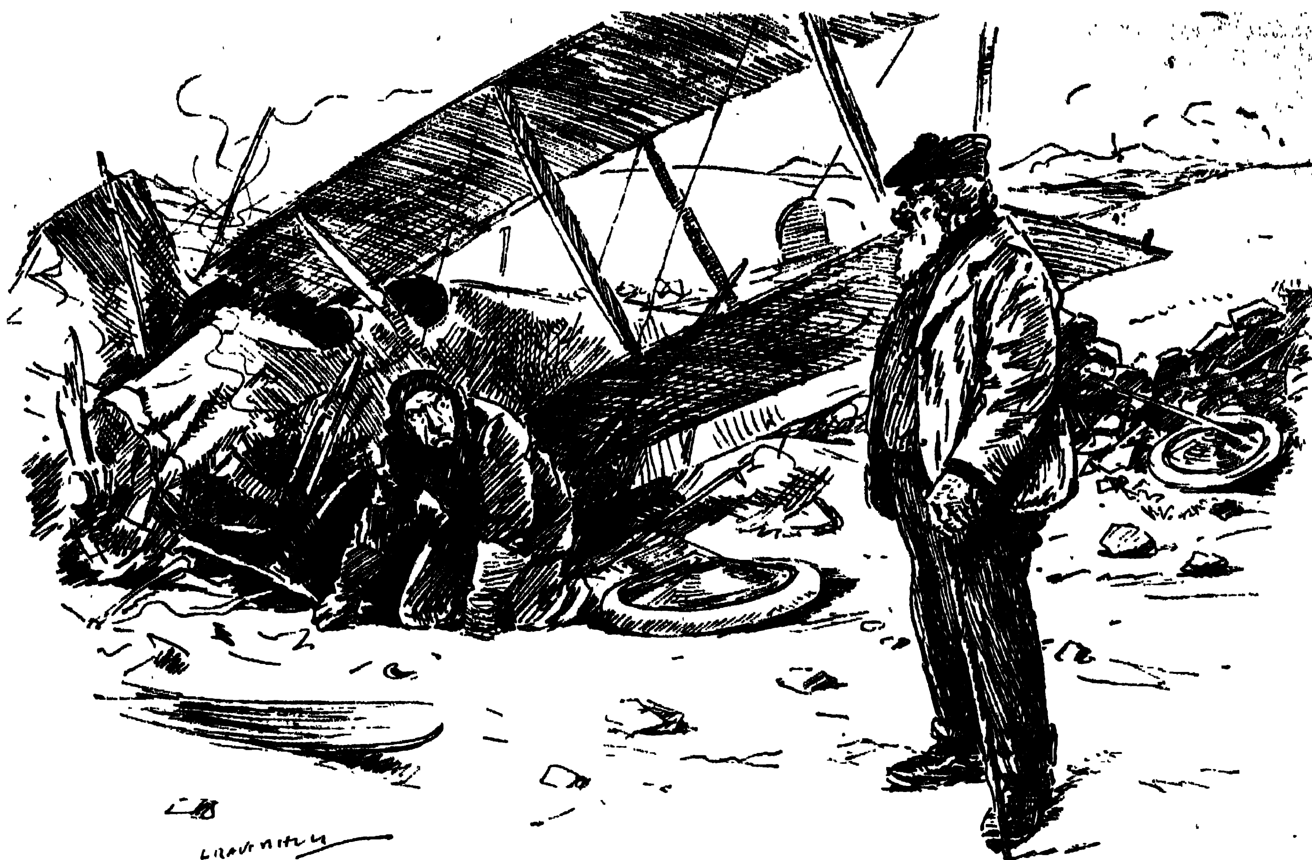
Daily Gleaner (Kingston, Jamaica).

We trust that the Convention will have better luck.



THE DEATH-LORD.

THE KAISER (*on reading the appalling tale of German losses*). "WHAT MATTER, SO WE HOHENZOLLERNS SURVIVE?"



TRIALS OF OUR AIRMEN.

Stolid Highlander. "HAE YE BROKE YER MACHINE?"

A GALLOP THROUGH AMERICA.

BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS LAWYER.

I.—THE TROTTING OSTRICH.

WITH so much to prepare and occupy my mind—for my programme included three months of continuous oratory, broken only by luncheons, dinners, suppers, Turkish baths, train journeys and visits to remarkable men—I don't know how I could have endured the voyage but for the trotting ostrich. At first there was the novelty of the departure, as we sailed on, the destroyers on each side, puissant symbols of the ancient sea-power of Great Britain, our own vessel ploughing a majestic course through the purple sea, the enchanting coastline of Ireland on our beam, and the shimmering airboats glittering in the wintry sun. Having strained my eyes through my field-glasses, a parting gift from dear BEAVERBROOK, for a last view of the Convention, I hastened to the gymnasium and, carefully selecting the same saddle as that used by Mr. BALFOUR, I mounted the trotting ostrich and never left his back—I mean voluntarily—until Sandy Hook appeared in sight. Try as I would, however, I could never induce him to break into a gallop. Thus occupied I composed my speeches with such success that in all the campaign I never repeated a single sentence. *Nulli secundus.*

III.—STERN NEW YORK.

Of New York in the grip of the realities of war I say nothing. But I saw much. Let me indeed state that but for its eminent men, its beautiful actresses, its dances and its supper-rooms, such as SHERRY'S and the Cocoanut Grove, New York night have been too depressing. The members of the NORTHCLIFFE Mission, chief of whom was Mr. GEOFFREY BUTLER, who organised so wonderfully all our travelling, had, however, paved the way, and nothing that could be done to make a simple English traveller bear up was omitted. Never shall I forget the charm of Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT or the graceful convolutions of one of the Spanish ladies.

After a Turkish bath I made my first speech at a lunch at the Millionaires' Club. I was on my feet for three hours, and the spirit shown by all the listeners was admirable. That was, however, the only spirit present, for America is gradually falling to Prohibition. To me it made little difference, but my secretaries were far from pleased. HAROLD even threatened to return; but I persuaded him to stay, especially as we were assured that St. Louis, one of the cities on our list, was still impenitent. *Ad astra.*

VI.—COLONEL HOUSE.

I now quote occasionally from my diary:—*Dec. 27th*, 1917.—To-day saw Colonel HOUSE. He really is a very remarkable man. I could see that he was pleased when as I left I pressed his hand and said, "You are more, Sir, than a House; you are a Terrace." In response he said very kindly that he looked forward with despair to the time when, after my departure, there would be only Smithless days.

To-night was the night for the banquet at SHERRY'S. It certainly was a most amazing assembly if measured by the importance of the guests, who, numbering ninety-two, sat around the vast table, and represented I know not how much wealth, learning and importance. Their kindness and enthusiasm were so great as quite to carry one away. They stood up several times, cheered loudly in the course of a speech I made and altogether showed so much warmth that I was deeply affected. Tears sprang to my eyes. No jury could have resisted me. Never before had I so realised how emotional

war can make one. Nothing but the blank looks of my secretaries at a side table, unable to procure any but teetotal beverages, brought me back to earth. Harold later went so far as to say that because the country was dry there was no need for my speeches to be; but I attributed that merely to brotherly affection. *Arcades ambo.*

XIII.—Mr. Secretary Lansing.

December 31*st*, 1917.—This being New Year's Eve my secretaries were naturally anxious to celebrate it, but no facilities being at hand I went instead to see Mr. Secretary Lansing. We discussed foreign policy for some seconds, and I left him greatly impressed. He is a very remarkable man. Like everyone else that I met in this hospitable country he gave me letters of introduction to a Judge. It is an American habit. *Cedant arma togæ.*

On leaving Mr. Secretary Lansing I lunched off gold plate with the Morgan Partners, to whom I made one of my lighter speeches—only two hours—and gave incidentally some valuable financial advice. Among leading Americans present was Senator B. Kellogg, who was delighted to hear of his cousin Shirley's success in London. I have just mailed him an extract from her theatre programme, stating that her return to revue was at once the "bravest" and "finest thing" that "any actress has ever done in the history of the modern stage." This will, I know, give the Senator pleasure. *Pax nobiscum.*

XVII.—Cincinnati.

January 1*st*, 1918.—After a delightful evening in the enormous house of the proprietor of *The Washington Post*, where two hundred guests dined and four hundred danced, we left for Cincinnati, where my real work was to begin, and in due course for St. Louis. But we had to wait three hours at the station in the cold. The train was late. Butler had at last failed us. But I managed to get my Turkish bath and be in time for lunch at one of the Rotary Clubs which have become such a feature of American business and national life. They are so called from the fact that, in order to circulate, the members keep on moving their seats, as in the tea-party in Lewis Carroll. Although I must have addressed a dozen of these clubs I never quite got over my feeling of dizziness. *Nisi prius.*

In the evening I spoke at a mass meeting. It was my first real oration and lasted for five hours. The friendliness of the audience towards us exceeded belief. I have not seen more enthusiasm at any public meeting since our old, far-away election days. As a result I was offered the famous Lincoln statue by Barnard, over which there has been so much discussion, and which is situated in this city, but I declined to deprive them of it. The feet are too big. *Ex pede Herculem.*



Manager (engaging office-boy). "You've got to be alive in this firm—quick, alert—we're all movers here."

Boy. "That's me, too. I never stop more'n a month or two in any job."

XXI.—St. Louis.

January 5*th*, 1918.—St. Louis at last! My secretaries immediately disappeared. I was taken to a club where the best cocktail-mixer in America is to be found, and he gave me free his little monograph on that fascinating science. St. Louis, however, may not be wet much longer. *Proximus Ucalegon.*

In the evening I spoke for several hours at a dinner given by the American Bar Association.

XXIII.—Chicago and Tay Pay.

January 6*th*, 1918.—We arrived at Chicago in a terrible snowstorm, which I must speak to Butler about, as it was much colder than I like. Not even Mr. Insull, with all his influence, could abate it. Insull is an Englishman who is now one of Chicago's kings of industry. Although business affairs have forced him to become an American citizen he is true blue. Still, I feel that it is a defect to be so incapable of tempering the wind to the travelling Bar-lamb.



ENTERPRISING JEWELLER DOES A LITTLE SPRING PROPAGANDA IN LOCAL WOODS.

One result was that T. P. O'CONNOR, who is also doing wonderful federating work here, could not come to dinner. *Nil desperandum.* He came, however, to lunch the next day, and his hospitable snuff-box made me feel at home. With perfect tact he refrained from any allusion to galloping. *Nota bene.*

XLIX.—THE RETURN.

The expedition being over I sailed for home on February 23rd, after having spoken on an average seven hours a day. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of my meetings and I shall think kindly of America as long as I live. And America, I fancy, will not forget me. *Finis coronat opus.*

From a letter received by a subaltern from his tailors:—

"We are in receipt of your favour to hand, and beg to state that our charge for turning a British War is approximately 45/-."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ought to find out how they do it.

"People inclined to disbelief in the existence of a gun firing from such a distance may be reminded that the difference between 75 miles and the greatest previously-recorded range of about 25 miles is less than the difference between the maximum range of our naval guns and those of Nelson's day."—*The Globe.*

The fact that NELSON'S guns had apparently a range of *minus* twenty miles or so explains his preference for boarding-tactics.

INTELLIGENCE WORK.

"I WAS the hero," said William, "of a rather moving little drama yesterday morning."

"Release the episode," said I.

"You know the four cross-roads on the way from the hospital to the town?"

"Two cross ones, William, and two nice quiet ones with tall hedges. I know."

"Well, I've been meeting the Padre there every morning at almost exactly the same time. 'Shoulder better?' he shouts. 'Yes, thanks,' I say; 'sermon easier, I hope,' and we pass on with mutual esteem. But about a week ago he pulled a little black book out of his pocket and asked me to write my name in it and quote a line or two of poetry opposite the date of my birthday. 'Frightfully sorry, Padre,' I said next day, 'but I only remembered it once when I was depositing some more overdraft in the bank and there was too much nap on the nibs to suit me. You shall have it to-morrow.'

"Next morning I awoke with the sense of something terrible impending, but I couldn't think what on earth it was until I was two hundred yards from the hospital. There was only one thing to do then and I did it. I doubled smartly down to the cross-roads, beat him by about two minutes, and took a roundabout way into the town. That dodge lasted me for four days. Yesterday, to my consternation, I saw him already at the cross-roads when I was half-way there. Fortunately I am a pretty cool hand in a crisis. I jumped over the three-foot wall on the right, lay down flat on my front and bit the grass.

"Talk about barrages! I don't think I can ever have had the wind up worse than I had as I listened to the thud-thud of his footsteps coming nearer and nearer. They came right up to me, and then the worst happened. He stopped. All my past life flashed before me like *The Exploits of Elaine* and my heart beat eighteen ounces to the pound. But nothing happened. After a bit I very slowly turned my face round and looked upwards. You'll hardly believe me, but I'm blest if he wasn't sitting on the wall sixteen inches away, with his back to me, making notes in an A.B. 153 with a fountain-pen. I fancy he was doing a turn of scout-work about the lambs and daffodils for Sunday morning. I don't blame him. It was a pleasant balmy sort of day to sit about in, you remember, but a bit damp under face.

"I lay like a log and wished to goodness I'd been wearing a sniper's suit with buttercups and bluebells painted on it. After a while a curious thing happened. The Padre stopped scribbling, dumped his writing

on the wall, and began to do a sort of reverie stunt with his head in his hands. Immediately a bright thought came to me. I wriggled the birthday-book out of my pocket, reached up over so cautiously (with my game arm too) and collared the ink-grenade. I got my name down all right, though it was a bit wobbly, and then for some extraordinary reason the poetry engine misfired. You know how it is when you're trying to write a message for B.H.Q. in the middle of a mud wallow. Positively I could only remember two combinations of verse in the whole code-book. One was—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.'

which struck me as a bit fulsome, and the other—

'The mules, my lord, will not be here this hour,'

which seemed to require a map reference to the dump to complete it.

"Then I had a sudden inspiration, got it down with one rapid ink-burst, and returned his weapon to the wall.

"The worst part of the programme of course was still to do. I gave the thing several minutes to dry, and then began to wriggle backwards very slowly and quietly through the grass. Even with two perfectly good arms it would have been worse than a night patrol in front of the wire. I hardly dared to breathe; I had my heart and a ration or so of cowslips in my mouth, and I made about two yards a minute, with the buckle of my Sam Browne strafing the worms all the way. At last I got back to a gap in the wall by a pretty thick hawthorn bush, crawled out, got up and straightened myself, and came as jauntily as I could down the path.

"'Hallo, Padre,' I said. 'Day-dreaming?'

"'Isn't it glorious weather?' he said. 'Have you noticed how the flowers are coming up in the fields?'

"'No; are they really?' I said, brushing the unexpended portion of greenery out of my moustache. 'By the way, I've been wanting to meet you for days. I've got your docket signed.'

"He thanked me and turned to the place. 'But I see you didn't get a very good pen after all,' he murmured, looking rather sadly at the areas under ink.

"'I'm sorry, Padre,' I said, 'but it was the best I could find.' Then I waved farewell and left him."

"Thank you, William," I said, "but you haven't told me yet what your final quotation was."

"'Lest we forget,'" replied William with much feeling. "'Lest we forget.'"

Evoe.



Stout Lady (who has returned from London after assisting at an air-raid there). "And oh, Mary, if I could have hid myself in a winkle, I would."

A FOOD FADDIST IN WAR-TIME.

In infancy I made the welkin ring
If any bottle was not quite the thing.

Later in life I simply hunger-struck
When I was faced by uncongenial tuck;

And always won, however much reviled,
Being that pearl of price—an only child.

But War a vast and wondrous change has wrought—
I tackle anything that can be bought.

Edibles once considered far from nice
I leap at and demolish in a trice.

For instance, take the case of rabbit-pie,
A dish that used to make me want to die;

Do I refuse it now? *Do I refuse?*
I simply wolf it, even though it *mews*.

Diplomatic Delays.

"Relations between Spain and Germany are critical, Spain, through her Ambassador in Berlin, demanding reparation for the torpedoing of the Giralda, and requesting a reply within 48 years."—*Canadian Paper.*

"It has been repeatedly stated that the Government entered into a special arrangement with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, but that statement must be made in gienarne htocaotflcmfwypshrdul."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Some outlying locality (possibly Welsh) with which we are not acquainted.

From a list of Easter holidays at the public schools:—

	Begin.	End.
"Dulwich	April 4	May 2
Durham	,, 4	,, 3
Eastbourne	,, 3	,, 3
Eton	,, 30	,, 1

Globe.

Several small boys, on reading this, have requested their parents to put down their names for Eastbourne in preference to Eton.

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

IV.

THE MILK PROBLEM.

"How delightful it will be," my wife had said, "to get our milk straight from the cow."

"Delightful," I had echoed.

Previously to entering the cottage we had reckoned on being supplied with milk by our landlord, a man with a passion for keeping cows, of which he owns a very large number. In the field adjoining our paddock, for instance, he was, when we arrived, camping out forty-six. As a rule I cannot count cows or sheep in the mass; there never seems to be any definite point at which one can begin or leave off. But in the present instance I had no difficulty. Anxious to establish friendly relations, I presented one of them across the paddock fence with an ounce of some tobacco which my sister had sent me the year before as a birthday gift. The look of gratitude in the lady's eyes as she rapturously chewed the quid amply compensated me for the sacrifice I was making. Next morning there was an orderly queue of forty-six expectant cows ranged along the fence. I shall never forget the moan of disappointment with which they turned away when I explained that I was out of tobacco offal.

It was rather a shock to us when after our arrival our landlord told us he could not spare us more than a pint of milk a day, and that we should have to fetch that ourselves. Our normal consumption is two quarts.

"Never mind," said my wife; "there are two milkmen in the village."

It is always a difficult thing to catch a milkman at home, unless one calls before dawn; and we were a mile and a half from the village. But I had the luck to run into both of them on their morning rounds. Number One had halted at a garden gate and was standing in the road behind his cart reaching for a half-pint measure.

"Can you supply me with milk?" I asked politely.

Apparently he did not hear my question. I repeated it. He turned and waved to a female figure at the other end of the garden path.

"Coming, Miss, coming," he called, and without a glance in my direction he hurried in through the gate.

A few minutes later I made the same request of Number Two. He was coming from a kitchen-door to his cart.

"Can you supply me with milk?"

He paused and looked at me curiously.

"Milk?" he said.

"Milk," I repeated.

"Milk!" he exclaimed in a tone half of pity, half of contempt, and climbed into his cart and drove rapidly away. As I walked home every field I passed seemed full of cows.

To my wife, who wept over my failure, I offered brave words of solace. "The tide will turn," I said hopefully. I am not sure that this is the right phrase to use about milk.

During the next fortnight I went every day on my bicycle to the dairy which had supplied us in the pre-cottage era. It took me just the whole morning to get there and back. And then, as I had prophesied, the tide turned. It was the postman who rescued us, a very affable man with far-away eyes. He had heard, he said, of our difficulty with the landlord and the milkmen. As luck would have it he had a brother-in-law in the trade, from whom he thought he could procure what we wanted. It was too far for his relative to deliver, but he himself could bring us the milk with the letters. The only question was the price. Of course it was a long way.

"The usual price is sixpence a quart," said my wife.

The look in the postman's eyes grew yet more remote as he gazed dreamily over her shoulder up the valley. "This would be a shilling," he murmured.

We closed with the offer.

I have since learnt by a side wind that his brother-in-law is the Number Two milkman.

THE NEW LANGUAGE.

SCENE.—*R.F.C. Club.*

Time.—Every Time.

1st Pilot. Why, it's Brown-Jones!

2nd Pilot. Hullo, old thing! What are you doing now?

1st P. Oh, I'm down at Puddlemarsh teaching huns—monoavros, pups and dolphins.

2nd P. I'm on the same game, down at Mudbank—sop-two-seaters and camels. We've got an old tinside, too, for joy-riding.

1st P. You've given up the rumpety, then?

2nd P. Yes. I was getting ham-handed and mutton-fisted, flapping the old things every day; felt I wanted to stunt about a bit.

1st P. Have you ever butted up against Robinson-Smith at Mudbank? He was an ack-ee-o, but became a hun.

2nd P. Yes, he crashed a few days ago—on his first solo flip, taking off—tried to zoom, engine konked, bus stalled—sideslip—nose-dive. Not hurt, though. What's become of Smith-Jones? Do you know?

1st P. Oh, yes. He's on quirks and ack-ws. He tried spads, but got wind up. Have you seen the new ——?

2nd P. Yes, it's a dud bus—only does seventy-five on the ceiling. Too much stagger, and prop stops on a spin. Besides I never did care for rotaries. Full of gadgets too.

1st P. Well, I must tootle off now. I'm flapping from Northbolt at dawn if my old airship's ready—came down there with a konking engine—plug trouble.

2nd P. Well, cheerio, old thing—weather looks dud—you're going to have it bumpy in the morning, if you're on a pup.

1st P. Bye-bye, you cheery old bean.

[*Exeunt.*

THE PRINCE OF WIED.

(*The Prince of* WIED, *formerly Mpret of Albania, has been heard of at the* KAISER'*s head-quarters.*)

THERE's many a thing that a man may want
In this work-a-day world of ours:—
A feather-bed, or a christening font,
Or a coupon's value in flowers;
But not in the pinch of his utmost need
Will he pine for WILLIAM, Prince of WIED,
The hardly potential,
Consequential
WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

He was once on a time a sort of King
And sat on a purple throne,
With a national anthem hard to sing
And a Court that was all his own;
And he ruled as he could a mountain-breed
Who cared not a jot for the Prince of WIED,
The non-Albanian,
Most Germanian
WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

And now, wherever the KAISER loots,
He's willing to loot there too,
And, lo, he's licking the KAISER's boots,
He's kissing the KAISER's shoe;
But no one anywhere seems to heed
That most forgettable Prince of WIED,
That come-and-tickle us,
Quite ridickleus
WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

Re the "mystery gun":—

"It is also suggested that the shell may be propelled by the application of the well-known electrical principle that certain metals are refilled by a magnetic coal instead of being attracted."—*Evening Paper.*

"The solemn old copper-beach at the corner of the lawn."—*London Opinion.*

We should rather have expected to find it near the silver strand.



The Photographer. "You like that style? That's a bromide enlargement of Peskovitch, the famous pessimist pianist. By a special arrangement of my own I can guarantee to make a portrait of you conveying the same romantic air of melancholy."



The Photographer. "Ah! Keep that expression. Excellent!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Where England Sets Her Feet (Collins) is, as indeed you might suppose from the title, a staunchly imperialistic tale, set in the spacious days of the Virgin Queen, and containing much pleasant if rather disjointed adventuring, and one very attractively-drawn character. Not the hero, though he is pleasant enough in a colourless way; and certainly not the heroine, who is throughout practically an absentee (after her boy-and-girl love-scenes with the hero she fades entirely out of the story till its finish); the great creation of the story, upon whom Mr. Bernard Capes has lavished both art and obvious affection, is *Master Clerivault*, the "dear fantastic" patriotic worshipper of that England whose son it was his wish to be thought; dreamer, braggart and Empire-builder in one. Most of *Master Clerivault's* speeches have an excellent ring, though that about lands where English blood is shed becoming fiefs to England, "for there each grave becomes a plat of English mould," struck me as a halting paraphrase of certain lines in which the same thought has been more nobly expressed. As for the actual story, that, as I have said, is an affair of episodes; of *Brion's* upbringing in the lonely house, his introduction (very prettily done) to Romance; his encounter with my Lord of Leicester, whose natural son he was; thereafter some voyaging to the Spanish main, and the rediscovery of the heroine in the nick of time to round off the tale. Truth to tell, picturesque as all this is, I found the pace of the author's palfrey rather jog-trot for adventure of such quality; the book throughout is at its best in the quieter passages, and especially those that introduce the admirable *Clerivault*, as aforesaid. One final complaint: surely the "rose of pudency" (Mr. Capes's term for his heroine's blush) is a rather ugly flower of speech.

The author of *The Foundations of Permanent Peace* (Grant Richards) is Mr. August Schvan, who says of himself that "he happens to have been born in the capital of Sweden." It is plain that he wishes us to understand that he assumes no responsibility for this fact, and I may as well assure him at once that I don't dream of blaming him for being a Swede. Had he been consulted he might perhaps have arranged matters differently. It is quite certain that he numbers amongst his ancestresses the late Cassandra, for a large part of his life has been spent in prophesying true things which nobody believed until they had unfortunately happened. He also gave good advice to those who refused to take it. "Only four months before the outbreak of the War the author told a well-known Conservative and Military Club in London that the British Army was totally inadequate to meet the German Army." It is also to be noted that "he had taken occasion to publish an article on Scandinavia in *The Nineteenth Century* magazine which was so true that it made the King of Sweden deprive the author of his title of Chamberlain." This, however, has not prevented him from developing his plan for ensuring peace. The State, according to him, is the universal enemy and must be abolished, so that men may live under a system of "Supernational Law," nations being considered "as autonomous administrative subdivisions of humanity, and armed forces being limited to those necessary for maintaining law and order." Mr. Schvan is in deadly earnest and has a detestation of the Kaiser and his people which is most refreshing.

Dr. W. J. Dawson is an engaging and transparently sincere rather than a skilful story-teller. His hero, *Robert Shenstone* (Lane), was a disappointed schoolmaster's son who had the ambition to be a poet but followed his father's difficult trade in an "Academy" of a type which is now

happily extinct. When it deservedly failed he did in fact write with a drunken friend a shocking bad play for the Old Surrey. His next effort was accepted by IRVING for the Lyceum on a sight of the unfinished MS., and this I feel must have been one of the great man's errors. However, I do not grudge *Robert* his unlikely success, as he was an amiable if somewhat colourless young man with a love of a London that still had its Holywell Street, apparently (*honi soit*) *Robert's* favourite resort. The thing I liked best about him was his shrewd dragon of an aunt, *Tabitha Shanley*. By the way, I feel called upon to set him right on a matter of history. There is no evidence whatever that the *Balba* on whom he so much insists ever built a wall. All authorities agree that it was entirely the work of her brother. Let me add that this book is a fair specimen of the old-fashioned rigmarole school of domesticated romance with the shadow of a rather unintelligible and unnecessary crime in the background. And *Aunt Tabitha* is certainly worth knowing.

As a story *The Gleam* (LONG) tends to be rambling and inconsequent, and the major characters, the heroine in particular, are invested with an atmosphere of unreality which prevents the reader from becoming deeply concerned about their welfare. This perhaps is just as well, because, although their fortunes lead them into some hair-raising adventures in Mexico, they eventually pursue a rather tame existence in the South of England. They are not even married, though, as they have acquired a small fortune between them as the result of their excursion in the wilds of Yucatan, there appears to be nothing to hinder it (as the Scotchman said when he was shown Niagara). We leave the hero on crutches watching England go to war in August, 1914. Like a good many other people he thinks the War is going to last for six months and is eating his heart out in disappointment at his temporary unfitness. We know now that he need not have worried. It is not as a weaver of plots that Mr. ALFRED E. CAREY has already endeared himself to a considerable public, but as an observer of nature and a commentator on the pageant of mankind. As a student of the South Country he is not to be surpassed, and as we read page after page of gossip and philosophy, every line of which reveals the kindly and imaginative country lover, but has nothing whatever to do with the story, we quite forgive the inconsequence of the plot and the curious facility with which its unscholarly subjects quote delightful passages from Mr. CAREY'S favourite authors.

To be loved by *Max Errington*, the hero of *The Splendid Folly* (MILLS AND BOON), was not exactly a restful occupation. But as he contracted a habit of saving *Diana Quentin* from difficult and dangerous situations he had more right than most people to bombard her with an absolute barrage of kisses. There was, I must mention, a secret in *Max's* life about which I mean to be as reticent as he was. When *Diana* married him she was well aware that he could not disclose this secret to her, but all the same she was soon suffering from a very reasonable jealousy. The conditions offered peculiar encouragement to an emotional atmosphere. *Diana* had one of the most superb voices in the world; *Max* was a distinguished playwright and wrote his plays for *Adrienne de Gervais*, who was a star-actress and—but that is the secret. It is a high tribute to Mrs. MARGARET PEDLER that she compels one to believe in the beauty of *Diana's* voice, and indeed her picture of musical life in London, if rather highly coloured, is really well-drawn. A passing word of praise is also due to the minor characters, who fit satisfactorily into the back-seats allotted to them. But *Max's* secret never seemed to me to deserve all the fuss that was made about it.



COLONEL X (RETIRED), WHO IS PERFECTLY WELL, "DRESSES UP" TO REMIND HIMSELF OF THE GOOD OLD PRE-WAR DAYS.

I wonder what, after all, is the fact about the public's attitude to short-story volumes. Of late years one might fairly say that these have been pouring from the Press. Yet not an author in the host but proclaims, and apparently believes it, that he himself is the solitary leader of a forlorn and desperate hope against the ramparts of prejudice. The latest of them is Mr. JOHN AYSCOUGH (whose *French Windows* so much pleased me a little time ago), and he has given to his volume an admirable title, *The Tideway* (LONG). For the most part the stories themselves are also admirable, with never, or hardly ever, a commonplace among the collection. Most of them, too, are of rather greater substance than the ordinary commercial article, so that it is with them, as with *Viola* in the play, as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a *conte* when it is almost a novel. Such certainly are "The Sacristans" and "The Lady of the Duneshore," the latter a well-written but rather too spun-out study of the problem of what a lady should do whose husband has deliberately saved his own life at what might have been, for all he knew, the expense of hers. I suppose I need hardly tell you that the solution judged correct is that she should wait till the author has done with the husband, and then marry the hero. In fine you will light here upon a pleasant assemblage of half-hour stories, told by a writer who has generally something worth while to say, and always a distinguished manner of saying it—or concealing the deficiency.

"At the beginning of the war, when the world was still aghast at the action of the Mad Dog of Europe, we printed some verses by Mr. Henry Chappell, the Bath railway porter. The refrain fits the situation to-day after nearly four years of horrors wrought by this man's misdeeds."—*Daily Express.*

Our contemporary owes an apology to Mr. CHAPPELL, whose conduct has always been above reproach.





ADVICE TO THOSE WHO USE SACCHARINE IN THEIR TEA. AVOID THE FURTIVE MANNER, AS IT MAY LEAD TO YOUR INTENTIONS BEING MISUNDERSTOOD.

"NOW THEN—NONE OF YOUR SUICIDING HERE!"

CHARIVARIA.

"GERMANS," says a contemporary, "put their clocks back a month ago." It is definitely known, however, that the CROWN PRINCE has not put any of his French ones back.

"The change to British Summer Time"—so ran a recent Southern Command Order—"will take place at 2 A.M. on the 24th of March, 1918. Should an air raid be in progress at 2 A.M. on March 24th, the change to British Summer Time will be postponed until the raid is over." In this way the possibility of having the same raid occur twice over was skilfully avoided.

* *
*

"Khaki, khaki, khaki everywhere," says an evening paper—"what can it really mean?" The best opinion is that it is due to the fact that there is a war on.

* *
*

The police are said to be closely interested in the question whether a kitchen is a place of entertainment within the meaning of the Night Light Order.

* *
*

The Food Ministry, it is announced, is working out a scheme for the control of eggs. Lord RHONDDA hopes, however, that the disappearing egg will not be laid at his door.

* *
*

London's temperature has been as high as sixty-two. Among the enemy this is regarded as supporting the cautious assertion of the German Press that "the moral objectives of the offensive have already been attained."

* *
*

Dartmoor Conscientious Objectors are appealing for instruments for a brass band. They have already made a start with Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN's penny whistle.

* *
*

Dr. RONALD MACFIE has written a book which he calls *The Art of Keeping Well*, and it is reported that a strong group of medical men is about to issue a counterblast under the title, *Why Keep Well?*

* *
*

A woman at Tottenham police court said that the language used by another woman made her dog drop his ears, put his tail between his legs and run away. Enemy propaganda is already making use of the incident to show that even the British dog is losing his nerve.

> **NOTICE.**
>
> ***PUNCH* AND PAPER SHORTAGE**
>
> **Owing to the further drastic reduction in the supplies of paper, no return of unsold copies will be allowed after the Number to be dated April 17.**
>
> **Readers who desire to continue to receive *Punch* regularly should at once place a definite order with their news-agents.**

The *Berliner Tageblatt* now daily excuses the apparent breakdown of the original German offensive. But, after all, if it had not been for the Allied forces it would have been an unqualified success.

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*

While running a train in the North of England an engine driver was fired at with a revolver. It was in order to obviate this rather hasty method of attracting the driver's attention that the communication cord was first introduced.

GOLF AND RANGE FINDING.

"A man who has played a lot of golf could stand in a first line trench and tell, almost to the yard, just how far the enemy's trenches were away."—*The Standard (Montreal).*

But golfers will say anything. We have met some who were prepared to predict, almost to a yard, the duration of the War.

"SOMME.—One of the largest rivers in France. It flows from the coast at Abbeville through Amiens and on to Peronne and St. Quentin."

The Post Sunday Special (Glasgow).

"Once again the enemy was reckless of life, and always his tide of men ebbed forward."—*Manchester Guardian.*

The Germans appear to have taken as their motto, "When you are on the Somme, do as the Somme does."

"It is important to remember that the butcher or retailer must detach the coupons and not the customer."—*Bolton Evening News.*

Some butchers are so careless with their choppers.

THE KAISER GIVEN AWAY.

It *was* a little awkward, you must own.
Just as your sabre started off to rattle
Prior to carving up the enemy zone
In what was boomed as WILLIAM'S battle;

Just as you told us how you hated war,
How you, whose heart all bloodshed tends to harrow,
Obvious victim of the lust for gore
That permeates the British marrow,

Proposed (and here your eyes with warm tears ran
Such as the boasts of Nile exude with unction)
To end the grisly fight which GREY began
Whose perfidy knew no compunction;

It *was* unfortunate (we all see that)
When, at an hour ill-timed for truth's exposure,
Out of the Envoy's bag emerged the cat
And on your legends clapped the closure.

For now from German lips the world may know
Facts that should want some skill for their confounding—
How Potsdam forced alike on friend and foe
A war of Potsdam's sole compounding;

How you, who itched to see the bright sword lunged,
Still bleating peace like innocent lambs in clover,
In all that bloody business you were plunged
Up to your neck, and something over.

And, having fed on little else but lies,
Your people, with the hollow place grown larger
Now that the truth has cut off these supplies,
May want your head upon a charger. O. S.

THE RIGHT COLOUR.

THE argument began in a trench somewhere on the Cambrai Front. It might still have been proceeding but for the fact that a few hundred thousand Boches came over to argue a bigger point, and made it necessary for Jock Fraser and Alf Hayes, to say nothing of the rest of the *n*th Fusiliers, to retire under protest—very violent protest.

Jock started it. Jock delights in theological disputes, and being a Glasgow man regards himself as an authority on most subjects. When therefore, during one of the periodical discussions regarding the finding of MOSES in the bulrushes, Alf recklessly referred to the Prophet as a "black baby," Jock pounced upon him instantly.

"Ye needna show yer ignorance," he said in pitying tones. "Auld MOSES wasna black, Alf. He wis as white as you an' me."

"Garn! Wot d'you know abaht it?" retorted Alf aggressively. "Egyptians is black; leastways, not exactly black like niggers, but a kinder coffee-colour. You can't tell me nothin' abaht the colour of Gippies, my lad. I've served in Egypt an' seen 'em."

Although he is only twenty-six, Alf proudly terms himself "an old sweat," and is inclined to pose as a patriarch because he has seven years' service to his credit and was soldiering in the East when the War started.

"MOSES wasna an Egyptian, ye fule," Jock explained. "MOSES wis a Hebrew, and Hebrews are no' niggers."

"Egyptian 'Ebrews is black, I tell yer, and a pal o' mine wot's in Palestine says the Jews there are nearly black, so you can't kid me MOSES was white."

"He wad be kind o' tanned, maybe, but he wis as white as I am, I'm tellin' ye."

Jock had not washed for four days, but Alf failed to notice the opportunity this presented, although he did make several impolite remarks concerning Jock's personal appearance, habits and ancestry.

"I tell yer MOSES was an Egyptian, and Gippies is browny-black," he reiterated.

The argument became heated, and most of the men of the platoon joined in and took sides. Some of them strongly supported Alf's view, for the fact that Alf had been in Egypt carried weight. For an hour the voice of Jock Fraser could be heard raised in protest, and he was still vainly striving to convince Alf of the whiteness of MOSES when the Germans came their way.

For a time the colour of the Hebrew Prophet became of secondary importance, but Jock was determined not to let the matter drop. As he hurled bombs among the masses of grey men he could see through the mist he thought of a new argument which would, he believed, convince Alf.

It was in the evening, after the regiment had withdrawn to a new position, that Jock suddenly discovered Alf was missing, and he began to make agitated inquiries. A man had noticed Alf drop out in the open and mentioned the fact wearily.

"I'm going back to find him," Jock announced. "I canna let auld Alf die wi'oot convincing him that MOSES wasna black."

They called him fool and other names, tried to dissuade him and pointed out the hopelessness of finding Alf, even if he was still alive; but Jock would not listen and even ignored the Sergeant's commands.

Nearly an hour later he crawled back, shot through the left arm and the right leg, but dragging with him Alf, who was badly wounded, unconscious, but still living. Then Jock collapsed, after muttering something incoherent about the infant MOSES.

The bearers took him and Alf away to the same clearing-station, and eventually they were sent down together to the base hospital, and happened to be placed in the same ward. When Alf recovered enough to take notice, it was to find Jock sitting up in the next bed.

"It was you wot brought me in, Jock, wasn't it?" inquired Alf. "You lugged 'old o' me just as them two big Fritzes was comin' to get me?"

"Ay, I shot them," Jock answered in matter-of-fact tones. "Noo, Alf, aboot MOSES. I'm wantin' to convince ye that MOSES wis as white as me."

"I reckon you know more abaht MOSES than I do, old chum," said Alf. "And if he was like you he was a white man—all through." And he held out his hand.

Jock, pleased more by the concession than by the compliment, leant across and with a shamefaced grin shook hands.

The New Gretna Green.

The following letter has been received from a Boys' Football Club by the Commanding Officer of a Home Battalion:—

"On behalf of the above football club we are requested to ask if we could use your Football Ground for practice in the evenings, as our ground is now used for elopments, and at present no other grounds are available for this purpose."

"They [the gunners] have trudged back over the battlefields, urging on their slow going caterpillars and encouraging the men."
Mr. Philip Gibbs, in "Daily Telegraph."

We understand that most siege batteries now have a subaltern especially trained to walk in front of the fauna, making a noise like a young lettuce; others simply suspend a tin of petrol in front of their heads.



AMERICA TO THE FRONT.

[In view of the present needs of the Allies, America has not waited to complete the independent organisation of her Army, but has sent her troops forward to be brigaded with British and French units.]

KIDNEYS FOR THE MESS.

Of all the General Staff Officers Third Grade that had recently been created, Pink William was the nicest and the ruddiest. He presented such a picture when, flushed and a little timid, he first arrived in the No. 2 Mess of the Division that they made him Mess President on the spot, a post which he accepted gracefully, there being no other course open to him.

Horrified at first at the dissatisfaction openly expressed at a Mess which any regimental officer would envy, he nevertheless put heart and soul into his task and in a very short time achieved wonders. Yet in spite of all his efforts Pink William could not but be aware that behind all the nods and expressions of approval he received, there was a peculiar element of reserve. He knew it—he felt it. Yet, rack his brains as he might, this indefinable something eluded him completely. In despair, one night after his second glass of port, he surprised the Great Ones present by breaking down utterly and demanding to be told at once what more could be expected of him. Had they not fish, flesh, fowl, seventeen kinds of drinks and real lump sugar? What *was* the elusive something?

And the answer came, short and incisive, "Kidneys!"

With his second glass of port still in his head he crept away from the Mess, abashed at his thoughtlessness, and ragged his pillow throughout a sleepless night.

Morning brought determination. Sheep were in the country and sheep had kidneys; *ergo* the long-felt want could easily be supplied. Alas for his untimely optimism, a visit to the Senior Supply Officer dashed all his hopes to the ground. "Kidneys?" He poured cold scorn upon him; seemed indeed to take it as a personal affront. "Kidneys? Ha!" he laughed hollowly at him. Army sheep didn't have kidneys.

Well, how did they get on without kidneys? Why, just as British oysters got on without pearls.

Discouraged beyond measure Pink William made his way back, and, penetrating into the purlieus of a large farm standing well back from the road in its own midden, came upon an outhouse of the kitchen department, occupied by Mess cooks and bottlewashers, and there—there in the broad light of day, adhering to the sides of a brown pie-dish, lay the remains of a steak-and-kidney pie.

Fearful of being denounced as a food spy of the baser sort and of being done away with secretly in consequence, he rushed back to headquarters and let loose the sleuth-hounds of war. Reconnoitring parties which investigated the wilds of back areas presently brought back the joyful news that *without doubt* kidneys *were* in the country; that in certain cases sheep had left the base with the organ in question intact.

The joyful news came only just in time, for the agony of having to face a barrage of eyes bawling "Kidneys" at every breakfast was beginning to tell upon his health. That night, again over the second glass of port, he offloaded the story of his vicissitudes upon the astonished members of the Mess. He gave them a moving picture of his discovery in the outhouse. Patrols had, he explained, reported a suspected kidney-dump in this vicinity, but cross observation by special observers had failed to obtain the necessary confirmation. Number 1 Section Kidney-Detectors (a branch of the Sound-Ranging section) were also at a loss, while the Fifty-first Sub-section of the Tenth Messenger Dog Company, after getting hot on the trail, had dashed all his newborn hopes to the ground by wantonly destroying the evidence in a spasm of greed. But the vitally important consideration which he wished to lay before the Mess was that kidneys *were* in the country, and he begged that the question might be gone into sympathetically.

Having thus unburdened himself of the responsibility and made a special point of the contemptuous conduct of the Senior Supply Officer, he returned to the office, signed a location report upside down, and went sick.

* * * * *

Left alone the senior members of the Mess did the proper thing as a matter of course. They held a conference.

"This," began the representative of the General Staff as usual, "is obviously a 'Q' matter."

"On the contrary," said "Q" firmly, "as a question of supply it might possibly be 'Q,' but as a question of policy it is obviously 'G.' If, on the other hand, it is considered a matter of discipline, it is obviously 'A.'"

"*On* the contrary," said "A," "this is a question of diet, and should therefore be referred to the Director of Medical Services."

"*On* the contrary," said the A.D.M.S., "as it has reference to animals in particular, I think the advice of the Veterinary Service should be sought."

The D.A.D.V.S. could not see it. It seemed to him that the matter involved questions of traffic control and should be referred to the A.P.M.

The Ordnance Officer sat tight, wondering how on earth they were going to shift it on to him.

The Area Commandant, a Brigadier (graded for pay as a Staff-Lieutenant), who was present as guest of the evening, suggested that the question was one which obviously affected *all* branches — and here he pointedly included the Ordnance Officer.

"And I think," said the General Staff impressively, "this is a question of operations on a small scale, and it would be as well to lay down a policy at once, and at the same time issue the necessary warning order."

The General Staff was going to function! The others held their breath.

"The Supply Officer," he said, "will be duly warned that we consider the administration of supplies to be inadequate and incomplete. If, after due warning, the article of food in question is not forthcoming, there is," went on the General Staff with a Napoleonic flash of the eye—"there is but one way to bring our enemy to his knees. We must strike at the most vulnerable part of his armour. Now what is the tenderest spot in a Supply Officer?"

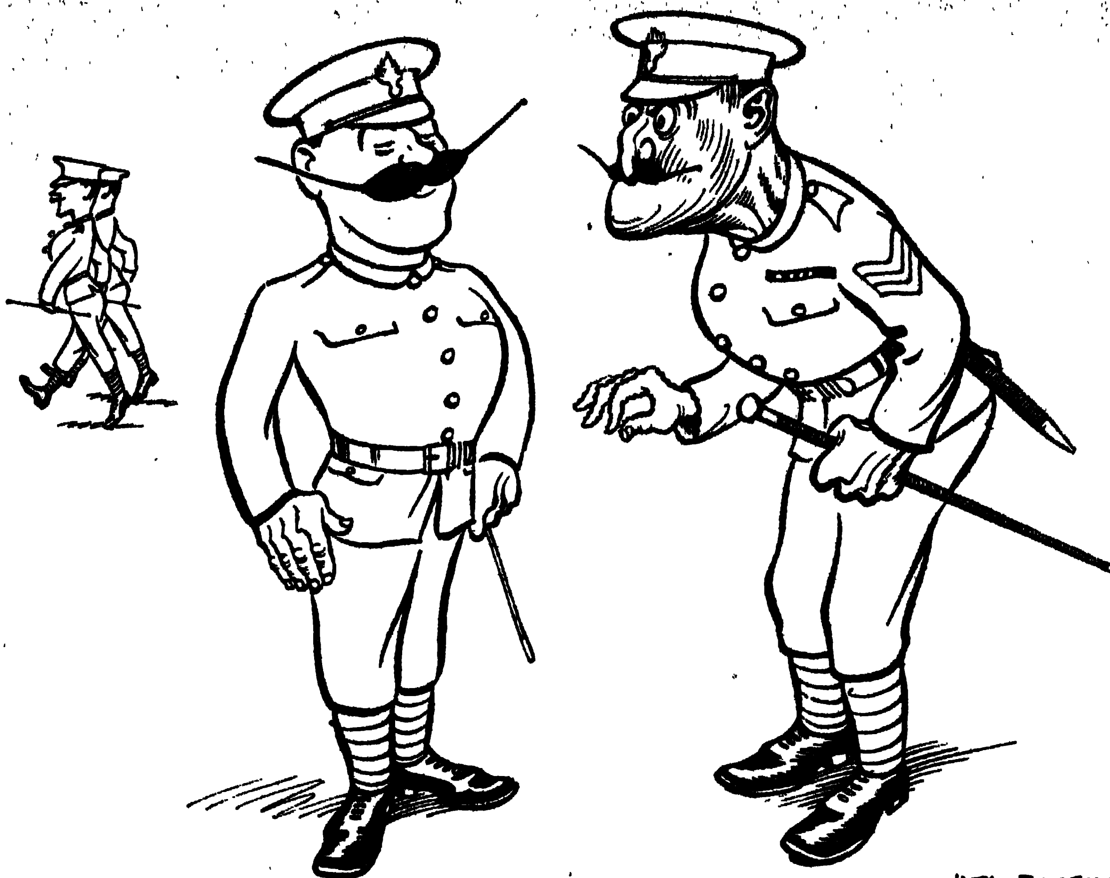
The question was met with silence. Nobody had thought of such things in connection with Supply Officers.

"The efficiency of his unit!" cried the General Staff triumphantly. "There is no luxury, no *perquisite* he would not



Traveller. "D' YOU SEE THAT THIS NEW GERMAN SHELL REPORTED TO TRAVEL SEVENTY MILES IN SIX MINUTES?"

Motorist (bitterly). "AND I'LL BET MY LIFE THE MAGISTRATE BELIEVED IT. THOSE POLICE TRAPS ARE THE SAME ALL OVER THE WORLD."



DEEDS THAT OUGHT TO WIN THE V.C.

THE PRIVATE GROWS A BETTER MOUSTACHE THAN THE SERGEANT.

forgo rather than let the efficiency of his unit be impaired. If we threaten him with that we shall strike at his *moral.*"

"We will! We will!" cried the whole assembly, and the port bottle was rushed round a third time.

"To assist in this operation," went on the General Staff, "all branches will be required to co-operate as follows—this is the second phase:—

"1. The Assistant-Director of Medical Services will undertake to evacuate the Supply Officer's best men at the slightest provocation. This will be a serious matter for him.

"2. The A.P.M. will crime all the Supply Officer's men, and thus the *discipline* of his unit will be questioned.

"3. The Medical Officer (through A.D.M.S.) will condemn all his sanitary arrangements *continually*. That would annoy any Supply Officer.

"4. The Deputy-Assistant Director of Veterinary Services will evacuate all his best horses.

"5. The Area Commandant will, I am sure, oblige by withdrawing all his best billets to make room for a Labour battalion. This will cut him to the quick.

"6. 'Q' will put a Paper Barrage down on the usual night lines, and, like the fellow in SHAKSPEARE, he shall 'sleep no more.'"

Loud was the applause, the port rushed round the table again, the conference broke up and the members went their way to carry out the tasks allotted to them; all except the General Staff, of course, who had already functioned and could sit over his port in ease.

* * * * *

"Why," complained a member of the Mess peevishly a fortnight later "why do we have kidneys for *every* meal now?"

"SOCIAL ARCHITECTS.

"Before us lays the task of re-building Society."—*South Wales Argus.*

Quite right. But why break up the English language first?

"It is estimated that the total assets owned by Australians is £14,060,000,000, an average of £950 per person."—*The Times.*

If the KAISER had known before the War that there were forty million Australians it is believed he would never have started it.

PET AVERSIONS.

[A development of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON'S suggestion that pet dogs should be made into pies because they "are a nuisance."]

MAY nuisances be slain to give
New meats in lieu of old?
Then let your futile Fido live,
My fancy is more bold:—

Though stinted of the flesh of beeves
I pass more lap-dogs by;
A choicer dish my mind conceives—
A monster PRINGLE pie!

Let others crave the salmon steak,
To toothsome turbot cling,
I want a lavish lunch to make
For once on kippered KING.

Ham, bacon, sausage—those are crimes
In breakfast's catalogue,
But give me, as I read my *Times*,
Some safely potted HOGGE.

For England's joy, for Prussia's grief,
Now here, now there, I'll swoop,
Take SNOWDEN for *apéritif*,
Put OUTHWAITE in the soup.

"TUSSUP."

Joan is two to-day, and I think it is quite time she began to take life more seriously. Until recently she has occupied a position of splendid isolation, but last week her nose was suddenly and violently dislocated, and she is now only my elder daughter. Since the arrival of the interloper, in another place, Joan and I have been left to our own devices at home, and it has become her regular habit to call me in the morning, to watch me eat my breakfast and to hustle me off thereafter, "in puff-puff," *en route* for my Whitehall desk.

So she has had unlimited opportunity for unburdening her soul to me at leisure, and debate has often waxed hot between us. But, much as I appreciate the unburdening of her soul, I really have to draw the line at her emptying armfuls of dolls all over me, particularly Tussups. I really dislike Tussups now. To save further mystification I may explain that "Tussup" is Joanese for "Cuthbert," which is the name of a certain type of rabbit-doll. This doll is an effigy of ——, but I needn't labour it; the fact is I am, broadly speaking, a "Tussup" myself, for the reason that I am of military age and at the same time tied by the leg to a Government desk. Now I don't pretend that my dislike for this particular type of doll springs from a guilty and craven conscience, because it doesn't. When I first saw one in a shop window my sense of the fitness of things was tickled, and I straightway purchased one and bore it home in triumph to Joan.

But unfortunately some waggish relative also happened on this same type of doll in a shop soon afterwards, and a second Tussup arrived to swell Joan's family. I think it was this reduplication which first aroused her interest in the Tussup species, for she and the two of them became inseparable.

This last week it has been nothing but Tussups at every turn—on my pillow in the morning, on my lap at breakfast, in my chair in the evening; and I have got surfeited with Tussups. It was the occasion of Joan's birthday that gave rise in me to hopes of diverting her tastes elsewhere.

Yesterday a most engaging present came for her from her grandpapa—a doll baby in a large cot, all complete. Joan was thrilled to the marrow, and the Tussups were cast to the winds. Whereupon I impounded the unholy pair and buried them away privily. The cot was a great attraction, and Joan would not be parted from it all day. This morning, too, though she seemed to miss the brethren for a moment, the sight of the cot made her perfectly happy. In fact it only seemed to require one other really new and exciting toy, to take turn-about with the baby and the cot, to make her completely forget her old loves. I was wondering what I could do about it in town to-day, when the post arrived and with it a letter for Joan's Mummy, which seemed quite providential.

"My dear Winnie," it ran, "I believe to-morrow is my goddaughter's birthday, so I have bestirred myself and sent her an offering. I fancy it is rather a good line. It is very original —a character from *Alice in Wonderland*. . . ."

This, I thought, will be the very thing; probably the Mock Turtle or the Duchess, and Joan will dote on it. An hour later the parcel came and was handed to Joan with becoming ceremony. Palpitating and jigging with excitement, she bore it off to a chair and rent it open. I watched her sympathetically. "Well," I asked, "what about it?" The inner wrapper yielded with a splutter of tissue-paper, and I saw Joan's countenance irradiated with a sudden ecstasy.

"Tussup!" she screamed. I leapt up in horror even as she brandished it in the air. It *was* an unmistakable Tussup, with his exemption badge and his hateful little cane, just like the other two. Character from *Alice in Wonderland*, indeed!

Joan rushed and planted it on my knee. "Daddy hab it!" she offered with her usual generosity.

* * * * *

After that it was no good. The cot has taken a back seat and the two old Tussups have resumed their front ones. Joan is devoted to the three of them, and I daresay by the end of the War there will be thirty of them.

There is only one consolation left to me. Some day, I suppose—if we can believe what we are told—Joan will say to me, "And what did *you* do in the Great War, Father?" Then my hour of triumph will have come. I shall draw myself up to my full height and say, "My child, modesty has always been my foremost virtue; but I cannot tell a lie. In the Great War I was a Tussup."

And if Joan is consistent she will think far more of me than if I had laid claim to a hundred doughty deeds.

"On Monday the new Beer (Prices) Order enters every public bar in the kingdom. Strong beers—that is, drink with a gravity of over 1034 degrees—can be sold at 2s. 6d. a glass or a penny a pint. There is no limit either way."—*Evening Paper*.

We shall certainly order pints.

CAPTURING A HUN.

"YOUR neighbour has been telling me all about the prisoners he has taken," said the visitor, sitting down by the bed. "It was so interesting."

Bunny Higgins sniffed.

"Some chaps," he said, "make sech a darn fuss abaht 'ow many pris'ners they 've took. Jes' as if it weren't as easy as easy."

"Oh, have you taken many?"

"Yes, Miss, I 'ave. Leastways I 've took one." His tone was slightly aggressive.

"Do tell me about it," begged the visitor, and, mollified by her appearance of interest, Bunny settled himself on the pillow and began.

"I don't mind ownin' as it were a bit of a surprise, as you might say, an' I didn't go fer to do it in a manner of speakin'.

"It was way back in last December. We 'ad a little orficer boy as was very brave an' always doin' fool'ardy things. One mornin' abaht four 'e starts out ter visit the outposts, an' calls me to accompany 'im. 'E orfen took me fer them sorter jobs, me being that small I could get abaht unperceived, 'e said.

"Well, we done the raound pretty quick until we come ter one wot was 'id among the chimneys on the roof of an 'alf-ruined farm'ouse. There me orficer goes up an' leaves me ter wait dahn below. It was cruel cold, so I walks abaht under cover of the farm. I dursn't go beyond the wall, so I does a kinder sentry-go up an' dahn, an' once, when I gets ter the end of the wall an' turns to come back, I gets the shock of me life, for there, quite close to me, was the 'Un. W'en 'e meets me eye 'e starts, 'oldin' up 'is 'ands an' sayin' 'Kamerad!' I was fair took aback, but I pulls meself together, an' I says, pointin' to the German lines, 'Get aht of 'ere, an' go right back where you came from'; an' I tries ter look like sergeant pointin' aht a messy tunic.

"An' 'e answers me in puffic English, 'most as good as wot I speaks meself, an' 'e says, 'I am your pris'ner.'

"'Pris'ner be blowed,' I says; 'I 'm not 'avin' any this mornin'.'

"But 'e wasn't goin' ter be put off so easy. 'E looks at me kinder threatenin' like, an' 'e says, 'I give myself up. I am your pris'ner; and you gotter take me.'

"At last I loses me temper, an' I says, 'None o' your lip. You take an' get back to your blinkin' lines.'

"An' would you believe it, Miss, 'e outs wiv a revolver an' says, 'You take me pris'ner or I 'll blow your silly brains out.'"



THE BLACK FLOUR OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.

Nurse. "MY PET, MY PET! DON'T CRY. IT'S NOT THE SWEEP; IT'S THE MILLER."

SIKES A TRAGEDY.

THE old man sat within the inglenook,
Old William Sikes, and bit a dreary bun,
And now and then a sup of cocoa took,
And mused on Time: for much time had he done.

He watched his son's wife playing with her child,
And sorrow tinged his jowl a deeper blue;
Small blame to him if he was feeling riled,
For all his life-long dreams were now *na-poo*.

Oft had he boasted thus: "When fortune strikes
The father down, the son succeeds him still;
There bain't no day without a William Sikes;
The lantern passes on from Bill to Bill."

And now his Bill had taken to the bad,
Enlisted, sailed to some outlandish shore,
Become, instead of burgling like his dad,
A simple private in the Salvage Corps;

But, married whilst on leave, had got this boy,
Fulfilment of a grandsire's longfelt want,
And the young mother questioned, wild with joy,
What should she say to parson at the font?

At last the old man cleared his throat and said,
"This blinking warfare alters all our ways;
I'll heap no troubles on an infant's head,
Hairless as mine was in the Dartmoor days.

"My blessings on the child; and may he crack
Unnumbered cribs, and ageless laurels win;
Bestow new glory on the mask of black
And never let no coppers run him in!

"But the old line must end. He must not bear
The name that all his fathers found so sweet;
The boys would shout at him and say, 'There's Herr
Von William Sikes a-coming down the street!'

"My father burgled honest, broke the law
And used the dynamite and centrebit;
But when he sloshed a party in the jaw
He preached no canting gospel over it.

"The name of William is for ever cursed;
It smells of tyranny and lies and grease."
He paused; and then as if his heart would burst,
"Let him be Charles, in memory of PEACE!"

EVOE.

"NEW TYPE OF FIELD GUN USED BY THE GERMANS,
LOW-BUILT 7·7MM. CANNON WHICH ACCOMPANIES INFANTRY ADVANCE."
Daily Mirror.

Pea-shooters?

"Baroness Paul Jeszanak, a prominent society novelist in Budapest, has been forcibly placed in a lunatic asylum. She had fallen in love with the Bishop of Stuhlweissenberg."
Daily Paper.

Nothing is said of the destination of the Bishop.

"Regular orders for new laid eggs wanted by officer's (regular) wife."—*The Gentlewoman.*

We assume that the eggs will be regular too, and not "tempy" or "on probation."



OVERHEARD AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES' EXHIBITION OF WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Old Lady (before the picture of an Egyptian Labour Battalion, entitled "Sons of Isis"). "AH, CAMBRIDGE MEN, I SUPPOSE."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXXV.

Richard. You have said nothing of the philosophers of this time. Were there *no* philosophers?

Mrs. M. On the contrary there were a considerable number. Perhaps the most notable was Mr. BALFOUR, who in spite of his attainments as a thinker rose to the highest offices of state.

Richard. Ah, Mamma, I have heard of Mr. BALFOUR, and I should like, when I am a man, to be just such another.

Mrs. M. My highest ambition for you, my dear boy, could not go further, for he was a very interesting and remarkable man, though not without some peculiarities. For example, it was said of him, some people say *by* him, that he never read the newspapers. And some people went so far as to say that this more than anything else was a proof of his greatness. The newspapers were always saying that he must go, and he did not want to stay, but the country did not seem able to do without him. His extreme modesty and gentleness of temper were perhaps more extraordinary than even his talents and acquirements.

George. Were not there any great orators in this reign?

Mrs. M. Certainly. There was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who could be eloquent in two languages, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who found it impossible to be silent in any language at all. It was of him that the poet wrote:—

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome,
> Stiff in opinion, often in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long.

Mary. What a funny man!

Mrs. M. No, my dear, there you are wrong. He took himself most seriously, and many serious people took him at his own valuation. Thus for many years he represented a Scotch constituency—Dundee. Some people, however, explained this on the ground that Dundee was famous for the manufacture of marmalade, and he knew all about Blenheim oranges. But that was in the days before marmalade was made from turnips and glycerine.

Richard. It seems to me that there were very curious things as well as curious persons in this period. I should much like to see a collection of them.

Mrs. M. That you may easily do when you go to London. Up till quite recently there was a *living* curiosity of this reign to be seen in the gardens of Southmount House. It was a parrot which had belonged to Lord Southmount and had been taught to say with great vehemence, "Balfour Must Go." In the Museum I am speaking of you will also see other curiosities, such as barrel-organs and kilts.

George. What is a kilt?

Mrs. M. A kilt is a sort of petticoat formerly worn by the Highlanders, a primitive race of Scotsmen. There are various accounts of its origin, but the most authentic attributes it to the physical conformation of the ancient Picts, the ancestors of the Highlanders. It is said that their feet were so large that when trousers came into fashion they tried to put them on over their heads, and, becoming entangled in the process, were obliged in self-defence to resort to the kilt.

Mary. But what did they wear *before* trousers came into fashion?

Mrs. M. There, my dear child, you are allowing your thirst for information to outrun your discretion. The pre-trouser age takes us into the region of prehistoric legend, and my aim is to feed you not on legend but on fact. Besides I think the tea-bell has already rung.



SHOWN UP.

Kaiser (*to Limelight Man*). "ON THE *SWORD*, YOU IDIOT!—ON THE *SWORD!*"



Official (to applicant for post). "I'M SORRY, MISS SMITH, BUT AS YOUR FATHER WAS NOT IN ANY GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT I'M AFRAID YOU WILL NEED SOME INTELLECTUAL QUALIFICATION."

FOR LOVE OF FRANCE.

I WAS shown the other day a new kind of map of France—the pleasant land of France that is being so cruelly maimed and scourged. Instead of the names of towns it had merely the few great cities, the Departments, and nine hundred tiny red dots. I did not count them—life is short—but I was assured that that was the number, and that each represents a place where there is a hospital, or hospitals, whose stores of the necessaries of healing and of comfort have been enriched by the French War Emergency Fund, an English association whose sole purpose is the amelioration of the lot of our nearest Ally. I had heard already much of this Fund and of the thoroughness and thoughtfulness with which it has been administered, but the extent of its activity had never been made so vividly realisable.

These dots, then, indicate hospital sites where French soldiers, broken in the task of defending their beautiful suffering country, lie or creep about. The Fund has also its civilian ministrations, which every day grow in range and usefulness: to rebuild or make habitable the cottages which the enemy has destroyed, to re-establish the cottagers and provide them with cooking utensils, clothing, food, blankets and seeds. That this is work of the greatest importance we in England, even with no experience of invasion, must agree. Although we have some first-hand knowledge of the horrors of war, it is mercifully incomplete; the Germans are not within sixty miles of London, as they are of Paris; none of our square miles has been laid waste. No one who has not witnessed it has more than a vague idea of the utter desolation that can follow in the enemy's wake: far greater than France, with all her genius for rapid smiling reorganisation, has at this tragic and fateful moment time to handle.

Such until a little while ago were the two main lines of neighbourly helpfulness along which the Fund worked, and this map is evidence enough that thoroughness has not been wanting. But now, at the request of the French Government, which has again and again expressed its appreciation of the Fund's assistance and gratitude for it, the provision of canteens at the railway stations where wounded detrain, and of canteens and recreation rooms wherever they are most urgently needed is to be added to its responsibilities. The hospitals of France unhappily do not decrease either in number or in the need of accommodation—since for every wounded man who comes in a healed man does not, alas, go out; but as the patients improve in health there is the more need for the means of beguiling their time. Canteens in the grounds for the supply of refreshments, and rooms where papers and books may be read, games played and gramophones listened to, are therefore desirable. A few of these have already been erected or adapted by the Fund; as many more as possible are to follow, all of which will have to be furnished and fitted, at, of course (and the cloven hoof of the mendicant now obtrudes!), a certain expense.

Every contribution that reaches the Fund is of value, especially just now, when there are so many travelling wounded to be succoured, and the appeal cannot be too wide; and yet as I looked at this very interesting map and was told the names of some of the nine hundred places for which the red dots stood, it was borne in upon me that if only those English people who have made holiday in France and have loitered delectably among her

serene and hospitable pleasaunces were approached hat in hand—only those!—a magnificent revenue would result. Love of France would unfold so many cheque-books, open so many purses; the effect of the happy memories which this list of nine hundred towns rekindled would be irresistible. Paris alone should suffice; but with Normandy and Brittany, Provence and Touraine, the Seine and the Loire, the Riviera and the Cevennes to lend their influence to the impulse of generosity (or gratitude), such a torrent of votive offerings would flow as would render all further begging needless.

For pure "love of lovely words" and at the risk of being made too "homesick," I am tempted to quote from the list down to date—March 21st, 1918—just before the great battle broke out which, by so desperately increasing the work of French hospital staffs and adding to the privations of the civilians, must spur the Fund to new efforts. If I mention but the first town under each letter you will realise both what I mean and how widely flung are the Fund's ministrations: Abbaretz (Loire Inférieure), Bacqueville (Seine Inférieure), Cabourg (Calvados), Dannemarie (Alsace Française), Eaubonne (Seine et Oise), Falaise (Calvados), Gaillon (Eure), Hadol (Vosges), L'Ile-de-Noé (Gers), Jansé (Ille et Vilaine), Lagny (Seine et Marne), Macon (Saône et Loire), Nancy (Meurthe et Moselle), Ognan-par Barbéry (Oise), Paimbœuf (Loire Inférieure), Querqueville (Manche), Le Raincy (Seine et Oise), Sable (Sarthe), Tain (Drôme), Uriage (Isère), Vadelaincourt (Meuse), Wesserling (Alsace Française), Yssingeaux (Hte. Loire), Zuydecoote (Nord).

Should the authorities of the French War Emergency Fund find it necessary to issue a four-lined financial whip, as I fear is inevitable, I commend to their notice the wisdom of adding this list to it. Poetry is not too common; the reanimation of old joys is not too easy in these bitter times. Personally I should be unable to withstand such an appeal, and, apart from love of France in general, I should associate my own contribution with the green-and-white village of Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, and the little walled town of Moret, where the nuns made barley-sugar before ambition and rapacity blasted the world.

All contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir David Erskine, K.C.V.O., French War Emergency Fund, 44, Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

E. V. L.

Our Blasés Critics.

"Miss —— proved as popular as ever with her inevitable songs."—*Provincial Paper.*



THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

Mrs. Tooting Beck. "Where's the paper? Haven't you brought an evening paper?"

Mr. Tooting Beck. "Sorry, dear, but I couldn't get it into the train; there wasn't room."

Our Helpful Contemporaries Again.

More about the "mystery gun":—

"The gun is probably of about the same length of range obtained is in the shell itself—in its or range obtained is in the shell itself—in its shape, and in the position of the centre of gravity in it."—*Evening Paper.*

"The Marquis of Lincolnshire said Viscount Chaplin in formulating his questions had fluttered about like a bird not knowing which branch to settle upon. In the end, he had bovrilised his original questions."

Liverpool Paper.

No doubt an adaptation of Lord Rhondda's process for turning coupons into meat.

"Pigeon that had Flown from Mons Killed.

Action for its death by a cat at Gateshead."

Newcastle Paper.

We cannot help thinking this a very crafty plot on the prosecuting cat's part to divert suspicion from herself.

Another glimpse of the obvious:—

"It is expected that the shortening of the time in which artificial light may be used in hotels, restaurants, and places of entertainment will lead to reduction of the evening services on the London railways. In any case, however, it is not likely that the last trains will be taken off."—*Morning Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

'The Prime Minister.'

I have moved so little in the society of enemy aliens that I cannot say with confidence how a German family residing in Soho would conduct itself in the domestic circle at the outbreak of another war between England and the Fatherland. But if their behaviour corresponded at all to the picture of the *Schiller* family, as seriously presented by Mr. Hall Caine (relying, I must assume, on his gifts of imagination), then I feel that even the horrors of a second Armageddon would have their humorous compensations.

My experience again fails me when I try to visualise a group of Cabinet Ministers awaiting the expiration of an ultimatum; but unless their natures undergo a total change in these exceptionally trying circumstances I cannot believe that they would sit there like so many dummies, exchanging rhetorical platitudes on the ravages of war; or that one of them, in the temporary absence of the Prime Minister from the room, would seize the occasion to throw off a brief summary of that gentleman's career for the benefit of colleagues certain to be equally well instructed in the facts.

Once again, my limited knowledge of the *vie intime* of Downing Street does not permit me to say whether a Prime Minister would be likely to welcome an enemy alien as governess to his little daughter with full knowledge (imparted by the police) of the history of her family of suspects, and after a frank admission on her part that she had introduced herself into his house from motives of espionage. And even if the discovery that he had commuted the death sentence of her late father, a convicted spy, should change her attitude and create a bond between them, and in a burst of perverted Quixotism he should overlook her original designs, I should never expect him (unless, of course, he happened to be Mr. Hall Caine himself) to seal the bond in the following terms: "Remember that not with bread but with blood I have bought your soul." Mr. Caine may say things like that, but Prime Ministers don't.

After this encouragement you will naturally anticipate some melodrama, including an attempt, foiled by the sacrificial devotion of the heroine, to assassinate the protagonist of the title-rôle; and you will have all that. You will also get a too-brief glimpse, in the person of little Miss Vesta Sylva, of one of the most charming children I have ever met on the stage. And you will see Miss Ethel Irving taking all her emotional chances with a nice restraint and a courage nobly proof against the general improbability of things. And you will be treated to an air-raid (without bombs) and an "All Clear" bugle, and Christmas Bells and Peace (with Victory) on Earth—all of them "off." But I cannot promise you much edification, unless the virtues of Mr. Caine's technique—for his melodrama, as such, was not badly handled—console you for the unlikelihood of his scheme.



MELODRAMA IN DOWNING STREET.

Margaret Schiller (Miss Ethel Irving). "Wasn't it you who killed my father?"

The Prime Minister (Mr. C. M. Hallard). "The answer is in the negative."

It was difficult to take sympathetically the venomous spite that hissed from the lips of his enemy aliens; and the only way for us seemed to be to treat it as Thomas in the trenches treats the Bosches' Hymn of Hate. And I am almost sure that this was not the way in which we were meant to take it.

Finally, it was depressing enough to have Mr. Hall Caine's authority for the view that the present war is to be followed by another on the same lines; but even more disheartening to find him labouring under the ingenuous belief that this new war gave him an opportunity of saying quite freshly all the things that we have been saying for the best part of four years, about the old one. O. S.

"By Pigeon Post."

I must say I prefer my spy plays with rather a stronger dash of credibility than Mr. Austin Page's *By Pigeon Post* displays. And if any French officer ever sees this diverting piece will he please take it from me that my countrymen do not share the author's morbid views as to the type of brain that runs the French Intelligence Service? For their use a pigeon-post and wireless installation was established (by our author) in a terribly conspicuous chateau with a tower a hundred feet high. The pigeons were under the command of the Captain-hero; the wireless was the job of the villain Major, who sold his country to pay his gambling debts. The whole fate of France apparently hangs by the leg of one of the Captain's pigeons; and the General of Division, a nice old thing, and the Colonel, a silly old ass, have nothing apparently to do but come and discuss the odds on the pigeon in alternating spasms of maudlin credulity, hopeless despondency and appalling indiscretion.

The arch-spy is an old actor of the Deutsches Theater masquerading as a Fleming in the French army detailed for duty as a hospital orderly—apparently the rest of the wireless station was hospital. Naturally he was present at the most intimate discussions of the over-anxious officers, as was his chief, the charming Lady Doctor, whose medical knowledge I suspected from the first. I found later that she got it by instalments, as occasion arose, over the telephone from a medical friend. Once indeed, when a traitor (I am anticipating) committed suicide by throwing himself off the wireless tower, she did, without telephoning, solemnly pronounce life to be extinct, having examined the body from the top of the tower. Perhaps, though, she wirelessed. For the rest she was chiefly engaged (assisted by the spy orderly) in listening to every consultation, reading every despatch and telegram, and offering unsought advice.

In general she was extremely resourceful, except in any real emergency, such as the struggle between her lover and his enemies, when she could only tango ineffectually about the room and faintly bleat. Mr. Page is evidently a ferocious anti-feminist.

There is one good thrill in the piece, which I won't spoil, but I think the flippant stallite will get much more fun

for his money if he counts up in this bizarre military establishment the number of things which are "not done" outside the armies of the Bolsheviki. He will be particularly struck by the episode of a phosphorescent "plan" (those plans!) captured after incredible labour and held up in a completely darkened room in the presence of two desperate men, guarded with astonishing inadequacy. And there is plenty of this sort of thing.

Mr. C. V. France made a quite excellent portrait of a General at his first entrance; and then, being badly let down by the author, he developed into an old footler in whom it was impossible to retain interest. Mr. Wontner gave us the dear impossible hero with almost unnaturally easy grace of manner. A study of shell-shock did not lack cleverness or plausibility, though to the sensitive it should cause pain rather than the light relief it was apparently intended to provide. Miss Titheradge took the best chance her part offered in a few moments of entirely charming love-making- very pleasant thing to see. T.

THE CATCH.

Passing through a bit of desolate and shell-stricken bog I came across him. He had the air of just the typical Tommy, as he sat there on an empty biscuit-tin and on the sharpest part of it. Had one remonstrated with him on the matter he would have remarked, with the cynical indifference of his kind, "Well, it doesn't matter, Sir; they're only Army breeches."

Perched precariously on the edge of an evil-smelling and sinister shell-hole, he was engaged in fishing the foul depths below. A slender branch did duty as a rod, and the line consisted of a series of knotted strings, to which was attached a small stone, presumably as a float. Patiently he sat gazing into nothingness, his plumb-line hanging idly in mid-air.

I smiled and made to pass on, and then with startling suddenness the awful truth flashed upon me. A shell-shock case.

Poor fellow—one more fragment of the flotsam of war. Very likely posted as missing from his company. A fine figure of a man utterly gone to waste. Quite harmless, with the brain and simplicity of a babe and the sudden fears and terrors of an imaginative child; left lonely amid the awful desolation that had caused his collapse. Clearly a case for humouring.

I approached and, laying a hand on his shoulder, gazed kindly upon him. "Caught many?" I asked, a note of pity creeping unconsciously into my voice.

"Beg pardon, Sir," he said, with the same vacant gaze.

"Caught many?" I repeated.

"Yes, Sir," he replied; "you're the fifteenth."



Tommy (playing Rugby Football for the first time "I AIN'T BEEN TAUGHT 'OW TO DISARM 'UNS FOR NOTHINK."

More Sex-Problems.

"Poultry & Birds.

Table ducks, ten, and two drakes, about to lay, Rs. 18."—*Times of Ceylon.*

"Goats.

Choice hornless Toggenburg cross yearling billy, cheap, £2 2s.: milking."
Poultry World.

Quotation from a recent book of verse:—

"From where remote Arcturus swings,
And the pale and luminous misty rings
Of Satan move with a languid motion."
Glasgow Herald.

These must be the "vicious circles" we hear so much about.

Horace, *Odes*, I. xxxviii.

No strange Oriental kimono,
Dear Phyllis, I beg that you'll wear;
And if to the greenhouse you go, no
Chrysanthemum weave in your hair;
Far better an old Dolly Varden
For you, and plain homespun for me,
As you pour and I sip in the garden
Our five-o'clock tea.

"The daily bread ration in Holland will be reduced from ½ to 6⅔ oz."—*Scotch Paper.*

Lucky Dutch!

"Fishworkers.—Wanted, good smoker, year's engagement; highest wages; also few fishworkers, men and women; good spitters."
Scotsman.

It doesn't sound a very refined occupation.

"Found on Sunday, a dog of the Painter Species, colour brown and white spots."
Daily Malta Chronicle.

Obviously an impressionist.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The* GERMAN KAISER *and a Prussian Courtier*).

The Kaiser (*looking at himself in a long looking-glass*). There! I am not so grey after all. Indeed my moustache is not at all grey. Let me see if I can frown in the old terrific manner. Yes, that's fairly good. Perhaps it might be just a leetle fiercer. I must practise it half-an-hour every day. Hullo! Who's there?

[*A Prussian Courtier enters and prostrates himself.*

The Courtier. I beg your Majesty ten thousand pardons. I had no idea your Majesty was in this room, otherwise your Majesty may be sure I should not have dared to intrude.

The K. I forgive you for your intrusion, but must ask you to remember next time that any door which is closed is a door behind which I might possibly be found, and must not therefore be rashly opened or approached. Now go.

The C. I hasten to withdraw myself from your Majesty's glorious presence. [*Walks backwards to the door.*

The K. Stay, stay a moment.

The C. I am at your Majesty's commands.

The K. Have you been in the streets this morning?

The C. Yes, your Majesty, I spent an hour in walking about Berlin.

The K. Tell me, what do the people say? How do they take the latest news?

The C. They are elated with joy because of your Majesty's most recent victories.

The K. Did you hear them say anything?

The C. I did. I heard one officer say to another, "We shall get on with old HINDENBURG in charge."

The K. (*obviously annoyed*). Oh, they put it all down to HINDENBURG, do they? They forget that it is I who am the War Lord and who am in command of everything. Do you hear me, of *everything*? It is time that people knew that no victory can get itself won without my having organised it. Even when there are two victories in a day, one in Russia and one on the Western Front, though I cannot be present at more than one, I am responsible for both. People are far too much inclined to drag in the name of HINDENBURG and to forget that of their All-Highest Emperor and King. I must warn HINDENBURG, who is quite an honest fellow, but rather thick in the skull, not to let himself be deceived by flatterers.

The C. The warning, your Majesty, will not come a whit too soon. There are certain things that a man should not allow himself even to think. It was only the other day that I checked the Field-Marshal as he was saying—but for the Field-Marshal's sake I will not relate what he was saying.

The K. (*assuming his most terrific aspect*). Not relate! That you shall, and in full. Out with it!

The C. Pardon me, your Majesty. A private conversation.

The K. I do not care how private it may have been. What was it? Quick!

The C. The Field-Marshal, your Majesty, happened to say that if he was constantly interfered with, as he now was, he could guarantee defeat in a very short time.

The K. Did he say who interfered with him?

The C. No, your Majesty—that is, yes, your Majesty. There was no doubt left on anyone's mind that he meant to refer to your Majesty.

The K. Monstrous!

The C. That is exactly what I permitted myself to say, and I added that he seemed to forget that you were the Lord's Anointed, and that everybody was aware how splendidly and nobly you had performed your task in a war which had been thrust upon you by others.

The K. Did he make any reply?

The C. He did. He said that, as to beginning the War, it was plain from Prince LICHNOWSKY's memorandum that it was you and your Ministers who had begun the War, but that he (the Field-Marshal) did not blame you for that. On the contrary, he said, if he blamed you at all, it was for not beginning the War earlier.

The K. I am taking measures to discipline LICHNOWSKY, and with HINDENBURG also I shall have to take measures. How did he dare to say that it was I who began the War?

The C. That is what I said to him, your Majesty. I said that your humanity had forbidden you to make war until all other means of meeting the situation had failed.

The K. You did well, and I shall not forget your services.

The C. Oh, your Majesty, it was the least I could do. Having so kind a master it was natural that I should raise my voice to defend your Majesty's reputation.

The K. (*coldly*). You express yourself awkwardly. Remember that I am Kaiser, and that my reputation needs no defence.

THE WINDMILL.

A SONG OF VICTORY.

YES, it was all like a garden glowing
  When first we came to the hill-top there,
And we laughed to know that the Bosch was going,
  And laughed to know that the land was fair;
Acre by acre of green fields sleeping,
  Hamlets hid in the tufts of wood,
And out of the trees were church-towers peeping,
  And away on a hillock the Windmill stood.

Then, ah then, 'twas a land worth winning,
  And now there is nought but the naked clay,
But I can remember the Windmill spinning,
  And the four sails shone in the sun that day.

But the guns came after and tore the hedges
  And stripped the spinneys and churned the plain,
And a man walks now on the windy ledges
  And looks for a feather of green in vain;
Acre by acre the sad eye traces
  The rust-red bones of the earth laid bare,
And the sign-posts stand in the market-places
  To say that a village was builded there.

But better the French fields stark and dying
  Than ripe for a conqueror's fat content,
And I can remember the mill-sails flying,
  Yet I cheered with the rest when the Windmill went.

Away to the East the grass-land surges
  Acre by acre across the line,
And we must go on till the end like scourges,
  Though the wilderness stretch from sea to Rhine;
But I dream some days of a great reveille,
  When the buds shall burst in the Blasted Wood,
And the children chatter in Death-Trap Alley,
  And a windmill stand where the Windmill stood.

And we that remember the Windmill spinning,
  We may go under, but not in vain,
For our sons shall come in the new beginning
  And see that the Windmill spins again.

A. P. H.

From a British soldier's experiences:—

"We shot them down like rabbis, but on they came."—*The Globe.*

We disapprove the simile, as savouring of religious prejudice.



First Officer. "Ugh! water! I thought you were a Scotsman, Sandy."
Second Officer. "I'm just enough of a Scotsman not to leave anything else hanging out there with you fellows about."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Have you ever, when confronting some well-known scene, tried the simple experiment of bending sideways so as to observe it horizontally? The probable results will be two-fold—(1) the view will take on a new and astonishing brilliance of colouring; and (2) the spectators, if any, will regard you as the unhappy victim of dementia. It is the first of these effects of which I am always reminded by the more successful of Mr. Arnold Bennett's descriptive passages. Take, for example, his latest story, *The Pretty Lady* (Cassell). Here you will find a number of pictures of war-time London, relief-committees, air-raids, charity pageants and the like, all of them but too sadly familiar, presented with exactly this vivid effect of a fresh angle of vision. So much for the background, which contains as good reporting—the air-raid chapters especially—as anything in this kind that even Mr. Bennett has yet done. The story I venture to think less satisfactory. The two chief characters are finely presented—up to a point. *The Pretty Lady* herself (for the warning of households where the censorship still survives I may mention that the term is technical and generic) is an understandable personality; her relations, both to the middle-aged bachelor who is her follow-protagonist and to the other aspects of her withdrawn and specialised existence, are shown with obvious sincerity, also at times with a somewhat startling indecorum. Mr. Bennett, having selected a pretty lady as his central figure, was clearly not going to be hampered with reticence and evasions. This I should mind less but for the fact that the end of the book is itself so flagrant an evasion. Having developed the interest to a point at which at least two *scènes à faire* are, or should be, inevitable, Mr. Bennett, as though his concern in it had suddenly ceased, brings the whole business to an abrupt and most inconclusive finish. My irritation at this was perhaps a tribute to what seemed an artistic success wilfully spoilt.

"He had made his choice between Ireland and Salissa. It certainly seemed as if he had chosen wrongly." This is a remark by "George A. Birmingham" about a character in his latest story, *The Island Mystery* (Methuen). By a coincidence it also embodies very much the criticism that I have to make upon the author. Remembering so many Irish comedies of pure delight from his graceful pen, I was the more disappointed with what candour compels me to call an entirely undistinguished and conventional piece of cheap tushery. The imaginary kingdom, the impecunious monarch, the multi-millionaire Poppa from America, the lovely daughter—what, I felt inclined to exclaim, is the creator of *Spanish Gold* doing with these faded puppets? Above all, the mystery! Will you credit me when I tell you that this turned out to be nothing more than a cave full of petrol tanks for replenishing U-boats? Really something will have to be done about the abuse of petrol in war-fiction. Nowadays especially it is intolerable that our novelists (even those who should know better) continue apparently to regard it as the inexhaustible fountain of thrills. Perhaps the Petrol-Controller could issue an edict on the matter. But to return to the tale. Personally I owed my only smiles to the character of *King Karl* and some ingenious if mechanical fun in his attempts at English slang. But as for the rest, the purchase of the island and

what happened there—well, look at my list of the chief characters above and you will be quite able to forecast every step of the plot. And as this is precisely what no one has ever been able to say of a best quality "BIRMINGHAM" it confirms me in thinking the present story altogether unworthy of its distinguished parentage.

M. CHARLES RIVET, journalist of Paris, in an arresting study, entitled *The Last of the Romanofs* (CONSTABLE), sets forth many things that needed to be said and must by no means go unobserved either in his own country or here. The pathetic confidence of the free and peaceful French people in a colossal autocracy that never was a colossus and cared for nothing but to be autocratic is now a thing of the past, but it could never for one moment have existed where there was the smallest real understanding of a Court that was based on absolutism, served in corruption, inspired by infatuation and governed by hysteria. M. RIVET tells, with an hostility that one may, of course, decline to share, but with a reality of knowledge that one can hardly doubt, of that circle of intrigue and abomination, inspired by the unspeakable RASPUTIN, which gathered round a monarch whose very virtues became, in an autocrat, disasters, and whose absolutism was a tyranny hardly less intolerable for himself than for his subjects. From the larger liberty of exile in Siberia the last of the Romanofs must look back on Russia, ripe for a Napoleon, with feelings, one would think, of relief rather than of regret. For the Russians who, making incredible efforts in their struggle against the Hun, were compelled to reckon their own governors amongst their country's enemies, the author has only love and respect; and, though sharing one's own disgust for the miserable exaggerations, or worse, of the Leninist section, he is clear that the Revolution, whatever its intermediate stages, will prove in the end to have been the greatest blow that could have been struck at Kaiserism.

A book as intimate as M. DUHAMEL'S *Vie des Martyrs* inevitably loses in translation, but, that being said, I can congratulate Miss FLORENCE SIMMONDS upon her work, and advise anyone unacquainted with the original to read her rendering of it under the title, *The New Book of Martyrs* (HEINEMANN). M. DUHAMEL is a doctor in the French Army; he is also (though he would not thank me for calling attention to the fact) a brave man endowed with the finest sympathies. He loves and glories in the splendid men entrusted to his care; and if more than once I could not suppress a feeling that I was learning secrets in their struggles for life which I had no right to know, I hasten to add that M. DUHAMEL writes so lovingly and simply that these stories are redeemed from the slightest suspicion of bad taste. Read "Histoire de Carré et de Lerondeau" and "Le Sacrifice," and you will understand. M. DUHAMEL also offers one piece of counsel which deserves a wide advertisement. "It is easy," he writes, "to pity Auger, who needs no pity. It is difficult to pity Grégoire, and yet he is so pitiable. Do not forget; Auger is touched with grace; but Grégoire will be damned if you do not hold out your hand to him." *Auger* and *Grégoire* are types. How many visitors to hospitals hasten to the one "who gives you confidence, restores your peace of mind," rather than to the other, who seems "to be bearing the misery of an entire world."



Amateur Wizard (apologetically to a friend whom he has transformed into a rabbit while trying to charm away his bunions). "I'M EXTREMELY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT I'M AFRAID THERE'S A MISPRINT IN THE BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS; AND I FIND IT TAKES THREE *YEARS*, INSTEAD OF HOURS, TO WORK OFF A SPELL OF THIS KIND. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO IN THE MEANTIME? A NICE CLEAN HUTCH, FOR INSTANCE?"

The tendency of young lady novelists to find their *dramatis personæ* among literary men has often been noted. Miss G. B. STERN, the writer of *A Marrying Man* (NISBET), has shown this tendency before and now does so again; and if she persists, and becomes any more searching and caustic than she now is, the Authors' Society will have to take protective action. *Gareth Temple*, the central figure (I could not say hero) of the book, is not only a novelist but a publishers' reader, and a very dishonest one to boot; and his peculiarity is that, like the man in the Hindu fable, he can neither do with women nor without them. I should not recommend the history of his failures as exactly amusing reading, but it is done remorselessly, with power and skill, and the scene where he prevents his wife's elopement with the motor champion—for everyone in the book is a philanderer—is one of the truest and most understanding pieces of writing that I have found in a novel for a long while. There is no doubt as to Miss STERN'S ability, but it would be no harm for her to try her hand at the delineation of a few old-fashioned characters to whom the Seventh Commandment is not yet a mere scrap of paper, and a few young people whose sophistication has been (as is possible) a little arrested.

Blackmail has often provided a novelist with a plot. Mr. PAUL TRENT has carried the matter further and written a novel—*Stephen Vale* (WARD, LOCK)—in which everybody with cheery impartiality blackmails everybody else. It all begins with the sudden death of *Sir Antony Vale*, solicitor, in whose safe repose the cupboarded skeletons of a hundred distinguished clients. Idly toying with the contents of this safe, *Stephen Vale* and his friend, the *Rev. William Travers*, suddenly realise that here is an unparalleled opportunity of doing good by stealth. *Vale*, it is true, is only lukewarm, but the parson is a perfect glutton for it. Having successfully blackmailed a rascally financier into pulling down some slum tenements he proceeds to threaten with exposure a Cabinet Minister who is fathering a Bill to disestablish the Church. *Stephen* meanwhile is being hoist with his own petard, having carelessly allowed documents incriminating his prospective father-in-law, a bishop, to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous rival. Another visit to the safe provides the means of blackmailing the blackmailer; but *Stephen* hesitates at the critical moment and only succeeds in getting charged with his rival's murder. Of course everything ends right; the blackmailing symposium is concluded without any startling revelations, and the Bill to disestablish the Church apparently gets lost in the wash.

CHARIVARIA.

The German Government has taken steps to commandeer civilian clothing. The sheep's clothing affected by Herr von Kuehlmann and others will be exempt.

* * *

"Polygamy," says an article in a German review, "is essential to the future of the German race, but a decent form must be found for it." We note a new fastidiousness in the Teuton character.

* * *

A Women's Village Council in Sussex has suggested public baths as the first item of its programme. The second item will be godliness.

* * *

A German prisoner, escaped from Bramley Camp, Herts, is described as having ample means, ration cards and a British exemption card. He should have no difficulty in passing himself off as a Russian Jew.

* * *

The Paper-Controller is anxious that anyone who discovers instances of waste of paper should communicate with him by letter. A number of people have already written him on full-size note-paper, pointing out how paper waste could be avoided by reporting to him on the telephone.

* * *

Some samples of water taken last week in South Wales were found to contain forty-five per cent. of milk.

* * *

Miss Nina Boyle has written an article for a morning paper on "Why I want to be an M.P." We are reminded of the man whose son was anxious to enter Parliament. He sought the advice of a seasoned veteran and was recommended to consult a doctor, as a piece of bone might be pressing on the young man's brain.

* * *

The Mayor of Mecca has exchanged greetings with the Lord Mayor of London. The sense of the message, we understand, was, "There is no longer anything to separate the turtle soup from the coffee."

* * *

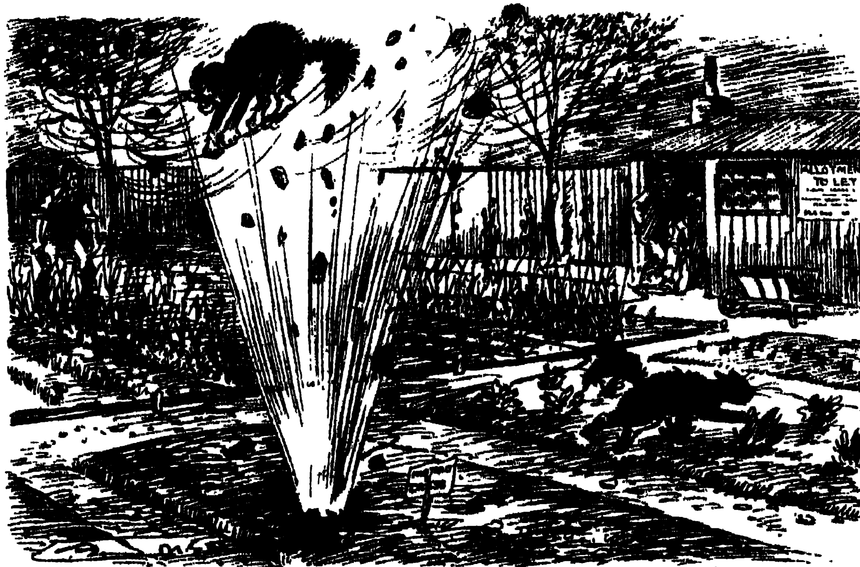
We gather from the many gunnery experts who discuss the German long-range guns bombarding Paris that the Allies could have had a similar gun if they had thought of it.

* * *

The Food-Controller is considering the question of allowing small holders to kill and eat their first cheese without surrendering any coupons.

* * *

It is now more true than ever that one half of our aliens doesn't know where the other half lives at night.



Mr. Dobbs profits by some expert advice from a friend in the Sappers recently home on leave and protects his allotment from enemy raids.

Soot, according to an eminent judge, belongs to the sweep as soon as it is in his bag. If he puts it elsewhere, *e.g.* on the drawing-room curtains or the housemaid's collar, it is to be presumed that he no longer intends to exercise his right of ownership.

* * *

According to a Madrid newspaper, Charlie Chaplin is a Spanish subject. The journal does not explain what caused him to desert his onion.

* * *

A hen at Barnes Green, near Horsham, is sitting on a nest of eggs and also laying an egg a day at the side. It is thought that the poor deluded creature is trying to qualify for an extra bacon card.

* * *

The police, it has been decided, are entitled to the extra ration for heavy walkers.

* * *

Portsmouth Council has passed a resolution urging the Government to get on with the War. The Government, it is understood, has agreed to look into the matter.

* * *

The engine at Waterloo which caused delay by jumping the points is strongly suspected of being British by some of the alien patrons of the line.

NOTICE.

PUNCH AND PAPER SHORTAGE.

Owing to the further drastic reduction in the supplies of paper, no return of unsold copies will be allowed after the present issue.

Readers who desire to continue to receive *Punch* regularly should at once place a definite order with their news-agents.

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

It is late in the day to commend the art of Mr. George Belcher to the readers of *Punch*, for his transcripts of London and rural life, done with sure but gentle strokes all his own, are one of their recurring pleasures. But they may be glad to be told that an exhibition of his recent work is now being held at the Leicester Galleries, where three walls of drawings may be seen and chuckled over. Many will be familiar; but the little touches of colour which the artist has imposed upon his black-and-white make even these new.

No estimate of Mr. Belcher's special and peculiar gifts would be adequate without mentioning his fidelity to his sense of dramatic propriety. From whatever source his jokes reach him, he makes them his own and makes them also credible by apportioning them to the right speakers. Not only are these people real, but they are the people who would say just such comic things, from just such odd angles. We may equally trust Mr. Belcher's eye for the saliences of a type, so that it may be said of one of his charwomen that she is all charwoman—or "Every Charwoman," as the writer of a morality play would have it. So with his butchers, his fishmongers, his barbers: each is representative, synthetic.

"A committee of experts is to sit on the Chinese liquid eggs."—*Lloyd's Weekly News.*

Considering the present shortage of man-power, one would think it would be more economical to use incubators.

MANHOOD IN ARMS.

"*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*"

Had Youth the knowledge, Age the power;
Could each the other's virtue borrow;
Could Wisdom pluck the passing hour
And Inexperience share the dower
Of Wisdom schooled in joy and sorrow!

Yet may the swift occasion rise
When rules of Time relax their rigour;
When Youth is suddenly made wise
To see with clear instructed eyes,
And Age recalls its early vigour.

Such is this hour of England's need
When close the peril draws upon her,
And Youth, fore-gleaning Wisdom's seed,
And Age, renewed in strength and speed,
Come to the instant call of Honour. O. S.

MY PAPERS.

I am now in a position to establish my identity, and when the War is over I am going back to Paris to be rude to a postal official. I have the greatest admiration for our Allies and a profound respect for the *Entente Cordiale*, but I have a grudge against that postal official, and I cherish the hope that he will live through the War, in order that I may cover him with confusion.

He had the manners of a Prussian, and when I presented my money-order to him in those memorable days at the end of July, 1914, he regarded both it and me with suspicion, and informed me that the advice had not arrived. Next morning I again presented myself and the money-order, and he condescended to find the advice note. Then he demanded my papers.

I explained to him that Englishmen do not carry papers, gave him my card and showed him letters; also I explained that I must return to England immediately. He shrugged his shoulders with profound disdain. If I had no papers I might be a murderer or a spy, and I must be identified by two persons of repute before he would pay anything. Filled with anxiety, for I needed the money, I returned to my apartment in the Quartier Latin and appealed to the *concierge* to come and identify me and to find me another person of repute.

The *concierge* was an obliging old fellow and he enlisted the services of a *garçon* from the Café Coq d'Or on my behalf, and, after consuming *apéritifs*, for which I paid, we presently entered the post-office in a miniature procession. The *concierge* identified me, produced his military service ticket, his marriage certificate and other papers in order to identify himself, and I prepared to collect my money. Alas! the *garçon* from the Coq d'Or proved a broken reed. His papers were not in order—it appeared he could not even prove that he had ever been born, so the official behind the grille became rude. He commanded us to leave the office, made scathing remarks about foreigners without papers, and hinted that I was probably an Allemand.

The *garçon* and the *concierge* fled, and I demanded to see the Postmaster, was denied, but insisted, and the official became more and more rude and sardonic. Finally I was admitted, under protest, to the bureau of the sub-postmaster. I produced my money-order and demanded cash. The official was called in and explained matters to his own satisfaction. I had no papers, I could not identify myself, and I had brought to identify me a man whose papers were not in order and who could not identify himself. For aught he knew I might be the German Emperor.

I dislike being compared with the German Emperor even in peace times, and said so loudly. I banged the table of the sub-postmaster, talked about the rights of Englishmen, about the Union Jack, about our Army and Navy and about the British Constitution, while the postal official shrugged his shoulders, looked more sardonic than ever, and murmured that England would not fight and that men without papers always had loud voices. The sub-postmaster remained comparatively calm, but decided eventually that I was probably an impostor who had robbed myself—yes, that must have been what he meant, for he suggested that I might have stolen the money-order from the person named in the advice—and dismissed me abruptly.

Raging, I went to the British Embassy and demanded papers; also I demanded the blood of the postal official. A beautifully-groomed young gentleman listened patiently and smiled a tired smile. Then he proceeded gently to explain that he could not give me papers and could not identify me, as he had not the honour of my acquaintance. He mentioned incidentally that only in the event of war would the Embassy have to issue papers to British subjects, and advised me to go and see a banker.

I begged him not to have a war on my account, assured him I should be quite satisfied if he sent me the head of the postal official, and went to see a banker. He, good man, gave me money in exchange for a cheque, and I hurried back to England without cashing my money-order. Then came war, and—well, things happened.

But, as I have said, I am going back to Paris as soon as the War ends—and I am going to cash that money-order. I dream of the day when I shall walk into that post-office, and the official, after examining the money-order with suspicion, will demand my papers. Then will come my great moment.

I shall produce my National Registration Card, my Birth Certificate, my Army Discharge Certificate, my Pension Paper, my wife's Marriage Lines, my Sugar Ticket, my Meat and Margarine Cards, my Dog Licence, my Special Constable's Warrant, my War Savings Certificates Book, and my Passport with photograph attached. I shall remind the official that he once suggested I was an Allemand, and I shall be exceedingly rude to him. Ah! a delightful prospect. And I shall feel that the War has not been in vain, since it has provided me with identification papers and the opportunity of squaring accounts with a Paris postal official.

BREATHLESS TALES.

(*Told round the Dugout Brazier.*)

There was once:—

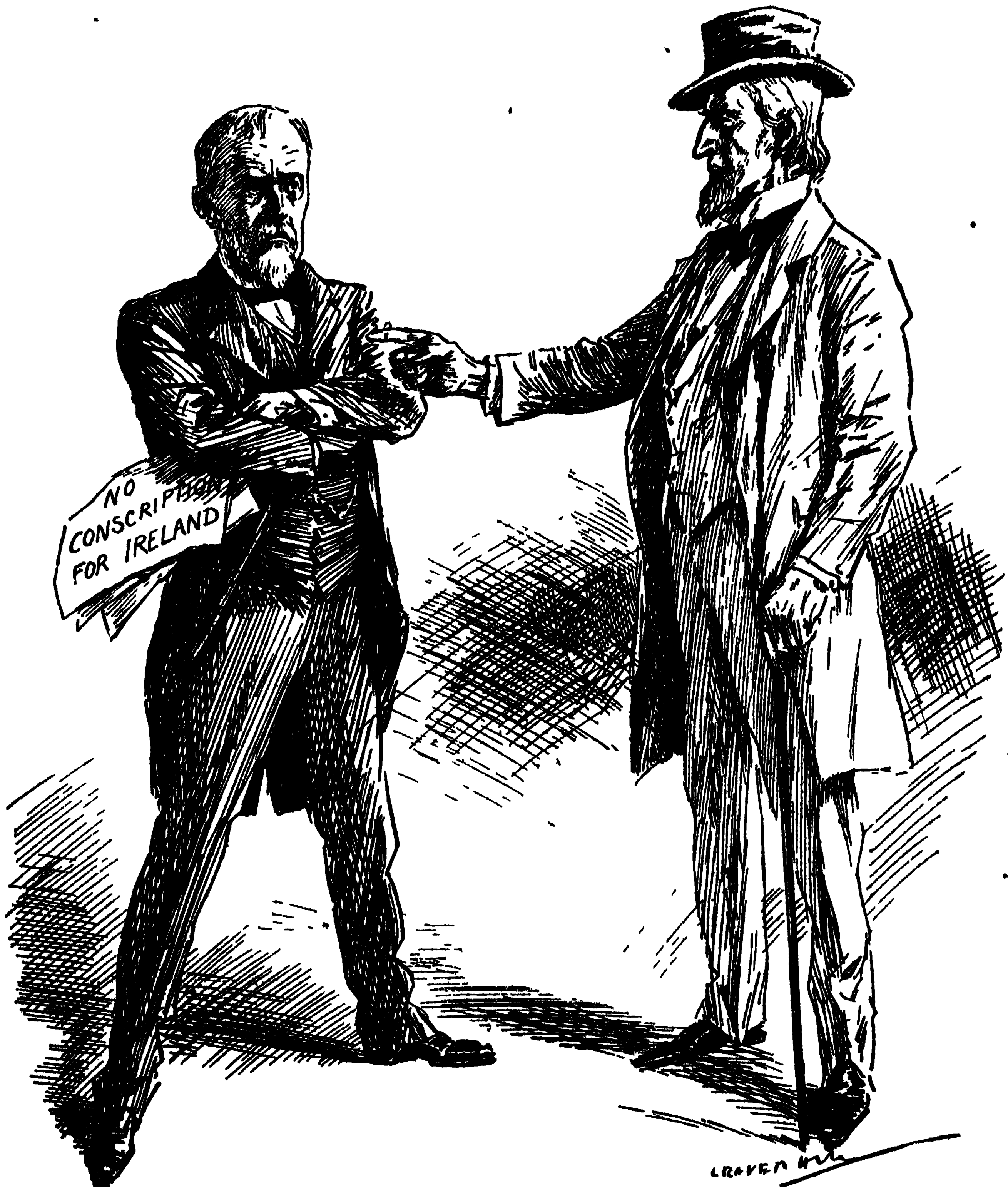
1. A private who knew the name of the next village.
2. An R.T.O. who put people in the right train.
3. A French civilian who did not know the destination of the battalion before they did themselves.
4. An A.S.C. merchant who never referred to the day the shell burst in his horse lines.
5. A gunner who went short of material from lack of acquisitiveness.
6. A subaltern who got married to a girl he knew.

There was—once.

From a list of minimum requirements for new housing schemes:—

"(1) The limitation of building densities to 12 houses per acre. . . .
(6) That one room on the ground floor should be at least 180 feet square."—*Daily Paper.*

As No. 6 would require a building not much smaller than the Albert Hall No. 1 would appear to be superfluous.



DISILLUSIONED.

Uncle Sam (*to Nationalist Leader*). "SEE HERE, IF YOU MEAN TO DISGRACE IRELAND IN THE EYES OF ALL DECENT NATIONS, YOU GET NO MORE SYMPATHY FROM ME."



Hostess. "I think the dear Vicar has the face of a martyr. Don't you?"
Visitor. "Indeed he has. And wouldn't he look just *sweet* burning at the stake?"

TREE-TOP CITY.

The Government's decision to allow only a small sum to be spent on any building operations during the War has made no difference to the activities of the black-coated fraternity whose new settlement is so close to me. House after house has been going up during the past fortnight, both with steadier progress than is customary and a greater amount of conversation among the workmen. In fact, during business hours they have never stopped talking at all, and I would give probably more for a dictionary of their tongue than would Mr. Asquith for a glossary by Mr. Thomas of the terms used in Labour slang. Were a fairy to offer me a wishing cap for the compassing of minor impossibilities, I am not sure that the power to understand the language of birds—and rooks in particular—would not be my first request.

For the first time in the memory of local man the rooks are building in the cherries, a series of five or six venerable and lofty trees, close to the house, amid whose million blossoms they take on an even darker tinge of blackness, night upon night; and I have found them and their mysterious ways more than ever one of the most engaging spectacles of the Spring. But, watch them howsoever closely, I could not discover which were the builders and which the architects. All seemed equally to be workers. All seemed equally to be talkers. When, the other day, a quarrel began and one of the birds was for a while driven away I thought I had placed him; but on his return with a twig I knew myself mistaken. The mystery therefore remains.

This morning, however, looking again, more narrowly, through some field-glasses and seeing how rapidly and efficiently the buildings were proceeding, I have come to the conclusion that there can be no architect at all.

THE DAPHNE BUSH.

All about the daphne bush the happy fairies went,
And spread abroad their silken hair to catch its magic scent;
They chanted little silver tunes, they danced the whole day long,
The rosy bush was ringed around with chains of coloured song.

They danced, they sang, they flung about their tiny fairy names,
Till swiftly over all the sky there ran the sunset flames;
Then high into the glowing air they leapt with joyful shout,
And with the ruddy shreds of mist they wrapped themselves about.

Into my quiet garden close they swiftly dropped again
(The music of their merriment tinkled like falling rain);
Laughing they swayed, while from their hair they shook the warm perfume,
Till all the place seemed filled with clouds of drifting daphne bloom.

R. F.

"Prophets not without Honour. . ."

"For gallantry and distinguished conduct in the field the D.C.M. has been conferred on Sergt. O. H. Moses, R.E., Monmouth; and Sergt. T. W. Elias, R.E., Monmouth."—*Hereford Times.*

FIL VOLANT.

Bill Harkom has always been touchy regarding his physique. He is of the flag-pole build; has length and position (for he is Mess Secretary), but absolutely no breadth. We never see him in his entirety save out-of-doors. In a nissen-hut or a pillbox he has to fold up like a carpenter's pocket measure—a most inconvenient man with whom to share one of those battle Messes which consist of a sheet of corrugated iron and two sandbags. We have to indent for extra R.E. material simply to provide him with cover. During the winter we used to remind him about his legs, and ask if he wouldn't have them folded up and brought in out of the sleet.

From time to time we anxiously inquire if he is still in touch with his extremities, in view of the length of his lines of communication. No ordinary bed will contain him. Poor fellow, those soft, luxurious, canopied and feathered couches which occupy the greater part of the interior space in even the humblest French cottage are no use to him. He once tried to fit himself into one of them and go to sleep folded up, but this brought on such awful cramp that he had to shriek for his man to jerk his joints straight again.

The Major himself is often tempted to exercise upon him a pretty gift of badinage. I have heard him on a damp morning request his long-drawn subaltern to stand up and report if visibility was any better above the ground mist.

From his extreme youth up he has been persecuted about his length and his laziness. But doubtless the one is the result of the other. As his schoolmasters explained to him, the seat of his mental processes is so remote from his outlying members that he could never hope to impart to them anything like punctual activity.

He has been seen trying to run—an extraordinary spectacle. Despite a wide and reckless *abandon* in the movement of his individual and apparently independent limbs, the man, Bill Harkom, as a whole makes little progress.

Not long ago we went out to rest, and Harkom's man sent his master's underclothing to a little local laundry. The day when the clean things were returned, with the usual account, Harkom came to me with his distant face scarlet, like an angry planet. "Look at this," he shouted. "Nicknames from a French washerwoman. I'll sign a separate peace."

I glanced at the document thrust under my nose. It showed that Lieutenant Harkom owed the sum of six francs for the washing of well, for washing. And at the foot of the paper were the words, "*Fil volant.*" No wonder he was annoyed. It described him exactly. But lest he should lose his zeal for the *Entente* I begged him to let me see the new-washed raiment. There, on every item, I pointed out to him a little piece of cotton secured by a knot, the end flying free—a "*fil volant.*" It cost me some pains to persuade him that this was simply the identification mark attached by the careful *blanchisseuse*, and not a personality.

But we have adopted it as such in the Mess, and to-day there is only one name to which Bill Harkom answers.



HOW TO GET ON IN THE ARMY.

Newly gazetted Sub. (to second in command of Battalion). "I SAY, MAJOR, OLD BEAN, WILL YOU JUST PUSH THAT BELL IN AS YOU DRIFT PAST?"

"Only on the terms of free choice can we have Irish compulsion."—*Daily News.*

Our contemporary states the Irish case as one to the manner born.

Heading to an article on the supply of tonnage:—

"STEAL SHIPS."

Evening Paper.

But it was not in response to this suggestion that the Government commandeered the Dutch merchant-vessels.

"Mules in France used near the front undergo an operation which prevents them from braying and so disclosing their presence to the enemy."—*Daily Paper.*

Might not the operation be performed with profit upon asses in England—say at Westminster for a start?

THE WARRIOR'S PEACE.

I met James in the club. He was in the cosiest arm-chair, smoking a choice cigar. He beamed amiably upon me.

"Hello," I said, "what are you doing here? Scarcely seen you since before the War."

"Making preparations before joining up," grinned James. "Isn't this new Man-power Bill ripping? Just look at me. My two younger brothers got commissions at the start. They came to me and said, 'You're over age and rheumaticky. We're going. It's up to you to look after things for us. Now just let there be no nonsense about you're saying that you're under forty and joining up.'

"Well, it seemed to be my duty to stay behind, so I promised. Heavens, what a war it has been for me! Of course I had to become a special. That was nothing much, only three nights out of bed, *plus* raid nights. Then there was George's business. He'd left it in the hands of an old cashier and some lady-clerks. They ran it splendidly, but they were all so conscientious that they wanted me down every morning to supervise it. Nor had they any scruples about bringing up what they called important problems to my house at night. That infernal office ate up my life.

"Then, again, my sisters-in-law are enormously patriotic. They're up to their eyes in hospital work. Who has had to take my nieces about? I, their do-nothing stay-at-home bachelor uncle. The plays I have sat through! the revues I have yawned through!

"And I promised to keep an eye on the education of William's boys. They interpret this as an obligation to do their home-work for them. When they get bad reports William doesn't blow them up; he blows me up. I've had to re-learn algebra, and I know more Latin now than when you and I were in the Shell together.

"And there's that allotment. Thank Heaven I shall never have to look at the disgusting spectacle of a sprouting potato again. No, I see before me a delicious peace; eight hours' regular sleep every night; no business; no theatres; no algebra; no sisters-in-law; no worry.

"I've resigned from the police. I've given that allotment to a neighbour and he takes me for a benefactor. I've signed my last cheque at the business; I've told my relations that I want a week to arrange my affairs. I'm just going to sit in the club and smoke for a week. My first leave since the show started. I've often wanted a good long chat with some of you fellows about the War."

"You'll get it," I said, "and it ought to provide you with another good reason for seeking the delicious peace of the Army."

James puffed away at his cigar ecstatically.

"I say, old man," he said in a sudden panic, "you don't think that these fussy Tribunals would take any notice of appeals by a man's relations in case the man himself was willing to go?"

I reassured him.

THE CAPTAIN'S TRAGEDY.

Captain Striker, R.F.A.,
  Late the boldest of the bold
And the gayest of the gay,
  Now is prematurely old.

Why has Captain Striker changed
  From the blade he used to be?
What disaster disarranged
  His serene philosophy?

Where the limpid Zonnebeke
  Dallies with the Flanders slime,
There he broods with pallid cheek
  Over some strange grief or crime.

Yet his comrades all declare
  (And the Captain says it's so)
That his past would well compare
  With the lately-fallen snow.

What is then the awful thing
  Keeps his heart within his boots,
Parches up his humour's spring,
  Hourly gnaws his spirits' roots?

To some town behind the line
  He had gone, it would appear,
Harmlessly to lunch or dine,
  Or to rouse the Field Cashier.

As he strode, preoccupied
  (Fresh from Flanders greys and drabs),
Fate decreed he should collide
  With a being bright with tabs.

Startled by its stately air,
  Shine of button, badge and boot,
Striker gave it yards to spare
  And his very best salute.

Even as he did it, lo
  Horror seized him in its grip,
For it was an R.T.O.
  Fitted with a single pip.

"Soldiers and Tailors in Uniform half-price to 2s. 4d. and 1s. 3d. seats."—*Scotsman.*

And what about the Sailors and Tinkers? Is nothing to be done for them?

"Another inspired report appears in 'Jiji,' that the [Japanese] Government regards the situation as making for a special Diet."
Daily Chronicle.

Our Government came to that conclusion long ago.

THE STANDARD SUIT.

Some Suggestions.

It is reported that the Government's standard suits for men's wear will soon be available. In the hope that it may not be too late for cutters and tailors to embody them in the finished article the following suggestions are offered:—

Cut.—All standard suits should be cut under the customer's present measurements, and those that are supplied ready-made should be cut under the normal stock sizes. In any case some device should be provided for taking in a reef.

The waist-line should be well defined in order to absolve stout customers from any suspicion of food-hogging; but, on the other hand, it should not be too accentuated in the case of men under the age of fifty-one.

The trouser legs should have a permanent turn-up to act as a crumb-collector in restaurants.

In view of the laundry difficulty the waistcoat opening should be cut high.

Pockets.—The standard suit should have no fewer than nineteen pockets. In addition to the present ten pockets used for general utility, special pockets should be provided for meat cards, bacon cards, sugar rations, national registration cards, travel permits, call-up notices, gas and electric light meter diaries, electric torches, the new skeleton *Bradshaw* and other *vade mecums.*

Accessories.—A duplicate attachable lapel for flag-days.

A match-striker, coated with tri-nitro-toluol, should be attached to the firmest fitting part of the standard suit for use in dealing with the present breed of matches.

A steel-hook with telescopic action should be fitted in one of the sleeves, thus leaving both arms of the wearer free in public conveyances.

In view of the paper-bag shortage householders would welcome the insertion under the jacket of a washable hold-all.

Finally it is desirable to provide an inclusive sandbag attachment, camouflaged with protective stripes and spots, for evening wear.

Attention to these little refinements would help vastly to popularise the standard suits.

The Patent-Medicine Habit.

Extract from a testimonial:—

"After being free from Rheumatic Fever over 30 years . . . I commenced taking your pills."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Wanted, small well-made Luggage Cat."
Surrey Advertiser.

One accustomed, we presume, to carry her own kit.









THE POLITICIAN WHO ADDRESSED THE TROOPS.



OUR MAIDENHEAD BOMB-DODGERS.

Indignant Alien. "Here's a nice trick to blay! Ten guineas a week for two rooms in this miserable hole haf I all through this last moon paid—a beautiful moon, mark you, and not von air-raid on London—the dirty Huns!"

THE GREEN ESTAMINET.

The old men sit by the chimney-piece and drink the good red wine
And tell great tales of the *Soixante-Dix* to the men from the English line,
And Madame sits in her old arm-chair and sighs to herself all day—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

For Madame wishes the War was won and speaks of a strange disease,
And Pierre is somewhere about Verdun, and Albert on the seas;
Le Patron, 'e is *soldat* too, but long time *prisonnier*—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

She creeps downstairs when the black dawn scowls and helps at a neighbour's plough,
She rakes the midden and feeds the fowls and milks the lonely cow,
She mends the holes in the Padre's clothes and keeps his billet gay—
And she also serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

The smoke grows thick and the wine flows free and the great round songs begin,
And Madeleine sings in her heart, maybe, and welcomes the whole world in;
But I know that life is a hard, hard thing and I know that her lips look gray,
Though she smiles as she serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

But many a tired young English lad has learned his lesson there,
To smile and sing when the world looks bad, "*for, Monsieur, c'est la guerre,*"
Has drunk her honour and made his vow to fight in the same good way
That Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

A big shell came on a windy night, and half of the old house went,
But half of the old house stands upright, and Mademoiselle's content;
The shells still fall in the Square sometimes, but Madeleine means to stay,
So Madeleine serves the soldiers still in the Green Estaminet.

A. P. H.

"Kaiser Inspects His Giant Gun.

'It Bursts Two Days Afterwards.'"

Daily Chronicle.

With pride, of course.



THE COMING ARMY.

Father. "HERE'S TO THE FIGHTER OF LUCKY EIGHTEEN!"
Son. "AND HERE'S TO THE SOLDIER OF FIFTY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FORWARD THE BHOYS OF THE OULD BRIGADE!
Don Quixote O'Brien and Sancho Panza Devlin on the war-path.

Tuesday, April 9th.—Parliament resumed business after the Easter Recess. Some people apparently think it should have been summoned earlier, in view of the situation on the Western Front. After to-day's proceedings others may possibly regret that it was necessary to summon it at all. The House of Commons began by giving a Second Reading to a Drainage Bill and ended by finding itself in an Irish bog.

The Prime Minister's account of the recent offensive on the Somme was given, perhaps deliberately, in very gloomy tones, and listened to in almost stony silence. The success of the German attack was attributed, first, to the enemy possessing the initiative, and, secondly, to the weather. Even the Wizard from Wales cannot control the weather; but Members found it a little difficult to understand why, if even at the beginning of March the Allies were equal in numbers to the enemy on the West, and if, thanks to the foresight of the Versailles Council, they knew in advance the strength and direction of the impending blow, they ever allowed the initiative to pass to the Germans. Surely they cannot have forgotten that homely adage—

"Twice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
But three times he who gets his blow in *fust*."

Whatever we may think of Mr. Lloyd George's qualifications as a military strategist his eminence as a Parliamentary tactician has never been disputed. I assume, therefore, that his method of handling Irish conscription was more astute than it appeared at first sight. The powder of compulsory service is to be followed by, and not wrapped up in, the jam of Home Rule. Sir Edward Carson described this proposal as "camouflage," though that much-tried substantive seemed singularly inappropriate; and his Nationalist fellow-countrymen, with a unanimity which would have pleased Mr. Ginnell (now languishing in gaol again), refused to look at the jam and declined to smell the powder. The War might be a just war, and Ireland's freedom be at stake as much as Belgium's, but never would they allow the young men of Ireland to fight at the orders of any but an Irish Parliament. Mr. William O'Brien described the Bill as "a declaration of war upon Ireland," and Mr. Devlin, not to be outdone, said his beloved country would never allow such a *stamina* to be inflicted upon her brow.

Nevertheless leave to bring in the Bill was accorded on a division by 299 to 80.

At Question-time the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed Mr. Rowlands that the early-closing order for theatres and music-halls would not affect the House of Commons. Contrary to the popular impression it is not regarded as a place of entertainment within the meaning of the regulation.

Commander Bellairs has shaved off his moustache. Now that the Admiralty, thanks to his pertinacity, has decided to promote officers by merit instead of seniority, he desires to be ready for any emergency.

Wednesday, April 10th.—Mr. Byrne furnished a good illustration of the charming inconsistency of his delightful country. At Question-time he was urging upon the War Office the necessity of according to its Irish employés exactly the same privileges and pay as were given to their British *confrères*. A few minutes later, when Sir George Cave was commending the Bill, which *inter alia* extends to Irishmen the privilege of joining in the fight for freedom, Mr. Byrne protested so loudly and frequently that the Speaker had to warn him that he was destroying his chances of catching his eye.

I suppose the Home Secretary was entrusted with the conduct of the Bill because of his experience in handling Conscientious Objectors. He declined to take the Nationalist threats over-seriously. No doubt conscription in Ireland would encounter organised resistance, but the resistance would be



Jock (studying hospital autograph-book). "IT'S A VERRA FINE NOTION, THIS BOOK—A BODY SIGNIN' THEIR NAME AND MAKIN' A SUITABLE REMARK AFORE THEY LEAVE THE HORSPITAL. LISTEN TO THIS: 'OH, WUMMAN, IN OOR HOORS O' EASE, UNCERTAIN COMPANY AN' HARRD TO PLEASE.' VERRA TRUE. AFORE THE WARR I WIS KEEPING COMPANY WI' A LASSIE," ETC., ETC.

overcome; and if ten or even five divisions of Ireland's fighting men could be secured the Bill was worth while.

Sir DONALD MACLEAN entered a protest against the proposal to take men up to fifty. These elderly persons would flood the hospitals and swell the pension lists, but provide hardly any serviceable recruits. His argument might be epitomized as "the higher you go the fewer."

Some chilly criticisms from Mr. ASQUITH included one gleam of humour. He questioned the policy of embracing Ireland in the Bill unless you could get "general consent." Half-a-dozen speeches from the Nationalist benches of varying merit but unvarying hostility supplied the answer. Mr. DILLON, however, carried the House with him when he declared that if conscription was right now it ought to have been applied to Ireland long ago. Unionists were particularly vociferous in their cheers.

Shaken a little by the EX-PREMIER'S hypothetical doubts the House was restored to its balance by a vigorous speech from Mr. BONAR LAW, who said quite plainly that if Ireland was not to be called upon to help in this time of stress there would be an end of Home Rule, and that if the House would not sanction Irish conscription it would have to get another Government.

The Nationalists challenged no fewer than four divisions, but, though they received the doubtful help of the Pacifists and the Young Scots' party, and though Mr. ASQUITH and most of his colleagues declined to vote at all, they were beaten by three to one majorities every time.

Thursday, April 11th.—Mr. FIELD is another Member who declines to let his hostility to the British Government interfere with his endeavours to get something out of it. His complaint that, owing to the action of the Department of Agriculture, there was a shortage of Irish bulls (the four-legged variety) met with discreet but sympathetic treatment from the CHIEF SECRETARY, who, after a glance at the Ladies' Gallery, promised to include the answer on this evidently delicate question in the Official Report.

There had been some anxiety among the Pacifists and Young Scots as to the answer that would be given to Mr. JOHN HOPE'S request for an assurance "that all Members of this House of military age and medically fit will be called upon to serve in the same manner as the public"; and they were not a little comforted when Mr. BECK said that it had already been officially laid down that attendance in Parliament might be considered "work of national importance."

The discussion on the Military Service Bill revealed a good many doubts in all quarters of the House as to the wisdom of raising the age to fifty. But the Government stuck to their point, though Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES declared that for the present not more than seven per cent. of the men affected would be removed from civil life.

On the adjournment Mr. BONAR LAW explained the position of General FOCH. He is not a Generalissimo, but is merely exercising the powers of a General-in-Chief. This appeared to satisfy everybody but Mr. HOGGE, who does not appreciate, I am afraid, these nice distinctions.

Patres Conscripti.

From the PRIME MINISTER'S speech on the Military Service Bill:—

"We have decided that it is unjust that you should ask old and married men with families of 35 or 40 and perhaps 50, in England, Scotland, and Wales, to go and fight, while young men in Ireland are under no obligation to take up arms."—*Eastern Evening News.*

If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is correct about the number of their children, those British fathers certainly seem to have done their bit already.

"It is expected by the clothing trade that standard suits will follow closely on the heel of standard boots."—*Evening Standard.*

Fastidious wearers who do not wish to look like Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN can avoid this by turning up their trousers.

AT THE PLAY.

"Belinda."

It was nineteen years since *John* and *Belinda Tremayne* had separated on the ground of incompatibility of tastes in the matter of hair. She had taken a dislike to his beard; he to her coiffure. Having heard nothing of him in the interval she had got into the habit of regarding herself as a widow. Frisky with all those years out at grass, it was an embarrassing moment for her when her daughter, *Delia*, suddenly arrived home from her school in Paris. For *Belinda* was loved by a statistician (*Baxter*) and a stage-poet (*Devenish*), who were unaware of the daughter's existence, and the statistician, being accustomed to the study of figures, would be almost certain to regard the daughter as evidence of the mother's maturity. So she arranged that *Delia* should become her niece (tempy), under the name of Robinson, the first that occurred to her quick mind.

Urged by her two suitors in her presence and in that of one another (like the witnesses to a last will and testament) to decide between their respective claims to her hand, she puts them off by setting them a quest. Her niece, she tells them, has mislaid her father, and she (*Belinda*) will undertake to marry the man who first retrieves him. He may be recognised by a mole on his forearm. The quest is admirably chosen, since by its very attainment the successful knight must sacrifice all hope of reward.

Scarce have they mounted their chargers to set forth on the trail of the family Robinson when a stranger appears in *Belinda's* garden. He is, of course, her missing husband; but recognition is on his side only, and when asked for his name he says "Robinson," the first that occurs to his quick mind.

The Second Act shows us the knighthood on the quest, waylaying all who bear the rather popular name of Robinson, and demanding, with many unfortunate results, to see their forearms. Our *soi-disant* Robinson reappears, and the conversation chances to turn upon lions. He confesses to having once strangled the king of beasts, and, baring his arm to show the marks of the brute's annoyance, he reveals a mole.

It is the stage-poet who has attained; but, having meanwhile transferred his affections to *Delia*, he puts his rival in the way of forestalling him.

In the Third Act the statistician is in turn displaced by the old husband, and *Belinda* is re-united to her *Enoch Arden*, whom she mixes up with *Eugene Aram*, being uncertain about everything except the initials "E. A." A rather attractive little plot.

At its best the play was very good, but there was a moment in the First Act when it hung fire, and was only saved by a clever recovery just as we were looking for the curtain to come down. The fun of the Third Act, too, was rather attenuated, and will no doubt be pulled together.

The charming thing about Mr. Milne's dialogue is that its humour follows naturally upon what goes before, and never suggests lucubration. "I thought you were coming *next* Thursday, not *this* Thursday," says *Belinda* to her daughter; "so confusing having them both called Thursday."



THE ATTAINMENT OF THE "ROBINSON" QUEST.

Order at the Finish: (1) Devenish; (2) Baxter.

John Tremayne (alias "Robinson") . . . . Mr. Ben Webster.
Harold Baxter . . . . Mr. Dion Boucicault.
Claude Devenish . . . . Mr. Neilson Terry.

The author was a critic and parodist of plays before he ever made any himself; and one can trace in him a tendency, as a playwright, to burlesque the methods of his new medium. How far does this tendency go? and at what point does it merge into that other tendency of all parodists to become conventional when they themselves attempt to exploit the art which they are in the habit of burlesquing?

I am thinking in particular of his poet, looking and gesticulating and talking as no poet ever did on land or sea outside the limits of stage-convention (except perhaps Mr. W. B. Yeats). He may say that he is ridiculing convention; but is not his ridicule itself conventional? Anyhow, I found his poet, in the person of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, rather irritating.

I hope that Mr. Milne will always write for Miss Irene Vanbrugh, for nobody could be in closer sympathy with the lightness of his touch; his pleasant habit of understatement is admirably reflected in her quiet undertones—indeed, in my seat adjacent to the Pit, I missed a good deal of the entertainment. I hope, too, that he will often have his humour interpreted by Mr. Dion Boucicault, who did so well by him in *Wurzel-Flummery*, and again does good service in the less distinguished part of the statistician, *Baxter*.

As the daughter, Miss Isobel Elsom was excellent in the scenes with her Mummy, but was unfortunate in having to be paired off with the poet. In the part of *John Tremayne* Mr. Ben Webster offered a sufficiently solid contrast to the prevailing levity. It was not quite clear, unless there had been a change of coiffure on her part, why *Tremayne* should want to return to his discarded mate; but I dare say that, when you have had nothing but the society of lions for nineteen years, even an old wife has her attractions.

Belinda was preceded by *Monica's Blue Boy*, a nice little wordless idyll by Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir Frederic Cowen. It had nothing to do with Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, but was concerned with a war-time Cinderella and a wounded soldier for her Prince. It "featured" Miss Mary Glynne, Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. Martin Lewis. I say "featured" because Sir Arthur had, most unhappily, to call in the aid of a cinema trick to explain to us that the obscure Private was actually *Sir Lancelot Lovejoy, Bart.*, the sort of information that is always difficult to convey without words. O. S.

"Too Much Money."

Mr. Zangwill's farce might have been called *Three Women*: to wit, *Annabel Broadley*, sleepily sleek, exotic, unaccountably cold, compleat poseuse and Parsifaliste, extravagant patroness of Futurist painters, decorators and dressmakers, in thrall to nerves and her lapdog, *Isolde*; *Annabel* in squalid Poplar lodgings (her millionaire husband has feigned bankruptcy of a tho-



Gentleman Farmer. "I'VE GOT RATHER A LOT OF MEAT AT HOME. I THOUGHT I'D BETTER REPORT IT—A WHOLE SHEEP, IN FACT. YOU SEE, I KILL MY OWN SHEEP."

Clerk to Local Food Control. "BUT THAT WON'T DO. I SHALL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS. YOU MUSTN'T KILL A WHOLE SHEEP ALL AT ONCE."

rough type not known to real life in order to wean *Annabel* from her fads), sprightly, amorous cook and washerwoman, miser and gloriously incompetent housewife; and *Annabel*, back in Mayfair, a "first-flight financier," bulling and bearing with the best, promoting irrigation schemes in Mesopotamia, unloading her villainous Cubist diagrams on to ingenuous American millionaires at a perfectly scandalous rate of profit, fully reconciled to her wealth and her rather fatuous lord. None of these three is by any conceivable stretch of imagination in the least related to the other two; but one can take no serious exception to that in an exercise in the farcical-bizarre. Why then a certain stiff-jointedness in the affair?

I suspect Mr. ZANGWILL's trouble to be that he is fundamentally much too serious a person for a farce-maker. He has, of course, a pretty wit; can at a push put over a good joke of the broader sort; does not disdain the help of the nether portion of a pyjama suit to raise the easy laugh; can contrive quite adroit knockabout business and so entirely satisfactory a curtain as *Annabel's* despairing cry of "Isolde! Isolde!" for his First Act. But here and there an idea will come sticking out and tripping up the show, and the pace of farce ought to be so furious as to leave no time for fatal reflective pauses—or for thoughts to slip away to France, by example.

Or was Miss MCCARTHY (*Annabel*) a little laboured, over-conscientious and self-conscious for this essentially irresponsible art? Or *Broadley* (Mr. MARSH ALLEN) too seriously and mornfully in love? Or was it that the decoration of the Mayfair drawing-room by the Omega workshop might have been (and should have been) worse? (And, oh! Mr. ROGER FRY, anyway, what a flippant betrayal of a cause reputedly sacred to you!) I don't know. I will merely offer thanks for some moments snatched from the obsession of War, and in particular for the Dundee fishmonger Baronet (excellently played and accented by Mr. MORAND), which was in the best vein of authentic farce. Miss MARY BROUGH had opportunity for her nice broad method in the part of a blowsy flame-tinted landlady; and Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE made you realise that he might easily have painted the picture variously entitled *A Pauper's Funeral, The Bank of England* and *Chrysanthemums at Cromer*. I regret to say that little *Isolde*, the juvenile lead, missed her cue badly and yapped what she had to yap several minutes too late. T.



MODE FINANCIÈRE.

ANNABEL BROADLEY (MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY) TAKES TO BUSINESS.

Scant Cheer.

"Would you grant me space to ask the York Food Control Committee how they expect a man to work on 1oz. of cheese and 10ozs. of meat per week?"

Letter in Yorkshire Paper.

"Toys for sale; owner going into Army."

Edinburgh Evening News.

Can this be our old friend (and joke) the Infantry?

NEW MEN AND OLD STUDIES.

[A volume has recently appeared under the title of *The Value of the Classics*, in which "three hundred competent observers, representing the leading interests of modern life" in America and including three living Presidents of the United States, WILSON, TAFT and ROOSEVELT, testify their conviction that classical studies are of essential value in the best type of liberal education.]

O YE Humanists half-hearted, now reluctantly resigned
To concede the claim of science to control the youthful mind,
Once again cry *Sursum corda*—reinforcement comes at last
From an unexpected quarter in a wondrous counterblast.

If there is a modern country which effete tradition hates,
Surely 'tis the Great Republic known as the United States,
Home of hustlers and of boosters, home of energy and "vim,"
Filled with innovating notions bubbling over at the brim.

Nowhere else can we discover, though we closely scan the map,
Such a readiness in scrapping anything there is to scrap;
Yet the pick of her progressives boldly swarm into the lists
As the most unflinching champions of the harried Humanists.

WILSON, TAFT and TEDDY ROOSEVELT figure in the foremost flight,
Followed by three hundred chosen men of leading and of light—
Men of great and proved achievement in diversified careers,
Statesmen, lawyers, doctors, bankers, railwaymen and engineers.

Dons of course may be discounted, also College Presidents,
But the most impressive statements come from scientific gents,
Who admit that education on a humanistic base
Gives their students vast advantage in the specializing race.

Botany relies on Latin ever since LINNÆUS' days;
Biologic nomenclature draws on Greek in countless ways;
While in medicine it is obvious you can never take your oath
What an ailment means exactly if you haven't studied both.

Heads of business corporations, magnates in the world of trade,
'Neath the banner of the Classics formidably stand arrayed,
Holding with a firm conviction that their faithful study brings
Knowledge of the art of handling men and regulating things.

Courage, ye depressed upholders of the old curriculum,
Quit your mood apologetic, bang the loud scholastic drum,
For the verdict of the Yankees queers the scientific pitch
When the Humanists were struggling in their last defensive ditch.

Honour, then, the brave Three Hundred who, like those renowned of yore,
Strive to guard from rude barbarians Hellas and her precious lore;
And let all of us determine firmly never to forget
Βλώσκω, ἔμολον, μέμβλωκα, *piget, pudet, poenitet.*

"There is a very interesting symposium of American manufacturers on the prohibition question going on in the Baltimore 'Manufacturers' Record.' They nearly all vote 'dry,' most of them with great energy."—*Daily News.*

The first set of "symposiasts" of whom such a self-denying ordinance has been recorded.

MARMADUKE AND MILLICENT.

I OUGHT first perhaps to explain that the arrival of Millicent took us all by surprise. We supposed that we were to welcome Marmaduke and Maximilian, but it appeared that at the last moment Maximilian developed so strong a dislike to shifting his headquarters that Millicent was substituted for him. It was obviously much better—at least according to Peggy—that we should enlarge our family circle by the addition of a boy and a girl, thus securing a proper balance between the sexes. Only the gardener seemed to be seriously affected by the change that had taken place. He was for sending Millicent back at once. Millicent, however, had so far ingratiated herself with the family at sight that by unanimous vote she was retained on the strength of the establishment. We all felt that it was impossible to allow a lady with so much native charm to go out of the family. Maximilian might be all that the gardener's fancy painted him, but Millicent was on the spot, and there, more or less, she remained.

We welcomed them in full force on their arrival. They had been conveyed to the pleasaunce in which they were to disport themselves in a handcart and a suit of dittos made of strong light-brown sacking. That is to say, each of them had a suit of that kind, in which their limbs, the delicate limbs of Marmaduke and Millicent, were so rigorously constricted and concealed that the newcomers made no sound either of protest or of greeting. They were soon debarrassed of their garb, and one after another slid and scrambled lightly to the ground amidst the hearty cheers of the spectators. As soon as they felt the earth under their feet they leapt away and continued their course until they had put as much space as was possible between themselves and us. It was very noticeable how, even under these distressing circumstances, Millicent maintained the gentleness and Marmaduke the impetuous roughness of their respective sexes. Both seemed to declare that friendly relations between us were impossible until the indignity of their conveyance and clothing had been duly apologised for. They might be black, but that colour was honourable to them as marking their proud descent from a line of funereal ancestors. Until explanations had been given they were bound to maintain social distinctions and to remain as far as possible from the rudeness of our scrutiny.

At this point John, who had been engaged in a flanking movement under cover of some bushes, shouted out to us that Marmaduke had a ring in his nose and Millicent had no kink in her tail. The ring was joyfully welcomed, as giving us a firm status in the ranks of those who keep the aristocrats of the grunting world for profit or for sustenance. The absence of a kink from Millicent's tail was observed with regret, but it was felt that we must not expect everything, and it was probable that the lady had qualities of heart which would amply atone for this minor deficiency. Possibly too a kink might develop later on, when she had become more accustomed to her surroundings. To be tied up as she had been in a tight and blinding sack was enough to make any tail limp and kinkless.

Thus we have become members of the pig-keeping fraternity, and two middle-sized grunters are ranging at large through an enclosed park destined for their kind. In view of what is bound to happen later it would be as well not to become too fondly attached to Marmaduke and Millicent. But at present our guests are new to us, and it has become the fashion to organise parties for visiting them in their retreat. Some day there will be bacon for breakfast or ham for luncheon, and Marmaduke and Millicent will have done their bit, not, I fear, without a protest. Meanwhile, lacking prescience, they are perfectly contented with their lot.



Canny Customer (*buying leg of rabbit*). "Don't forget to take out the shot before weighing it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Swinburne books continue, the latest of them being *The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne* (Murray). In reference to this you may recall a recent correspondence in *The Observer* between Mr. Edmund Gosse—whom one might call the classic biographer of the poet—and Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett, who is responsible, with the late Mr. Thomas Hake, for the present volume. Of the merits of this controversy it is not for me to speak. When doctors disagree the ordinary man must hold his peace and take what is given him. Comprehensively, you will find the latest editors concerned for the defence of Mr. Watts Dunton and what Mr. Clement Shorter perhaps rather rashly called "that terrible *ménage*" of The Pines at Putney. With this view much of the book inevitably takes on an air of special pleading, not, I daresay, without value. For the rest, however, though the collection embraces many letters of critical interest (notably several written in early days to Rossetti, and a number to his "friend of friends"), one must add that it contains also much that can only be welcomed by the indiscriminating snappers-up of trifles. Of the former kind there is an oddly topical instance in Swinburne's abandonment of a proposed dedication to Karl Blind on the ground that the latter had "publicly approved the violation, by Bismarck and his Master, of Alsace-Lorraine." And throughout you will be struck, as always on a more intimate knowledge of the poet's personality, with evidence of that admirable humour which is precisely the last quality with which uninformed opinion has credited him. A book, in short, of which Swinburnians will gladly read all and remember much.

Mr. Robert Wilton, the author of *Russia's Agony* (Arnold), was the correspondent of *The Times* at Petrograd, and during the past fourteen years has been an eye-witness of events in Russia. His literary style, if not pedantic, is sometimes benevolently pedagogic, as if he were anxious not to overtax our brains. The important point, however, is that he puts the causes of Russia's present collapse clearly before us. He shows that, when the War was thrust upon her, she was rotten at the core because there was no "organic bond of union between ruler and people." It is obvious to anyone who studies her condition that what we were pleased to call "the Steam-roller" was likely to suffer at any moment from internal convulsions. Very clearly Mr. Wilton relates both the events leading up to the Revolution, and the reasons why the Revolution was followed by anarchy. Rasputinism has much to answer for, and the terrible lack of organisation which discouraged the peasant-soldiers added to the feeling of desperation. And amid all this intrigue and chaos Lenin, whose real name is Vladimir Ulianov, was preparing and biding his time. After the Revolution his work was comparatively easy, for of all the windbags who ever achieved power Kerensky seems to have been the most fully inflated. It is a tragic tale of wasted opportunities; but the more we learn of Russia the less our disappointment will be tinged with bitterness. She is a child in the process of growing up, and like most children she has started out to do one thing, has stopped on the way to do another, and has made a sad mess of both. But unlike most children she has suffered incessantly from repression and cruelty. In this hour of her greatest need we have to remember that Russia was our gallant ally through most critical days, and that now it is for us to show our chivalry and—if she will give

us the chance—to help her to help herself. Mr. WILTON'S picture of the almost incredible bravery of loyal Russians gives me a real hope that the next chapter in this story may see the country purging herself from corruption and rising above the calamities which traitors, both within and without, have brought upon her.

Under the title, *Paris Through an Attic* (DENT), Mrs. A. HERBAGE EDWARDS has written what might be described as a little epic of contented poverty, or, if not exactly poverty, the restricted means with which young people often have to begin life, but enjoy their "golden slumbers" none the less. Having courageously decided to take each other—the husband a youthful philologist with an eye to distinction at the Sorbonne, and the wife a manager of almost uncanny aptitude—for better or for worse, they dashed off to the Boule. Mich. direct from church, and there, with infinite good humour, set up "cubby-hole" house-keeping, furnishing and maintaining this *mansarde* abode on an incredibly minute expenditure and having all the fun of the fair as well. Their budget, given here in full, is a document which should prove as useful to other sensible young couples as the record of the Parisian sojourn is stimulating and entertaining to the general reader. But what one wants to know now, when (as I assume) wealth or comparative wealth has come to the learned Docteur de l'Université de Paris, is this: Are he and his brave ally any happier, or do they, like one *Elia* and his *Cousin Bridget*, look back upon those careful days and nights with wistful regret?

Of course you will expect from *A Poet's Pilgrimage* (MELROSE), by W. H. DAVIES, even if it be no more than the diary of his walking tour through South Wales and some Southern English counties, the revelation of an interesting and unusual personality, some whimsical points of view, and that naive simplicity and directness which made his former diary so entertaining. And you will not be disappointed. But I am enough of a Philistine to be frankly bored by entries like the following: "When I reached the Three Blackbirds at Llantarnum, I had my first glass of beer of the day and enjoyed it very much. It was a good brew, mild and yet satisfying, frothy and yet without gas. I would most certainly have had a second glass if any company had been present. But as I was the only customer it was not long before I left." And I wish I could say that such passages were rare. Details of this kind are for the lovers of small beer of a future generation to dig out of the forgotten notebooks of their literary protégés, but are scarce matter for contemporary history. Even tramp poets ought to keep a sense of proportion. But I hasten to add that I enjoyed the most of it quite unreservedly, and can advise the reader to make acquaintance with this kindly simple soul if he has not already done so. He will share my perpetual wonder as to where the poet stowed away all the pennies that he gave to the children and his fellow-travellers.

Mr. H. W. WESTBROOK, one of many journalists who has done gallant work in the New Army, has collected a number of fugitive short stories into a small volume with the ingenuous title of *Back Numbers* (SIMPKIN). Because the experiment was a bold one, and because I like short stories, I wish I could give these a more whole-hearted welcome. The fact is, however, that I find Mr. WESTBROOK'S manner considerably better than his matter; he is essentially one of those raconteurs who can tell a tale for all it is worth and a good deal more. Thus, while his dialogue is crisp and his personal asides often expressed with the happiest humour, the argument of his stories is generally so involved and unhuman as hardly to escape a charge of silliness. Several of the episodes, and these the best, are concerned with theatrical or cinematograph affairs. "The Circuit," for example, which I prefer to anything else in the volume, is a well-observed little study of a music-hall singer. But I must return to my verdict that most of these "fugitives" display no very urgent reason for their recall. But let not Mr. WESTBROOK be discouraged. He has already a pleasant style and an invaluable gift of making the commonplace sound almost amusing. With these advantages and a better equipment of material he should contrive a work of real humour that I look forward to reading.



THE PAPER SHORTAGE. PUBLISHERS WAITING FOR THE PULP-SHIP.

By our Special Artist on the Home Front.

In *Some War Impressions* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON) modern journalism is seen in its best form and serving its most useful purpose. To collect the copy for his little brochure, Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL clearly went forth, a Press-reporter undisguised, with his notebook in his hand and his eyes and ears wide open. He toured the Munition Factories, he went to sea, and he walked over the battlefields of Flanders; and at the end of the day he recorded what he had seen and how it had made him feel, and published it all in the English and American Press, that so the peoples of these two great nations might realise the facts of the War and for ever cease from quarrels amongst themselves. The whole series of impressions is now collected in a paper cover and makes a hundred-and-eighteen pages, which you will read at a sitting and not forget in a lifetime, if you are one of those who speak English and love liberty. You may think at moments that the eloquence becomes a little over-eloquent, even artificial, and that the facts are blurred rather than emphasised thereby; but you will remember that Mr. FARNOL wrote at a time when the Anglo-Saxon affections seemed to be in want of the nourishment of propaganda and when the main issues and the deciding factors were not so clear as they are to-day.

"Gardener Wanted.—Married Man (chiefly under glass)."
Northern Whig.

So that his wife may keep an eye upon him?

"Carry on until the war is won. If this can be done without the active assistance of the men who have become hardened to the soft civilian life, so much the better."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

We should like to know what the men who have become softened to the hard martial life think about this sentiment.

CHARIVARIA.

"We have nothing to hide," said Mr. Barnes to the American Labour Delegation. At the same time it would be idle to suppose that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be made the subject of any ostentatious parade.

Charlie Chaplin expects to be called up in June. Several film companies, it is understood, have offered enormous sums for the exclusive right to take pictures of him forming fours.

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"Until further orders," says an Army Council instruction, "officers' tunics will be made without the sewn-on waist-band." Other concessions to the men over forty-one will be made in due course.

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A question of the ownership of twelve million acres of land in Southern Rhodesia came before the Privy Council last week. It is high time these allotment squabbles were put an end to.

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The Kaiser, it is stated, has commenced proceedings to get possession of the valuable collection of *objets d'art* left by Mr. Gerard, the ex-Ambassador, in Berlin. Father's relations with Little Willie are said to be strained.

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"The disappearance of syrup from the market since the price was fixed," says an official of the Food Ministry, "is due to natural causes." Only too natural, we fear.

We have recently heard of a man who says that in a certain street he was asked seventeen-and-six for a bottle of whisky, and that across the road he bought one for twelve-and-six. "Is it profiteering?" he asks. For ourselves we always ask, "Is it whisky?"

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A man last week attempted to commit suicide by inhaling gas from a gas-cooker. It was thoughtless of him to do this at a time when we are all asked to economise gas consumption.

Last month's fines at the Thames Police Court amounted to only two thousand pounds. There is some talk of encouraging business by an attractive scheme of specially moderate fines.

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It is suggested that street lamps in London should be extinguished at 1 A.M. Several patriotic burglars have offered to extinguish them on their way to business.

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A Purley man writes to say that while walking in Redhill the other morning he heard a bird's note which was not that of a cuckoo.

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Giving evidence in a London County Court a young lady said she refused to marry complainant because he had red hair. Better excuses than this must be demanded if the race is to be kept up.

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"These are times when we must all make sacrifices," says an Austrian journal. So poor Czernin had to go.



Disappointed Customer. "Bless me, my good man, what have you got?"

Undaunted Village Sub-Postmaster. "We have some very nice National War Bonds, Ma'am, fresh from the Treasury."

We understand that the comet which was supposed to have been seen for a few moments last week by a Scottish astronomer now turns out to have been the sun.

"If we were all non-smokers and teetotalers," says a temperance journal, "we could all live until we were a hundred years old." There are, of course, other arguments against it.

"At least we should keep our heads," declared Mr. Pringle during the debate on the Man-Power Bill. We are not sure about this. It depends upon the heads.

The Food Ministry has decided to sell its black puddings without coupons. But why not avoid all possibility of misunderstanding and distribute them through the ironmongery trade?

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The same Ministry announces that further restrictions on the sale of sweets are contemplated. If they hope in this way to create an artificial demand for black puddings they will soon discover that official absolutism has its limits.

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We have no wish to make trouble for the Government at a critical time like the present, but something *must be done* to allay the growing suspicion that the War is not being conducted by Colonel Repington.

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"Irish conscription ends all things here," writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor to *The Daily Chronicle*. But it doesn't. Tay Pay keeps on.

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The Germans are deporting large numbers of inhabitants from the occupied regions of Russia, and, according to a contemporary, "Lenin asks Berlin to desist." It is, however, only fair to add that the "Desist!" gag was originated by another eminent comedian, Mr. George Robey.

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"Has a fresh herring got a neck?" was a point discussed at the Uxbridge Police Court. It is widely felt in the profession that this is a matter to be dealt with by a higher court.

Charged with assault a defendant told a London magistrate that the complainant threatened to push an umbrella down his throat. Almost any little thing will annoy some people. If the man had also threatened to open the umbrella it might have given some ground for irritation.

Vive la Politesse.

From an auctioneer's advertisement:

"Sales every Friday of all classes of Fat and Store Cattle.
Pigs respectfully solicited."
Northern Scot.

While taxicabs must be available for business and other necessary purposes, no able-bodied man or woman should use one unless by reason of physical incapacity."
Sunday Pictorial.

Judging by the state of the traffic, there seems to be quite a number of these able-bodied wrecks.

TO THE KAISER'S VICTIMS.

Over the barriers of your dead you climb,
Flung wave on wave across the tortured plain;
And pay for every rood of reeking slime
Its myriad toll of newly-slain.

And ever, where your legions on us broke,
Close-packed to give them courage, drugged and driven,
Our line has held as when a forest oak
Rocks to the storm but stands unriven.

How long before the horror grows too grim?
Before you tire of playing the dumb slave's part,
Sent to his death to suit a master's whim,
And something snaps within your heart?

For you have lost the old illusion's spell,
The faith that you were called of Heaven to fight
Against the onset of the lords of hell
Leagued to destroy the sons of light.

Now, when that faith is blown to barren dust,
How long, I wonder, will you care to die,
Having no King whose word a man may trust,
Nor any Cause except a lie? O. S.

APPLIED MILITARISM.

The retired Colonel is of a very different calibre from his civilian contemporary, who passes the evening of his life in comfort of body and peace of mind. His mind dwells upon slaughter and sudden death. He lifts up his nostrils and scents blood afar off. When he chances momentarily to be silent it is probable that he is meditating on martial law and discipline.

The Colonel of our Reserve Battalion has retired. No official explanation was given to camouflage the real cause, which was an open secret among his admirers. Our Colonel retired because he felt that the trivial round of Reserve Battalion duties was eating into his heart and gradually killing off his white battle-corpuscles; because he knew that the only remedy for purging apathy and restoring the militant nerve-tissue lay in retirement.

That tonic is apparently working wonders. The Colonel is at present busily engaged in applying the finishing touches to a monograph, entitled *The General Application of Militarism.* He has not yet found a publisher, luckily; but should he do so and should his book duly expurgated of enthusiastic but unconventional expletives—at last find its way into print there will undoubtedly be a certain percentage of adverse criticism, if it be taken seriously. In the meanwhile our Colonel, realising the revolutionary tendencies of his theories, has kindly permitted a few extracts to be published in advance as a sort of "Take Cover" signal, so that the public may have some warning before his literary shrapnel bursts over them.

Extract from Chapter I., "General Orders," Section 10, "Badges, &c."

"Every person shall wear a bronze shoulder-badge indicative of his trade or profession.

"A blue chevron to be worn on the right sleeve by noblemen, and a second blue chevron when the nobility goes back more than two generations.

"A gold stripe to be worn on the left sleeve by those whose incomes exceed twenty thousand pounds per annum. Extra stripes for each additional ten thousand pounds.

"A ribbon of watered white to be worn on the left breast by all bachelors and spinsters.

"A ribbon of unrelieved purple to be worn on the left breast by married citizens.

"A bar for each successive marriage.

"A miniature rose for each offspring."

Extract from Chapter IV., "Routine Orders," Section 38, "Uniformity in Hotel Bars."

"Squads to line up in front of bar at ease, *i.e.* right elbow firmly planted on counter, right leg crossed over left leg below the knee, left hand on hip—with a half-left turn. The Sergeant-Barmaid to give commands, ''Shun'—'Number'; each man from right to left thereupon to call his demand smartly and in abbreviated form, thus, 'W. & S.,' 'B. & S.,' 'S.B.,' 'C. de M.,' etc. After decoding, the Corporal Barmaid to place glasses before squad. The Sergeant-Barmaid to give cautionary syllable, 'Im-', the squad gripping their glasses between thumb and forefinger and raising them to the mouth with a semi-circular movement. On the executive syllable, 'Bibe,' the squad, taking their time from the right marker, to drink contents and replace glasses with a click. Squads to be marched off ultimately under armed escort provided by the Corps of Commissionaires."

Section 51, "Discipline at Railheads."

"Two minutes before the train is due the senior porter to march accredited passengers to the platform in column of fours. Three junior porters to act as commanders of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd class platoons. On closing the gate the ticket-collector to attend to step, dressing, etc. Passengers to be halted, stood at ease, and permitted to talk on non-political subjects. As the train approaches the parade the senior porter to give the commands, ''Shun,' 'In fours left (or right) turn,' followed by 'Present arms' on the arrival of the guard. After acknowledging salute the guard to blow upon his whistle and the passengers to entrain without confusion or delay. On the second blast the fireman, at ease by his engine, to pass the message to the driver, and the train to proceed."

Section 90, "Martial Methods in Mothers' Meetings."

"Mothers to be drawn up in line, at ease. On entry of Church Officer, detailed for fatigue, the Lance-Mother to bring line to attention and to give command, 'For inspection—Port babes.' All infants to be canted at an angle of forty-five degrees, soothers in position. On the arrival of Visiting Officer, soothers to be removed and quality of lungs thereby tested. Subsequently each mother to stand at ease automatically and to assume a swaying motion. The Church Officer then to give the instruction, 'Sit down. You may smoke.'"

* * * * * * *

The Colonel has already, with considerable public spirit, expressed his willingness to supervise the scheme, should his theories be put into practice by a grateful Government.

"The Answer is in the Negative."

Announcement in a shop window:—

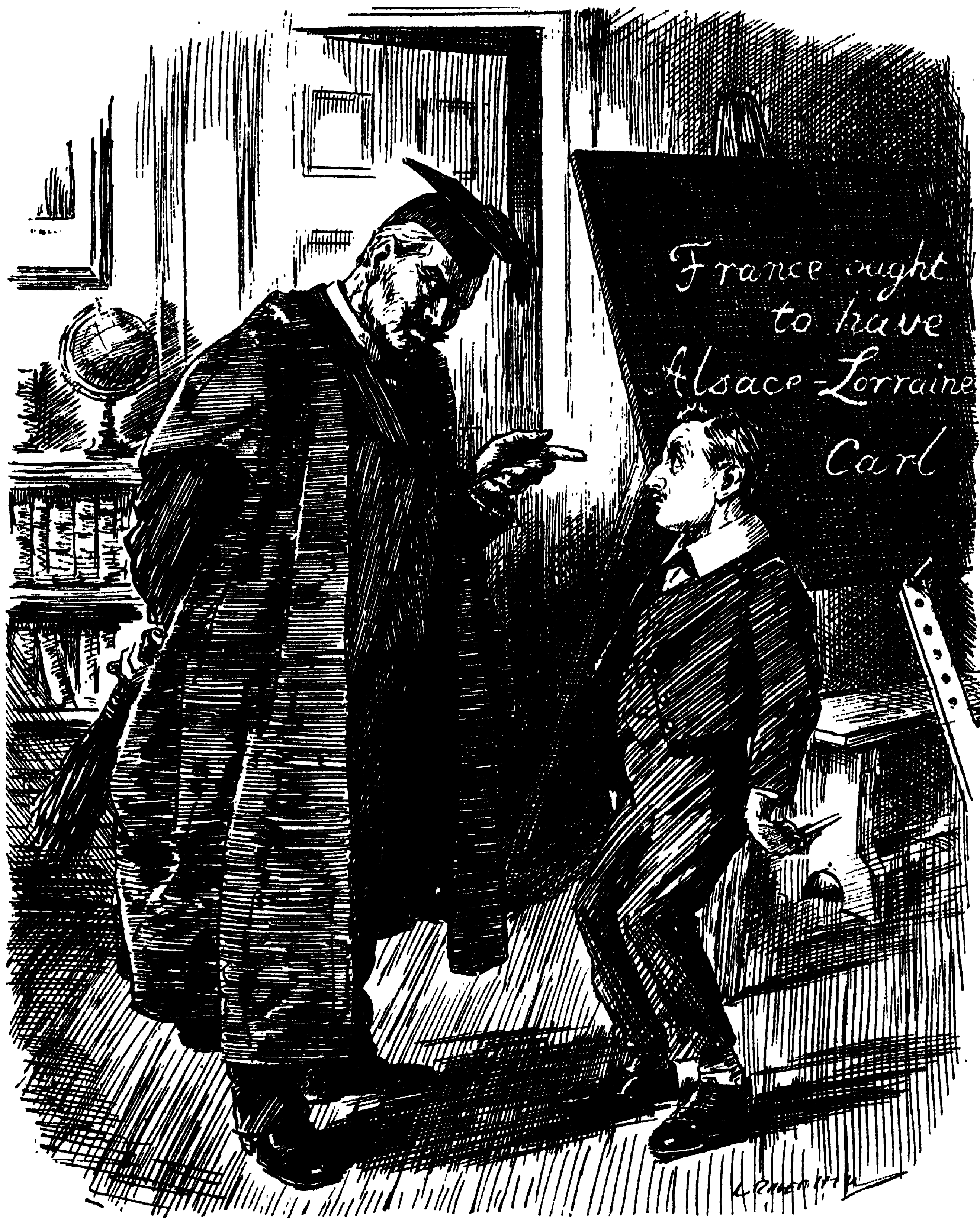
"No Tobacco of
No Kind not yet."

"Lady ——, with two customers in Bond Street. She sold antiques, etc., made by soldiers."—*Daily Mirror.*

Camouflage experts, no doubt.

"Will Lady Equestriennes who are willing to take part in the Police Carnival kindly attend Meeting Saturday Afternoon.—Nurse ——, Luncheonette Rooms."—*The West Australian.*
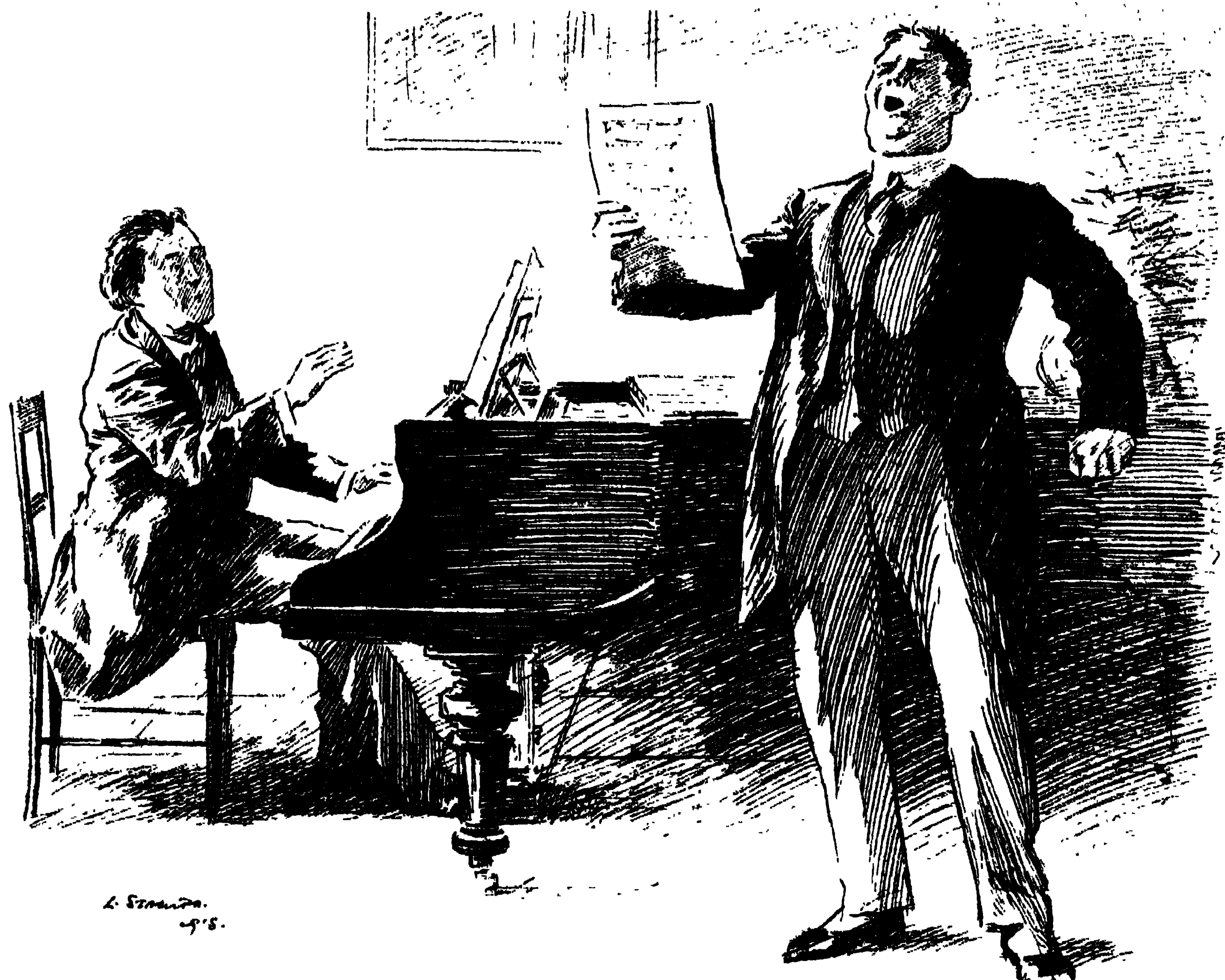
Gentlemen equestriennes are clearly not wanted; they must get their luncheonettes elsewhere.



DISCIPLINE.

Carl Hapsburg. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T WRITE IT."

Dr. Hohenzollern. "FOR THE CREDIT OF THE SCHOOL I SHALL PUBLICLY ACCEPT YOUR DENIAL. ALL THE SAME, MY BOY, YOU WILL NOW STEP INTO MY PRIVATE ROOM."



Professor of Singing (to member of the Force). "Softer, Mr. Bellows. Begin again from 'The Moon is full to-night,' and remember you're not giving a 'Take Cover' warning this time."

DANNY MEAHAN.

A True History.

When the news came that Danny Meahan was "missing," Ballymell, though sorry for his old mother in her cabin down the boreen, was, on the whole, inclined to regard it as a distinction, and when a week or so afterwards he was reported "found" again a vague feeling of public disappointment prevented her neighbours from showing much interest in the matter. This explains perhaps the wealth of detail with which, when I went to felicitate her, Mrs. Meahan unfolded the story.

"Glory be to goodness, Ma'am," she said, "it's afther growin' a terrible war, so it is, and very thriflin' men some of thim generals must be, one day losin' a soldier so they'd not know where to put their hands on him and findin' him the next. That's what they've put past my Danny, and a quare sthory it is. You that does be knowin' Danny since he was the height of me hand and him wid two black eyes more often than one, so that he'd not wash his face for Mass in hopes His Riverence might be apt to think it was just dirt he had on him and not fightin' at all—you'd believe that Danny was half out of his mind wid temper when his great tooth schemed on him—the one Peter Hanrahan was afther catchin' wid a great lump of turft one day and they waiting wid the ass and cart to dhrive old Mrs. Rafferty to chapel. Danny's rigiment was sittin' face to face wid thim Germans that time and he had the fear in him that there'd be fightin' and he not in it, for his great tooth was afther gettin' outrageous on him the way he couldn't keep himself from bellowin', and Captain Quinn all the while sayin', 'Howld yer din or you'll be afther yellin' worse and you a corpse.' So he told his Captain, and the Captain he sent him back to where the doctor officer was that thravels wid the rigiment. Whin he got there the doctor officer was very civil, and says he to the young doctor that was there thrainin' himself on the boys says he, 'It's the basemint for this felly and not too soon at all.'

"'That's the thrue word for you, Sir,' says the young doctor; 'och, look at the eye he has and him seemin' quite calm.'

"Danny, as you know, your honour, Ma'am, has the best manners in him of any bhoy between here and Cork, and he didn't like to conthradict the gintlemen, but he had to spake up at that.

"'Beggin' your pardon, Sir,' sez he, 'but doin' any sort of altheration on me eyes would take too long at all. If you'd just be so kind as to lift out me great tooth that's schemed on me I'll be gettin' back to the threnches.'

"'Quite so,' sez the doctor officer, 'but givin' a lift to a great tooth like yours, Danny, isn't a thriflin' job at all, and the little doctor here and meself are not the men we were, what wid the privations we're afther endjurin' and all, and you'll have to go down to the basemint where they kapes the doctors safe on purpose, and they'll wrestle the great tooth out of ye and set ye up.'

"So Danny he went down to the basemint and there was another doctor officer looks him over, and says he, 'What ails ye?'

"'My great tooth, Sor,' says Danny;

'Peter Hanrahan aimed at it wid a lump of turf and me laughin' so it was outside me face and it's never had the clane colour to it from that day to this.'

"'Quite so, my man, quite so,' says the doctor; 'it's easy seen that you've the rights of the matther. Just go along wid this doaty Corporal here that's afther takin' a great fancy to ye and in a while we'll have ye well.'

"So Danny went along wid the Corporal, who was that fond of him he'd never lave him day or night, and the next mornin' they went out arm-in-arm, and the Corporal he began walkin' up some ould sthairs that led into a ship.

"'What's this at all?' says Danny.

"'Just an ould ship, so it is,' says the Corporal.

"'But what's in it at all?' says Danny, sthandin' where he was. 'It's a dintist I'm wantin' and go back to the rigiment.'

"'Faith, but they've lovely dintists on here,' says the Corporal, pulling at his arm.

"They wint on and another Corporal met thim.

"'So it's yourself's the dintist?' says Danny.

"'God save us,' says the second Corporal. 'What's gone wid ye lookin' for dintists here?'

"'Whisht now,' says the first Corporal, him ye mind as was holdin' Danny's arm, 'don't be conthradictin' him or there'll be holy war, for he's a sthrong one an' no mistake. Just take him down inside and lave him see where the dintist is.'

"So thin Danny saw what they were manin' and he started to run, but he was too late. They had him bate and took him on the boat.

"Three weeks he was out of it all, and thin one day his officer was countin' up his men, and he says, says he,

"'Colonel, I misremember to have seen Danny Meehan this long time. What's gone wid him?'

"Thin the Colonel looks at his papers and he says,

"'Captain Quinn, Sor, I regret to tell ye that he's posted "Missing" this couple of weeks.'

"'Get away out of that,' says Captain Quinn.

"'He went sick, Sor, wid one of his teeth schemin' on him,' says the Sergeant-Major himself, 'and since then we've not heard hair or hide of him—ochone it is.'

"'But he's a long while gone,' says the Captain. 'Meehan's not a slow bhoy; he'd be afther having all the teeth God gave him out and in again in three weeks, so he would.'

"Then they asked the doctor, and the little doctor that waited on him, and they said, '2441 Tipperary Rifles—God save you, he's lost his wits!'

"'Sorra a one,' says the Captain; so they looked again, and the way it was they'd lifted the great tooth out of a bhoy from Clonmel that had gone quare in the head, and sint him back to the rigiment, and they sint Danny to England, to the place where they cures for the bhoys wid shell-shock, poor darlints. It wasn't till Danny's tooth gave over achin' and swelled till ye couldn't find his eyes wid a pin to help ye that they had doubt of him, and by thin they'd a piece of his mind from Captain Quinn.

"It's all wrote out in that letter Jerry brought on the ass and cart from Cahir last Saturday; an' Danny's back wid the rigiment and his great tooth wid him, for he wouldn't be afther trustin' thim ones to thry liftin' it again."



ONE WHO KNOWS.

German Private (suddenly popping out of shell-hole). "KAMERAD! TAKE ME QUIETLY AWAY AND I VOS TELL YOU ALL HINDENBURG'S SECRETS."

"Oxford in War Time."

According to a writer in *The Athenæum*, "Time is enfolded there, does not enfold, and our insight is encouraged to disentangle the threads in the mirror of the past that still retain their traces of gold and vermilion, like the colour on a Greek marble, amid the overplay of centuries . . ."

And again, "When at last the New Beginnings are ushered in, the old spirit of Oxford will blossom again in its integrity, free to re-create itself in new moulds."

Oxford has suffered many strange changes by the War, but it has been reserved for the author of the above excerpts to show the devastating confusion which it has wrought on her figures of speech.

"The Empress is reported to be the best cook in Germany, and one of her daily occupations is to prepare the Kaiser's bath."
Australian Paper.

We now see why WILLIAM is so often in the soup.

A DOG'S AGREEMENT.

[Imposed on a man, not his master, who offers to take him for a walk in the country.]

1. Any attempt on your part to assume the attitude of a master will be regarded, for the purposes of this agreement, as an offence against the liberties of my species.

2. I will walk one hundred yards behind you, and, upon being called, I reserve the right to smile with my tail, and decline to decrease the distance. In view of the fact that you have the power to exhibit anger and other infirmities, you are to be considered, for the purposes of this walk, dangerous and, possibly, hostile.

3. I reserve the right, on the approach of a motor car, traction engine, or other vehicle, to stand directly in its path until my position has become appreciably perilous, and, on your calling me, to wag my tail to its full extent until such vehicle has passed. If necessary I shall be at liberty to dodge among the wheels. Any responsibility for my possible decease to remain entirely with you.

4. On the approach of a hostile dog the fight to ensue shall be conducted at your risk and at sufficient distance from you to obviate your intervention, and I am at liberty to receive such injuries as may render me an object of sympathy in the eyes of my Missus, and induce her to view the episode in the light of a delinquency on your part.

5. Any pause in the walk on your part shall be strictly observed by me, the interval of one hundred yards remaining undiminished. On your giving satisfactory evidence of an intention to retrace your steps homeward I have the right to turn about and precede you, increasing the distance between us so that I may arrive home at least a quarter-of-a-mile in front of you, with the full appearance of having been *lost*.

6. Upon your eventual return I reserve the right to greet you, before my Missus, in a manner indicative of complete forgiveness. The injuries received on my casual adventures shall not prejudice the situation so far as I am concerned.

7. I reserve the right to accept in a spirit of tolerant fatigue any attempt on your part to put blame upon me.

8. In the event of your showing a disinclination to abide by any of the articles of this agreement I am entitled to exert such moral pressure on my Missus as may cause a temporary strain in your normal relation to each other, regard being always had, however, to your possible influence over her in the matter of my food.

9. None of the articles of this agreement shall prejudice such opportunities as may occur for making use of you for the purpose of future walks.

(Signed) Joggles.

SONNET OF SPRING THOUGHTS.

Time was when in sweet Spring my thoughts would rove
O'er hill and dale, and meditate the thrill
Of springing Life in all things; and the shrill
Sweet note of birds that strive to sing their love;
They lingered in the primrose-scented grove
And dallied with the merry daffodil
That shakes her yellow skirts out frill by frill;
They circled iridescent as the dove.

But whither, this sweet Spring, do my thoughts fly?
Roam they o'er fields abloom—in primrose woods?
Or greet they with delight the gamesome lamb?
Not so. They linger near the well-loved sty
In which reposes—chiefest of my goods—
A noble pig! (Oh, fragrant hopes of ham!)

TRAIN TACTICS.

A contemporary having thrown out much advice as to travelling on crowded trains and dealing with the alien rush, a few additional points which have been overlooked may not be out of place.

While waiting for a train do not exhibit any signs of restlessness lest you be mistaken for an alien. Take a little rest while waiting by leaning up against one of the bookstalls. No charge is made for this.

To board a crowded train wait until it stops at your station. This is most important. Do not run down the line to meet the train, even if you have not met for a long time.

Once in the train leave your name and address with the guard in case you may be mislaid in the rush of debarcation.

Remember that courtesy costs nothing, and while there is no law to prohibit your standing on a fellow-passenger's feet you should not loiter about on them.

Should he attempt to strike you step aside as smartly as the crowd permits, and, having worked your way to the door without attracting attention, drop off the train unobtrusively.

"Eggs from guaranteed sisters to Snowden's competition leaders."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Is this an intelligent anticipation of the treatment that the Pacifists will receive from the women-voters at the General Election?

THE THREE PHRASES.

"Who'll have a cooler?" the late Fred Leslie (of immortal memory) used to ask, flinging a handful of torn-up paper into the air and shivering as the flakes came down. Another comedian, not less famous, has also just invented a reducer of heat, but in his case it is mental heat rather than physical; and the cure consists of three phrases.

These phrases, he maintains, if applied systematically and rhythmically—no matter what the argument or cause of the dispute or the height of the other party's thermometer—are bound to bring about either perfect peace or the rout of the enemy, probably in silence. It may be a taxi-driver smarting under the justice of the fare paid him; it may be a too officious official; it may merely be a rude stranger—the same result is guaranteed.

These are the phrases:—

1. Don't say that.
2. Don't be unkind.
3. Now you're being humorous.

For the sake of an example let us take the case—perhaps the most probable—of a taxi-driver. But an Emperor would do as well. The cabman's fare is three shillings and you have given him a shilling tip, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, or his distance from home, or the rain, he considers himself underpaid.

"Here," he says, "the job's worth more than that, isn't it?"

"Don't say that."

"But I do say it. A gentleman who was a gentleman would make it worth my while."

"Don't be unkind."

"Unkind! What do you mean? If I'd known I wasn't going to get more than this I wouldn't have taken you."

"Now you're being humorous."

"Humorous be ——. I'm not humorous."

"Don't say that!"

"Oh, go to——"

"Don't be unkind."

"If ever you hail me again, strike me pink if I drive you—no, not for a quid a mile."

"Now you're being humorous."

"Humorous! I tell you I'm not humorous. I'm serious."

"Don't say that."

By this time any ordinary cabman will be moving off. In the case of the extraordinary ones the three phrases must recur a little oftener, that's all.

I mentioned an Emperor just now; let us try his case. The same prescription applies.

"I offer you a German peace."

"Don't say that."



Raw Subaltern. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" *Air Mechanic (gauging his man).* "SWINGING THE LEAD, SIR."
Subaltern. "RIGHT-O! CARRY ON!"

"We to retain Belgium."

"Don't be unkind."

"And recover our Colonies."

"Now you're being humorous."

"Humorous! If you don't agree you'll soon find there's nothing humorous about it."

"Don't say that."

"I do say it and I shall go on saying it."

"Don't be unkind."

"How could a German ever be unkind?"

"Now you're being humorous."

"Bah! We leave humour to you British. We prefer sense."

"Don't say that."

"I do say it."

"Don't be unkind."

"Unkind! Aren't we here to talk peace?"

"Now you're being humorous . . . ."

Why should these three phrases be so deadly? Their first merit is to lift their user into a position of superiority which cannot be without its effect on the other. Then they give him the semblance of a pained reasonableness, and a pained reasonableness is both offensive and defensive, being one of the most difficult armour-plates to penetrate and also, in time, an irresistible siege-gun. The man who tells you not to be unkind always has you at a disadvantage and must in time wear you out; while to go on to accuse you of humour is even subtler. You know perfectly well that you had no intention of being humorous; you even know that you were not; but since the desire to be thought humorous is a prevailing human passion you come in time to wonder if, after all, you may not have brought off something rather good, and in that fond hope your anger fades.

As a matter of fact, although there must always be moments of irascibility, the War has not, so far as one's observation goes, increased bad temper; rather the reverse. Probably our ever-present consciousness of so stupendous a calamity has made individual bickerings too petty, or we have been stunned into equability; whatever the reason the fact remains that one may pass about this great city of conflicting ambitions and see only human beings in amity. Here and there the driver of one vehicle may snarl a sarcasm at the driver of another (who obviously ought to have brought out his mother to hold the reins in his stead), but, take them all round, tempers are being amazingly well kept.

Although the inventor of the Three Phrases pretends to have devised his system in order that those who practise it may triumph over their antagonists, one may entertain the suspicion (for he is a great philosopher) that part of his purpose was that those who practise it should triumph over themselves too. For it would be impossible to put it into effect without absolute calmness, and to maintain calmness in disputation is more than the beginning of wisdom and victory.

Housemaid wanted; 3 in family; 3 servants; no windows; no fireplaces."—*Times.*

This should be an excellent situation in an air raid, unless, as we fear, there may be also "no roof."

"Bungalow for Sale, consisting of valuable window sashes, corrugated iron roof."
Irish Times.

A suitable residence for the well-known Irishman whose clothes consisted of a lot of holes tied together.

". . In August, 107, the testator made the will in question. . . In 199 the testator went to New York, and executed the first codicil. . . In 1912, when again in the States, he executed the second codicil, which was immaterial."
Liverpool Paper.

We should very much like to know how he put in his time since executing the first codicil.



Bobby (deeply offended with his mother, who has punished him). "Very well, then, I'll run away. Give me my meat-card and I'm off."

COUVRONS.

Augustus was a plucky little thing,
But so ill-made for purposes of war
That never a crisis could persuade the King
To put him into any kind of corps;
So, failing sadly to unsheathe the sword,
He got a billet on the Drainage Board.

The years rolled by. His friends received V.C.'s,
And D.S.O.'s, and multitudes of Bars,
And all their clothes were covered by degrees
With braid and badge, with chevrons and with stars;
The only wear that showed what *he* had done
Were two twin elbows shining in the sun.

And then the coupons came; but he used none,
For always in his other coat they lay,
Or else he had not heart to squander one,
And, when he had, all meatless was the day—
A common tale, but this is what is sad,
That in this case it drove the young man mad.

Or so I gather, for I met him last
With four strange objects to his sleeve attached;
He said, "I may not be the soldier-caste,
But nowhere is my patriot spirit matched,
Of which these emblems eloquently speak,
The coupons which I did not use last week. A. P. H.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

(*Victoria Station—Leave Train due.*)

Flower-Seller. Vilets! Sweet vilets! Spring vilets! 'Ave a bunch, lidy? Set off yer fur coat, lidy.

Lady. No, thank you, not just now.

Flower-Seller. Witing for yer son, praps?

Lady. Yes, I am.

Flower-Seller. I got four in it—one gorn West, one wounded, one in the Navy, and God knows where the other is. Larst time 'e come 'ome I wited four hours for this very sime trine and lorst me 'arf-dy's tride; but won they *does* come yer forgit orl abarht that, don't yer, Marm?

Lady (darting across the passage and hugging a very young and very very smart subaltern). Darling! how lovely to see you again!

Subaltern. Hullo, mater! This *is* top-hole!

Flower-Seller. Bunch o' vilets *now*, lidy?

Subaltern. The whole bally lot, please. (*From force of habit*) *Combiang?*

More Impending Apologies.

"A pig club has been formed at Chiswick, the members including a surveyor, a schoolmaster, journalist, barrister, brewer's chemist, railway servant, and two accountants."—*Evening News.*

"Labour [in Germany] has now recognised the fact that all measures for relieving the appalling state of death are of no permanent value, and that the only measure for effective relief is a speedy general peace."—*Daily Paper.*

***Labor omnia vincit*, but it seems to have its limitations.**



THE HEAD-BREAKERS.

NATIONALIST. "NO CONSCRIPTION!"

ULSTERMAN. "NO HOME RULE!"

PRIME MINISTER. "BREAK MY HEAD BY ALL MEANS, GENTLEMEN—IF ONLY YOU'LL BREAK THE KAISER'S FIRST!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 15th.—The coincidence of the German offensive in Flanders with the Gatwick Spring Meeting emboldened Mr. George Lambert to make a renewed appeal to the Government to put an end to horse-racing. Mr. Macpherson gave him the stereotyped answer: racing, he alleged, was necessary to maintain the breed of horses. Mr. Chancellor's reminder that it also maintained the breed of bookmakers was ruled out as irrelevant.

In a Question appearing in the name of Sir John Rees the Government of India was spelt with a little "g." Sir John assured the House, almost with tears in his voice, that he was not responsible for depriving it of its capital. Even Lord Morley, that well-known iconoclast, who once trifled with the same initial, would hardly have been guilty of such an outrage—not, at any rate, during his own occupation of the India Office.

If Mr. Lynch is not careful it will be said of him, as of another long-winded orator, that he relies on his imagination for his facts and on his memory for his jokes. His suggestion that the Dominions were annoyed by the use of the term, "My Army," in Royal proclamations was curtly dismissed by Mr. Bonar Law with the remark that it was "common form"; and Mr. Lynch could think of no more original retort than "Why does not the right hon. gentleman say, 'My National Debt'?"

The War, which has laid low so many ancient monuments, has spared one pillar of the British Constitution—the doctrine that if a difference of opinion arises between the amateur and professional heads of a fighting service the amateur stays and the professional goes. General Trenchard, late Chief of the Air Staff, has now retired into the limbo that temporarily contains Lord Jellicoe and Sir William Robertson. But Lord Rothermere remains, and all is well. The enemy possibly thinks it even better.

The discussion on the Military Service Act chiefly turned upon the abolition of exemptions and the reconstruction of tribunals. "A good many Members shared Mr. Anderson's disinclination to give a blank cheque to the Minister of National Service. Even Mr. Hayes-Fisher admitted that the clause under review was open to suspicion, and urged in its defence that the tribunals would be appointed by himself, and not by Sir Auckland Geddes, who might be regarded as too much of a recruiting-sergeant. Mr. Smallwood declared that for his part he preferred bombs to bureaucracy.

Who said Ireland is not united? What Sir Horace Plunkett and the Convention had failed to accomplish by months of talk the Government have achieved in less than a week.



"'IRISHMEN ALL,' AND ALL 'AGIN' THE GOV'MINT.'"
Mr. Dillon. Sir Edward Carson. Mr. Healy

Hardly had Mr. Healy concluded a caustic analysis of some of the proposals in the Bill—particularly the conscription of the clergy—when the House was half-delighted, half-startled to hear Sir Edward Carson deliver a slashing attack upon the Government, declaring that by their secretive methods they were causing grave anxiety in Ireland and were playing fast and loose with both parties in that country. The Nationalists, with Mr. Dillon at their head, could not contain their joy at seeing their ancient foe join forces with them. Once again they were Irishmen all, and all "agin' the Gov'mint." Sir George Cave with difficulty got a hearing, so instant were the cries for "Duke," but eventually was allowed to announce some important concessions. The right of appeal is to remain, and the clergy are not to be conscribed.

Tuesday, April 16th.—Ireland again dominated the proceedings. One aspect of the Irish character was illustrated by Sir Thomas Esmonde, who presented a petition against conscription by five hundred inhabitants of Ballindaggin; another by Mr. Macpherson in his story of an Irish sixteen-year-old who had camouflaged his age in order to go on foreign service. It makes one wonder if the authorities would not have obtained better results from Ireland if they had posted up, "No Irish Need Apply" on the front of the recruiting offices—and left the back door open.

Mr. King added two particularly fine mare's nests to his unequalled collection. His complaint of the "inexplicable persecutions" inflicted by the British Government upon a philanthropic Serbian lady called Popowitch, who had gone out to Malta to aid refugees, was countered by Mr. Bruce with the information that the woman was a German agent and a very dangerous enemy to this country. Of another of Mr. King's questions, vividly describing the horrors of a Home Office camp for Conscientious Objectors, it was stated by the Under-Secretary that it was "inaccurate from beginning to end." To this Mr. King brilliantly retorted that it was human to err.

Still a little doubtful of the Government's sincerity Sir Edward Carson nevertheless announced that he would consent to be put under the control of the Nationalists, or even the Sinn Feiners, rather than come under the domination of Germany.

A grave but determined speech from the Prime Minister, who declared, on General Foch's authority, that we had as yet lost "nothing vital," wound up the debate; and the Military Service Bill passed its Third Reading by 301 to 103.

Wednesday, April 17th.—On its arrival in the other House, most of the Peers seemed to look upon it as a disagreeable medicine, to be swallowed hastily and with a wry face. Lord Salisbury was concerned at the mysterious connection between Conscription and Home Rule, and, betraying a



"My! Mrs. Huggins, look at that sheet of yours!"
"Yes, when my son was 'ome 'e 'adn't slep' in a bed lately and 'e forgot to take 'is spurs off."

hitherto unsuspected acquaintance with the opinions of the British working-man, averred that Labour cared little for Irish aspirations. Lord Crewe, as a matter of personal taste, would have preferred Home Rule first and Conscription a long way afterwards. The exemption of the clergy aroused the wrath of His Grace of Canterbury, who assured the House that the demand for it had not come from the Church Militant of England. Lord Lansdowne was doubtful about Conscription for Ireland. Not long ago this might have sealed the fate of the Bill. But since he took up the *rôle* of polite letter-writer the Peers no longer tremble at his frown. Lord Derby expressed his confidence in the patriotism of many of the Nationalists and prophesied that Ireland could and would repair the wastage of the present battle.

Thursday, April 18th.—The House of Lords passed the Military Service Bill. Lord Dunraven, as "a very ardent Home Ruler," produced the most ingenious excuse for his countrymen's unwillingness to fight that has yet been heard. Ireland had been contaminated by the British refugees who had fled to that country to escape military service. An equally ardent Unionist, Lord Beresford, did not altogether agree. Irishmen's refusal to enlist was simply due to "funk"—not their own, be it understood, but that of the British Government, whose policy towards Ireland for the last ten years had brought them into contempt.

The Commons heard with anxiety that Sir David Henderson had followed General Trenchard into retirement. Lord Rothermere, however, still retains the confidence of Mr. Billing.

With feelings akin to horror I read Sir Hedworth Meux's charge, that the Government, by limiting the importation of steel, were ruining the corset industry. Is Britannia to be deprived of her bulwarks at a time like this and become as amorphous as a German *Haus-frau?* It was comforting to learn from Sir Albert Stanley's reply that the Government had no such sinister intention; and that Sir Hedworth, a little out of practice in the niceties of navigation, had "missed stays."

The House held its breath while Sir Alfred Mond recounted his intrepid adventures on the roof of Westminster Hall, but was less impressed by his statement that the method of repairing it was so ingenious that "Members would wonder where the money had gone." That is no novelty in Government expenditure.

THE GOLDEN GIFT.

When bronchials are blocked or
We get that graveyard cough,
How do you manage, Doctor,
To stave our questions off?

Is it those golden pince-nez
And that portentous nod
That silence so enhance? Nay,
I 've tried them; yet it 's odd

That nothing but a series
Of failures falls to me
If, irked by awkward queries,
I try your policy.

Then teach me what I lack, Sir,
That I may meet the eye,
Say, of the District-Taxer,
And, smiling, put him by;

Nor fear, tip-toeing bedward,
To find her with a light
Demanding sternly, "Edward,
What kept you late *to-night?*"

It 's not that I 'd deceive them;
But, oh! that I might find
Your secret out and leave them
Unanswered but resigned.

The Milk Problem Solved.

"Pocket Dairy, 50 cents."
"*Reveillé*" (*East Africa*).

AT THE PLAY.

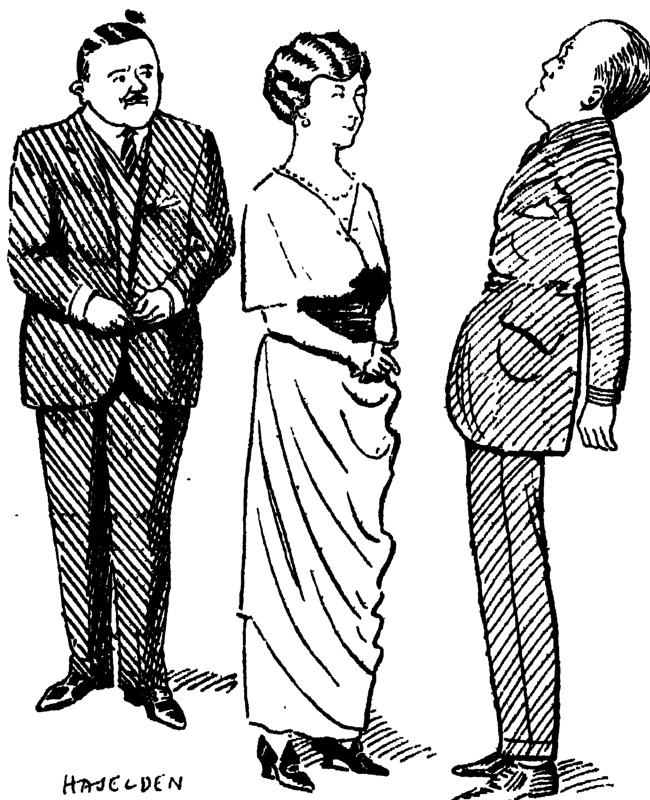
"THE NAUGHTY WIFE."

Hilary Farrington, possessed by that craving for solitude which is apt to occur with married literary artists, proposed to run down for the night to his country bungalow. It was a lucky mischance for us that he forgot the little despatch-case containing the manuscript of his new creation and had to return for it, otherwise we should never have had this delightful play. For he is just in time to learn that his wife is about to elope that very night, her intention being confirmed by a letter that comes prematurely into his hands—a letter composed on traditional lines, bidding him farewell and ending with "Yours faithfully."

There is no scene. On the contrary he at once adopts the attitude of a *mari complaisant*, actively and altruistically *complaisant*. Her happiness is his only consideration. Has she selected the right man to run away with? "I must be satisfied about this other fellow," he says; "he must be worthy of you." Is she taking enough pretty frocks with her? Pretty frocks are an essential stimulant on a honeymoon. He enumerates several that he remembers as having been worn by her on particular and romantic occasions; makes her maid bring them out and pack them in a large trunk before his eyes. (Incidentally I commend this device for introducing on the stage more costumes than could possibly be worn by any one actress within the time-limits imposed by the curfew). Her maid, too, must go with her, not for the sake of appearances, but to enhance the lady's comfort. Nor will he hear of her suffering the inconvenience of a long night journey in a stuffy train. He will place his bungalow and his car at the disposal of the runaways.

All this, which is of course contrary to the rules laid down for outraged husbands, is most embarrassing to the wife; also to the *tertium quid* when he punctually appears to fetch her. But they must needs accept the scheme of Paradise which has been sketched for them, since the only alternative is a revolver-shot which will send the lover to the "place where he belongs."

We are not left long in doubt of the serious purpose underlying this apparent complaisance. *Hilary* is giving an exhibition of moral jiu-jitsu: not resisting the adversary, but giving way to his pressure that he may the better trip him up and confound him. The couple have not left the house one second before he has collected a house-party on the telephone—his wife's uncle (a prelate) and an enterprising widow who has just been thrown over by the philanderer. A moment more and he is off in another car at express speed for the bungalow. Arriving in advance of the elopers, he has just time to light the fire, make the place beautiful with flowers and prepare a succulent meal for their greater content.



LOTHARIO CORNERED.

Nora Gail . . . . Miss Ellis Jeffreys.
Darrell McKnight . . . . . Mr. Stanley Logan.
Hilary Farrington . . . . . Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

What follows is more on Palais Royal lines (with a difference in favour of the proprieties); and though the play is always kept going it cannot quite preserve the freshness of its opening irony. In the end, after taking some very sporting risks, *Hilary* wins for the angels.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey's performance as the husband was extraordinarily piquant. I have never known him to show a keener interest in his work. I did not pretend to take seriously his lapses into solemnity, but they were very rare; and it was a pure delight to watch him laying himself out to give these two the time of their lives, and in the process making them more and more miserable till their shame and discomfiture were past bearing.

To give him so perfect a holiday somebody had to be butchered, and Miss Gladys Cooper bore the sacrifice with a noble patience. The third party in these *ménages* is seldom heroic, but Mr. Stanley Logan accepted his ridiculous situations with such bravado as the case admitted. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as a forward-fighting widow who knew the man she wanted and meant to get him, however damaged, was irresistible, and nobody grudged (or envied) her the triumphant recapture of her spoil. I must add that Mr. Hignett made, as usual, a very admirable man-servant, and this time in circumstances which, as you might guess, demanded a more than usual discretion.

The play—whose title by the way is not very satisfactory, for it is the wife's head and not her heart that gets loose—is written by Mr. Fred Jackson, "elaborated and revised" by Mr. Edgar Selwyn and "produced" by no fewer than four conspirators. Its scenes profess to be placed in New York and Long Island, but there is nothing American in it except a few cocktails and an exotic phrase or two, as when the lover, outwitted by the husband, complains more than once that "he's putting something over on us."

In case the title, or the impression conveyed by a crude outline of the plot, should excite false hopes, I feel bound to say that even the scene where you have three adjoining bedroom-doors in constant operation was handled with remarkable decency. O. S.

Clerical Evolution.

From a church notice-board:—

"A special service for men is held in this Church on Sundays from 2.30 to 3.30.
Subject next week:
'The Missing Link,'
The Vicar."

"The Grove in Overton Park presents a very attractive aspect, with the clusters of golden berries on which conveys of birds feed noisily."
Dominion (New Zealand).

With these super-submarines about one cannot be too careful.

"The hog production campaign now being carried on in Western Canada is already achieving good results, and by November next there should be a heavy supply of port for export overseas."—*Financial Paper.*

To be shipped in hogsheads, of course.

ON RE-READING "BARCHESTER TOWERS."

In days when Bellona less madly
The wheels of her chariot drave,
To you, Father Anthony, gladly
My doggerel homage I gave;
And again uncontrollably yearning
For solace in desolate hours
I find a brief respite in turning
To *Barchester Towers*.

How good are the women, how various,
As slowly their natures unfold!—
The feudal *Miss Thorne*; the gregarious
And amiable *Eleanor Bold*;
Mrs. Quiverful, dauntless though dowdy,
With fourteen young ravens to feed,
Who managed to melt *Mrs. Proudie*,
So great was her need.

Mrs. Proudie, of course, is prodigious,
A terror to friends and to foes,
Ambitious, correctly religious,
Yet leading her lord by the nose;
Very far from an angel or jewel,
Very near to a feminine Pope,
And priceless in waging the duel
That smashed *Mr. Slope*.

And who would not willingly linger
With you, O *Signora*, who twirled
Round the tip of your white little finger
Staid clerics and men of the world!
Commanding the spells of a Circe;
Bewitching, though crippled and lame;
Redeeming your malice with mercy
And playing the game.

The clergy—Tractarian, Erastian,
Low Churchmen—you faithfully paint
Reveal to our view no SEBASTIAN,
No martyr, and hardly a saint;
Though perhaps, by so freely discarding
Preferment and riches and fame,
The guileless and good *Mr. Harding*
Is worthy the name.

You looked upon country and city
With kindly and tolerant eyes;
You never set out to be witty,
Though seldom you failed to be wise;
You were neither ornate nor elliptic,
But most unaffectedly shrewd,
For the art that is consciously cryptic
You strictly tabooed.

Your outlook is certainly narrowed
To lives that are never sublime;
Our hearts are not haunted or harrowed
With desperate anguish or crime;
But a mutual trust is for ever
'Twixt author and reader maintained,
And we know all along we shall never
Be wantonly pained.

Tailors on Horseback!

"The Chance of the Cavalry. To Standardise Women's Gowns."—*Daily Paper*.



Old Lady (to important resident in the village). "PLEASE, SIR, WOULD YOU KINDLY SIGN THIS YERE PAPER FOR THE SUGAR? I'VE GOT TWO PLUM-TREES AND SIX GRANDCHILDREN AND I WANTS TO MAKE 'EM INTO JAM."

More Mystery Guns.

"Navy cannonade in Alsace."
Daily Graphic.

Where's your "Fat Bertha" now?

"This catacomb of men massacred in useless losses will have a great repercussion in Germany."—*Provincial Paper.*

Unless the German Government, with its usual foresight, has arranged to dispose of them in hecatombs.

"Sir,—I wish, with your kind permission, to draw attention to a 'White Elephant' sale to be held next Wednesday, under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. . . People having more animals than they can feed sufficiently should have their existence more painlessly ended."
Letter in Provincial Paper.

Personally, we put all our White Elephants out to grass long ago.

"For Sale.—A Dark Bay Whale 15-1 five years old in good condition."
Bombay Chronicle.

Dark Bay is a notoriously good piece of water for small whale fishing.

"Will Person who took by mistake from ——'s, Manchester Street, Bag containing bank book and trousers, and other papers, please return?"—*Liverpool Echo.*

Have we, like the Germans, come to paper clothing already?

"At a Texas port, the largest wooden ship ever built has been launched just five months after the keel was laid. . . She is equipped with tripe expansion engines of 1,450 horse-power."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

An ingenious adaptation of the internal combustion idea. But what will happen when the skipper orders "all lights out"?

"DORA" AND THE IMPRESARIO;

Or, Curfew Must Be Rung To-Night.

London's sun had set as usual o'er the house-tops in the West;
Weary ploughmen at Stoke Poges had attained their well-earnéd rest;
But the toilers of the city blithely passed from work to play
And with ardour unabated strove to turn the night to day.
On the margin of the joy-tide stood a man whose cheeks grew white
As his stern companion murmured, "*Curfew must be rung to-night.*"

"But my new revue," he faltered, pointing to a gilded dome;
"Underneath my humble roof-tree mirth and beauty have their home;
Colour sets the drab world glowing, music weaves its magic powers,
Art and nature toil together to improve the darkling hours.
Art is long and life grows longer when the day renews its light
Where the mystic lime effulges. *Curfew can't be rung to-night.*"

Cold her eye and cold her accents as she bade his prating cease;
"You forget there is a war on; these are but the toys of peace.
Duty at the root of pleasure striketh with remorseless axe
(Nay, I mean the moral duty, not the entertainment tax).
Light and fuel must be rationed; we can only win the fight
By retirement on the home-front. *Curfew must be rung to-night.*"

"Yet in times like these," he pleaded, "human nature needeth cheer;
What refreshment for the war-worn in the subtle contrast here,
Where the problem-stage rehearses dramas of domestic strife
And the movie holds the mirror upside-down to actual life.
Would you chain the luckless Briton, in humanity's despite,
To his own depressing fireside? *Curfew can't be rung to-night.*"

"'Fireside?' Nay, the private coal-box will be rationed too," she said;
"He who does his daily duty should be glad to crawl to bed;
Work of national importance leaves no morbid lust for play;
Stern necessity compels us whither nature points the way,
England now expects, nay, orders, every man—and England's right—
To fulfil his measured slumber. *Curfew shall be rung to-night.*"

"Dora" turned with stately footsteps, strode within the old church-door,
And her strong hands grasped the bell-rope worn by Norman hands of yore.
Far across the roaring city tolled the curfew long and loud,
Sending awe and taxis flying through the gay, unthinking crowd.
"This," he muttered, "is the limit. Freedom's in a pretty plight;
Summer-time dictates our rising—*Curfew now is rung at night.*"

From his plain official ball-room at the Babylon Hotel
Came the lynx-eyed Coal Controller, grim and grimy sentinel.
Not an echo broke the silence of deserted street and square;
Not a Palace doorway glimmered, not a taxi waited there;
Not a reveller belated trespassed on his soul's delight
As he rubbed his hands and chuckled, "*Curfew has been rung to-night.*"

NOTES FROM AN IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN DIARY.

Sunday.—It is no use being an Emperor unless one can act as an Emperor. These great words were doubtless used by one of my illustrious ancestors and have therefore certainly contributed to the glory of my House. It is absurd to suppose that I am constantly to place myself at the beck and call of a person like the German Kaiser. I intend to act independently, be the consequences what they may. At present conditions in Austria are of the most alarming nature. Have ordered Count Czernin to make a peaceful speech, and in the course of it to hint as broadly as he can, without actually saying so, that the great obstacle to peace is William the Warrior—so they call him at Headquarters. I hope to be with him when he reads Czernin's speech, and shall much enjoy seeing him rage and bluster. He does this kind of thing every day, but nobody cares. Have also written a letter to my brother-in-law, Sixtus, which he is to show to the French President. In this letter I have expressed the greatest possible admiration for the French, and have pledged myself to support the just claims of France as regards Alsace-Lorraine. This letter, of course, will come out, and we shall see William squirming more than ever. The fact is I cannot become fond of William, however hard I try. He thinks I worship him. Really he is the vainest creature in the world.

Monday.—Czernin made a peaceful speech to-day. As regards Alsace-Lorraine he said there could be no discussion on that point and no concession. There will be some fun when my letter comes out.

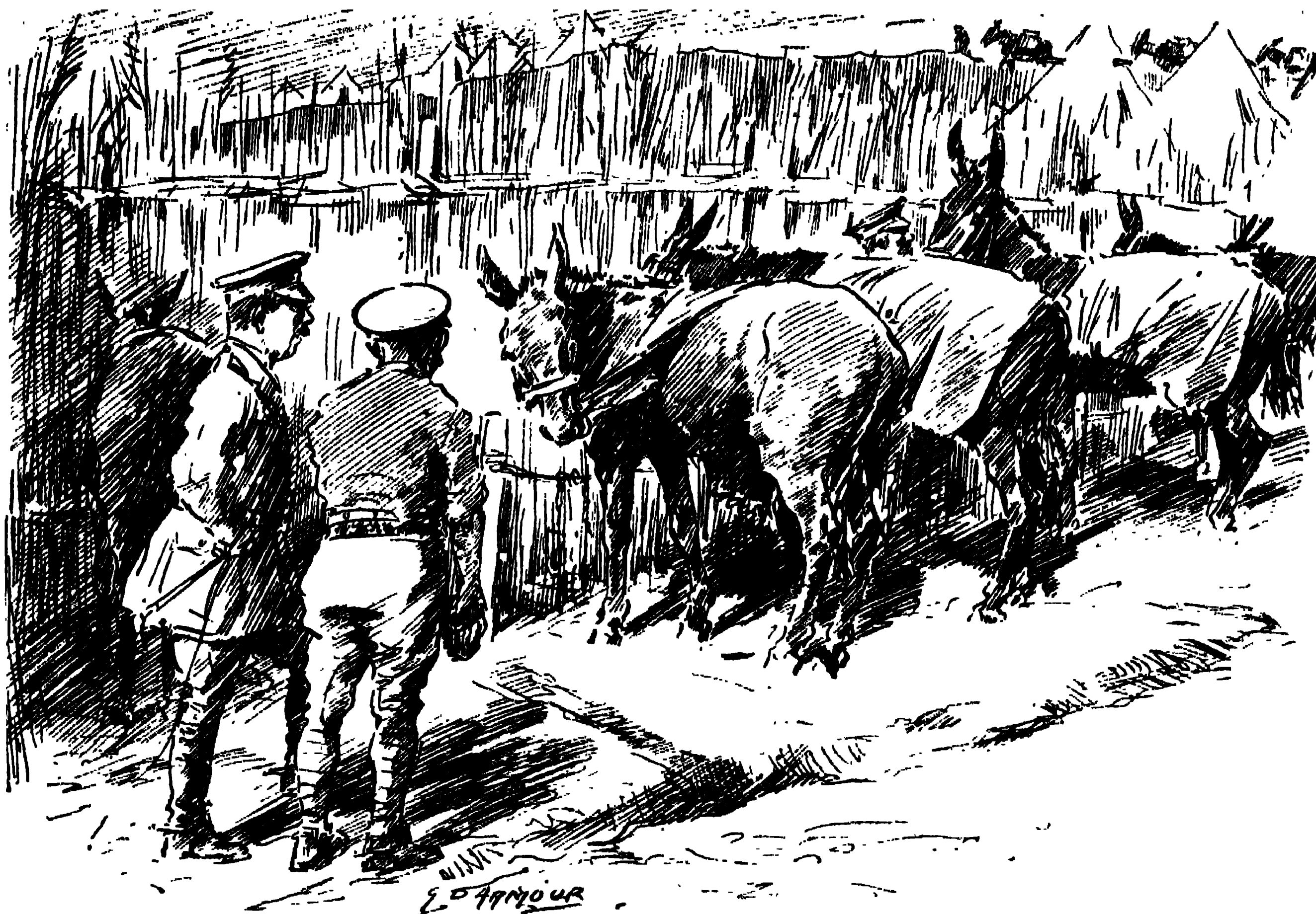
Tuesday.—Told Czernin I could not agree with him as to Alsace-Lorraine. He asked me whether I was in favour of restoring the provinces to France. I told him not to be too inquisitive, but to go on making peaceful speeches in the meantime. They effect nothing practical, but create an impression of reasonableness which serves to distinguish us from the Northern barbarians and their tinsel Emperor.

Wednesday.—Such a game! My letter to Sixtus is published in full in all the foreign papers. Telegrams have been pouring in. One in particular came pouring in from Berlin. It wanted to know whether I'd really written the letter. Replied that I really had, but not in the form in which it was published. Two words were misspelt so as entirely to alter the sense of the letter. William said he was coming to see me. Let him come.

Thursday.—Czernin furious about my having written the letter. Told him he must resign, which he at once did, though he declared that he agreed with every word I had written. "Why so angry then?" I asked him. "Because," he answered, "Your Majesty did not consult me as to the writing of that letter." Begged him to withhold his resignation till he had had time to telephone to Berlin that the letter was a forgery.

Friday.—There is still a great to-do about the letter, but the official view is that it is a forgery. The Big-wigs in Berlin are furious. If it gives them any pleasure to think that I forged my own letter I do not wish to stand in their way. However, I did say that the French claims to Alsace-Lorraine were just, and that I would support them. Czernin has resigned again, and the Berlin Bogeyman is threatening me with a visit in Vienna. Shall not encourage him to come. Have thoroughly enjoyed myself during this past week and have still a few surprises left in the basket. Czernin keeps on resigning, and the Berlin Wonder sticks fast to the telephone. How I detest that man!

New Title for the Emperor of Austria.—His Epistolic Majesty.



Officer (in charge of transport train). "HE'S NOT DOING VERY WELL YET. STILL EATING HIS RUG, TOO."
Tommy. "YES, SIR, 'E ALWAYS DID. BUT 'E'S BETTER NOR 'E WUS. 'E SPITS OUT THE BUCKLES NOW.'

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a genial, let's-all-get-together atmosphere about *A Book of Remarkable Criminals* (CASSELL), written by Mr. H. B. IRVING and dedicated to Mr. E. V. LUCAS, that may go far to reconcile you to a society whose collective character it were gross flattery to call dubious. Certainly Mr. IRVING has assembled as rare a gallery of rogues as ever figured in the Chamber of Wax Horrors, with this difference, that while the art of the late Madame TUSSAUD could do no more than show us the candle-hued countenance of crime, here you have it analysed with a subtle and highly skilled appreciation. Of the interest of the book there can be no question—like torture it simply teems with it; nor need you feel qualms about such a leaning towards low company after the statement in the Introduction that TENNYSON and JOWETT once talked into the small hours on the engrossing theme of murders. One agrees with Mr. IRVING that this would have been a conversation worth hearing. You will find material in plenty here, from the life-history of CHARLEY PEACE, "the outstanding popular figure in nineteenth-century crime," to such amazing and fantastic tales as the episode of the widow GRAS and her "wounded pigeon." They are told with a dramatic effect, and especially, as you would expect from such a source, a chuckling appreciation of the grim humour that is never far away from such sordid tragedies. Mr. IRVING reminds us in his Introduction that even all the horrors of the present time may in expert hands "make very good reading for posterity." His murderers may at least claim to have done so here.

I thought I did not quite like Miss CLEMENCE DANE's introductory chapter to *First the Blade* (HEINEMANN). It seemed a trifle arch and artificial. On re-reading it after I had finished the book I changed my mind, and I fancy the main reason for the change was that I felt that so astonishingly capable a craftswoman must be right and I wrong. For here, believe me, is a little gem of a book. No story to speak of; just a slight sketch of the childish and adolescent years of beautiful, sensitive, tender *Laura Valentine*, and handsome, admirable, stodgy *Henry Justin Cloud*; a broken engagement, and the promise of a better understanding—if he comes back safe from the wars. But I have never seen a more complete vindication of the modernist preference for analysis and characterisation displayed through trivial incident; while a delicate perception has enabled the writer to avoid anything like the vain repetitions or elaborated irrelevances of the fashionable ultra-realists. It's the kind of book, in short, that makes a jaded reviewer, freshened by the first twenty pages of it, promptly write his "*Ex libris*" on the fly-leaf and settle down to enjoy himself immensely. . . . But if Miss DANE were interned for the rest of her natural life I should guess that her friends and acquaintances would walk easier. Her penetration, though not unkind, is uncanny, disquieting. The best bit of work that's come my way for many a long week. There must be a sequel, please, Miss DANE. It is absurd to think I have seen the last of *Laura Valentine*.

Since DOROTHEA CONYERS is bold enough to place *The Blighting of Bartram* (METHUEN) in some happy time when Armageddon shall be a thing to look back upon, one

may regard her story as yet another forecast of the post-bellum condition of Ireland. It appears to be much as it was in the beginning, or at least up till August, 1914. Ugly little houses, full of dirt and inconvenience, will still advertise themselves as "desirable hunting boxes"; there will still be a vast quantity of muddled hospitality, more than enough brandy-and-soda drunk in remote country houses, some excellent sport after hounds, and an almost alarming quantity of horse-talk. These at least are the constituents of *The Blighting of Bartram*, which might more aptly have been called his unblighting, since it was a heart soured by rejection that first drove *Bartram Marjorybanks* to bury himself in Cahervalley, and its gradual sweetening, under the kindly influences of fresh air and friendship, that forms the argument of the tale. You will hardly need to be told with what a cheery and sympathetic zest the author carries through the treatment. Naturally the book is one of character rather than developed plot; and some of the characters are quite admirably drawn--poor *Quinlan* especially, with his tragi-comedy of a lunatic uncle and aunt, and the grim figures of the *Lamberts*, father and son, drinking themselves to shipwreck. It is only fair to warn the pedestrian reader that he may more than once find himself wishing that Mrs. Convers would "cut the 'osses and come to the cackle"—which she does so well; but for the rest *The Blighting of Bartram* may be confidently recommended as a homœopathic remedy for the blightings of almost anyone.

Love's Burden (Hurst and Blackett), for all the merits of its composition, leaves me with the vague impression that something is wrong with one of its dimensions, probably the fourth. At no stage did I find myself particularly excited, even intrigued, as to the ultimate fate of *Margot Symes*, a heroine so well drawn as to be both virtuous and attractive at the same time. The intervention of the equally lifelike *Imogen Westbrook*, "a hot-house flower with some of the unpleasant beauty of the orchid about her," did not stir my indignation as it should have done, and the scene in *Derek Maitland's* Indian bungalow, where *Margot* was decoyed at dead of night, gave me no real thrill of any sort. Indeed, Miss Margaret Peterson herself dismisses the last affair, in reality the turning-point of her story, as a mere "social crime," and appears to wonder, as I did, why *Uncle Tom Symes*, the district judge, carried on about it as he did. And yet here are all the makings of a stirring romance, with a touch of the mysterious about it; conflicting emotions, plausible misunderstandings, turbulent events. The theme of self-sacrifice is developed in a manner not open to adverse criticism; incidents follow in a sequence, natural and dramatic enough; the style is quite sound and there are no faults with the grammar; and yet I think Miss Peterson was not very closely interested herself, and that is why she failed to enlist my sympathy in the destiny of her characters, whether in the English family circle or the wider life of India.

When the young and pretty schoolma'am of Stroudstown, Monroe County, suddenly decides to exchange her narrow provincial existence for the strenuously unwholesome career of an actress in a travelling company we know that she is asking for trouble. But *Miss Hall* is a young person whose ingenuousness is protected by a fund of pawky common-sense and a restrained gift of humour, and she survives her experiences at least sufficiently to be able to recount them to us in the first person singular. Naturally *Miss Hallam*, as she is now, falls in love with the leading man, and the discovery that he is already burdened with wives in excess of the legal ration causes no lasting estrangement, his temperament being such that a semi-platonic affection suffices the needs of all parties concerned. For the rest *Miss Hallam* has no particular difficulty in modifying her narrow and censorious code of village morals to suit her new environment. That she should discard her village fiancé, an impossible young prig, who asks her if she has grown "less pure" because she suggests dining at a restaurant, is inevitable, and indeed we have no difficulty in appreciating the sigh of relief with which she turns her back on Stroudstown, with its glass beads and ready-to-wear suits, its scandalmongering and dreadful respectability. But it is as a study of theatrical types that *The Toll of the Road* (Long) chiefly commends itself, and its author, Miss Marion Hill, is to be congratulated on having handled her subject with an artistic reserve which is all too rare in novels dealing with the stage.



CUT AND COME AGAIN.

"Please, Mummy, Billy and me's playing shops and we've used up all your coupons. May we have some more?"

The Younger Branch (Melrose), by Mr. G. E. S. Coxhead, is an account of soldiers in the making. Of these "Sketches of a Cadet Camp" the author informs us in an introductory note that "the basis of fact is present almost everywhere, but the events have been so coloured as to render them essentially fictitious." For my own part I could have done with a little less fiction and a little more fact, for, although Mr. Coxhead has a sympathetic understanding of boys, there is hardly enough stuff in these disconnected episodes to sustain one's interest. The only boy whose acquaintance I really made is *Private Moore*, a youth so excellent that I fear he may have undergone a drastic course of "colouring." On the other hand the main idea of the book deserves unqualified praise. So keenly do the officers and boys of the camp carry out their duties that even the war-weariest of us may find a tonic in this record of freshness and enthusiasm. So good luck to *The Younger Branch*.

'A Hard-Worked County Council.

. Mr. Robertson, Millfield, held that the Department should have submitted something more specific for their consideration, and he moved that they be asked to do so.

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Mr. Robertson, Millfield, held that the have something more specific for their consideration, and he moved that they be asked to do so. The Council agreed."—*Scotch Paper.*

Perhaps they were getting a little tired.

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask the name of the discoverer of Ireland. Surely it is rather late in the day to try to fix the blame for this.

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A New York business man has just been rejected by the United States Army because he has very short legs. We understand that they are so short that they only just reach the ground.

On inquiry about the alien who was found on the top of a railway engine at Euston we learn that he got up there to avoid the crush.

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All the University seats, it is announced, will be contested by Labour Candidates at the General Election. Some of them, we understand, have already arranged for a couple of days off to pick up a dead language or two.

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Further investigation has been made into the story of the match-box seen in the Strand last week, and the latest evidence points to the fact that it was empty.

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"During the Indian conspiracy trial in San Francisco," says a message, "Ram Singh shot another Hindu prisoner and was in turn shot by an American officer." The failure of learned counsel for the defence to pop a *nolle prosequi* into the U.S. marshal was solely due, it appears, to the instantaneous production of the Court's gun.

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The Emperor of AUSTRIA, it is stated, has deported his wife's mother as the result of the peace-letter affair. Monarchy is not without its privileges.

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It is expected that the Government will shortly be given an opportunity of purchasing Covent Garden Market for one million pounds. In that case it is possible that the place may be taken as the nucleus of an annexe for a Government Department.

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Greater strictness is now observed about the prohibition of weather reports, and the public has to fall back on its own observations as to what sort of weather we are having.

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After stealing a motor cycle and a side-car from King's Cross Station, an ex-police-constable complained of its dirty appearance, and stood by while a railway porter cleaned it. This supports our contention that coolness combined with a certain amount of *abandon* is necessary for success in any business.

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A French scientist predicts that, owing to the advance of science in food manufacture, there will be no need to cultivate the land in the year 3000. Allotment holders are said to be now very chary of breaking up new ground.

An essayist having suggested that no man can become an efficient Member of Parliament until he has had twelve months' experience, it is rumoured that an Irish M.P. is to ask the Government to make it illegal for a man to sit until he has had that experience.



"CAN'T YOU 'URRY 'IM UP A BIT? CURFEW'LL RINGING IN 'ARF A TICK. AND IF THE PEOPLE TO SEE ME THEY'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU."

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A branch of the Royal Mint is to be established at Bombay, but the police in Great Britain are still very severe on people who try to open up similar little businesses on their own.

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN, as we recently stated, expects to be called up for military service in June. Nevertheless there is no relaxation in the Government's efforts to press forward with the Man-Power scheme.

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Under the new Decimal Coinage Bill there will be one thousand farthings to the pound, instead of nine hundred and sixty. Bond Street milliners are already complaining that the change will mean a complete readjustment of their prices.

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It is evidently untrue to say that the Germans have no sense of justice. A Berlin merchant who was wrongfully executed for murder has been granted a free pardon.

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According to *Die Politische Anthropologische Monatschrift* there is a shortage of husbands in Germany. The leading anthropologists attribute this deficiency to the War.

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Cigarette queues are reported from various parts of the country. There is a suggestion that the use of tobacco in this industry should be further diluted.

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Ashanti, it seems, has a system of food control. Missionary, it is understood, can only be purchased with the fourth coupon.

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"It is not the intention to appoint an Ambassador to Russia," says Mr. BALFOUR. There is talk, however, of sending out an exploration party to find out just where Russia has got to.

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Butter and margarine are being washed ashore near Scarborough. A nominal charge of one coupon is to be fixed by the Municipality for the use of its bathing-machines.

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Railway travelling is likely to be restricted to people engaged on *bonâ-fide* business, and many aliens are now walking about trying to make a noise like commercial travellers.

An Infant Prodigy.

Wanted Mother's Help (gentlewoman by birth), age between 18 and 24, to take charge of little boy of 19 months and help with girl of 7 months who has a daily governess."—*Church Times.*

"Examining about six men, all of whom had been examined last summer and rejected, doctors of the board accepted thirty three for regular military service, twenty-two for special or limited military service and rejected six only."—*New York Times.*

Something like a "comb." Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES ought to borrow it.

Jones Minor, being instructed to paraphrase from *Richard II.*,

> "Woe doth the heavier sit
> Where it perceives it is but faintly borne."

produced the following:—

> "Carefully does a heavy person sit down when he sees there is only a fragile seat."

THE LIQUOR OFFENSIVE.

TO THE IRISH NATIONALIST MEMBERS.

ON that supreme and fateful night
When Erin's sons were asked to fight
For what she holds profoundly dear,
How was it you were nowhere near?
Where then was DILLON, lank of limb,
And where the plump but doughty TIM?
Why did their presence not occur
Within the lines at Westminster,
To meet with Gaelic club and targe
The Saxon foeman's furious charge—
The extra charge that BONAR LAW
Imposed on beer and usquebaugh?

Ah! you had gone—and left no trace—
On softer business at the base,
Pressing your countrymen to burke
The call that honour might not shirk;
Sitting, to suit your private ends,
In counsel with the KAISER's friends,
Sinn Feiners, sworn in Freedom's name
To compass Freedom's deadly shame;
And that strange priesthood who rehearse
The creed of Christ yet lay their curse
On such as dare to strike a blow
At Christendom's most felon foe.

Such were the claims, I understand,
That drew you to your native land
By blood and other local ties,
But oh, I ask you, was it wise?
Was it a happy thought to leave
Upon the Budget's punctual eve,
And waste your gifts of tooth and claw
Running amok against the law?
The DEVLIN knows; but I, for one,
Deem that the thing was not well done.
For Irish hearts, if rumour 's right,
Are volatile as air, and might
At any moment change their views
On Ireland's grievances and choose,
In lack of likelier heads to break,
To fight the Hun for fighting's sake;
Might even, while the mood is new,
By way of practice start on you—
You who deserted duty's post
When men of weight were needed most.

Indeed, my DILLON, it was risky
To waive the rights of Irish whiskey,
And in these parlous days of drought
To make no stand for Irish stout.

O. S.

"Over 2,500 persons resident at Northampton have been awarded the Croix de to make jam from home-grown fruit."
Northampton Daily Echo.

We understand that the full name of this elliptic decoration is the Military Crosse and Blackwell.

"M. Clemenceau had only one means of proving that he himself had not lied: that was by demonstrating that it was the Emperor Charles who had sinned against the eighth commandment."—*Observer.*

Even if KARL is a thief we don't see how it helps the argument.

STUDIES IN GERMAN WIRELESS.

(*Showing how they keep their spirits up on a potatoless day in the German Propaganda Department.*)

AN American aviator, recently captured on the Western Front, expressed great surprise at hearing that he was fighting against the Germans. He had been informed that he was taking part in a punitive expedition against the Mexicans, and it was only on this understanding that he had consented to fight. Had he known that America was at war with Germany, he would have renounced his citizenship rather than take arms against a nation whose *Kultur* he admires so immensely. He expressed the opinion that, from what he had seen of Germany since last Tuesday, the Central Empires were much better provided with foodstuffs than either America or Great Britain.

The crew of a British tank captured near St. Quentin say that it is impossible to obtain any volunteers for the Tank Corps now, and men will only serve in it on condition that they have six months' leave after every journey which they make in the tank. They say that everybody in England wants peace, and that the War is only going on because certain manufacturers in Bermondsey wish to capture the sausage trade. They expressed the opinion that, from what they had seen, there was obviously plenty of food in Germany, and that the country was in no danger of starvation.

The English continue to sacrifice the Australians and Canadians rather than expose themselves to danger. In the recent fighting a whole battalion of Australians was exposed to the full weight of the German onslaught, while in another part of the line an English division was resting in a safe position many miles behind the Front. Australian prisoners recently captured had no real knowledge as to why they were fighting, but thought it was something to do with President KRUGER. They expressed the opinion that Germany had never been in a more flourishing condition than it was now, and that the food obtainable in Berlin was marvellously cheap at the price, and much better than it used to be before the War.

A French soldier, taken prisoner in the recent fighting near Noyon, said that everybody in France was tired of the War, and that it was only owing to the threats and bribes of the British that they continued to fight. He was surprised to find that Germany was so plentifully supplied with food, and expressed the opinion that the Central Powers could hold out much longer than the Entente Countries.

An English soldier, recently captured, expressed the opinion that from what he could see of it the German nation was in serious danger of suffering from overfeeding. He said that the English were tired of the War, and only continued to fight because of the bribes and threats of the French.

A Belgian soldier, captured last Thursday, expressed the opinion that the War would be over by Wednesday week. He gave no reason for this statement, beyond saying that from what he had seen of Germany in the last twenty-four hours the country was amply provided with food for at least another three years.

The facts of the sinking of the Spanish steamer *San Sebastian* have now come to hand. It appears that a torpedo belonging to His Imperial Majesty the GERMAN EMPEROR was proceeding in a southerly direction off the coast of Spain, when it was deliberately rammed and sunk by the *San Sebastian*. In the explosion which resulted the *San Sebastian*, whose movements all through had been very suspicious, assumed the disguise of a British submarine, contrary to International Law, and submerged herself without further warning. One of the crew was picked up, and expressed the opinion that the Central Empires would undoubtedly win the war.

The recent naval engagement at Zeebrugge gives some idea of the straits to which the English have been reduced by the destruction wrought among their shipping by German U-boats. It is now definitely established that, owing to the lack of merchant ships, the five Dreadnoughts sunk by us at the entrance to the canal were actually engaged at the time in carrying cement to the British Army in France, in order to strengthen the defences there. A marine who was taken prisoner on the Mole has confessed that, from what he saw at that spot, the food problem in Germany was by no means so serious as had been supposed. He was of opinion that the War would be over by Friday.

A. A. M.

The New English.

"Count Czernin, adds the newspaper, honestly strived for peace."—*Daily Paper.*

But his opponents controve to defeat him.



A WAR CROP.

John Bull. "AREN'T YOU TAKING OFF RATHER MORE THAN USUAL?"
Bonar the Barber. "YES, SIR; THE MILITARY CUT, YOU KNOW."
John Bull. "RIGHT-O!"



Wife (reading Budget speech). ". . . . WHICH WOULD MAKE THE NATIONAL DEBT FOR WHICH WE SHOULD BE LIABLE £6,856,000,000' AND THERE YOU GO, SELFISHLY PUTTING YOUR FRIENDS BEFORE YOUR COUNTRY AND LENDING MR. ROBINSON THIRTEEN AND FOURPENCE."

COW CULTURE ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE Stream Military, blue and khaki, roared and jingled up the road, the Stream Civilian scurried down the road, and Marguerite oscillated between the two. Daybreak was beginning to pale the flicker of the guns, and in the wan light we discovered Marguerite—a very lost, lost cow—furtively tacking herself on to the rear ranks of our Sanitary Section.

"Margy" (I don't know why we named her Marguerite, of which Margy was supposed to be an abbreviation) clung to us with a forlorn tenacity. She liked our biscuit and ration. The Skipper suggested handing her over to the Major; but the Major just then was far too busy piling bedsteads, linen, crockery and crates of poultry on to a farm waggon and tying his own cows on behind. So Margy was to stay with us. We would make her free of what had once been the Curé's orchard. Margy in return should richly supplement our little stock of tinned "Ideal."

"Cupid" was appointed cowherd. He had once been a London bank-manager and knew as much about cows as a ploughman does about *haute finance*; all the same, as the result of a short and melodramatic interview with Margy, a custard graced our Mess that very night, and we foresaw a creamy breakfast on the morrow.

And the morrow found our Margy dry. It appeared later that a neighbouring farmer, not yet evacuated, had conceived a proprietorship in Margy. There were some painful scenes.

The matter quickly resolved itself into a silent but earnest duel between our own Cupid (of the one part) and the farmer and his house (of the other), all experts with the stool and pail. Sometimes our Cupid came into collision with one of the farm hands and by aid of a little palm-oil returned with half a dixie of the Margy brand. Sometimes the farmer or his wife were first on the terrain (they arose at a most unholy hour), and we had to fall back on the tinned "Ideal."

And then suddenly one dreary morning the affair came to a head. Margy was standing broadside on in the middle of the Curé's ruined lawn. Cupid advanced upon her armed with a dixie and his stool, an empty petrol can. From the opposite side appeared the farmer with his wooden pail. Almost simultaneously the rival dairymen sighted each other, and there was a race for the unconscious Margy. Pail and dixie met with a crash under her, and, galvanized into sudden and convulsive activity, she smashed Cupid's spectacles and put the end of a muddy tail in the farmer's mouth.

What might have been the effect of the threatened fray upon the future of our relations with General FOCH I dare not think and I shan't try to, for at this juncture there came into view, half in and half out of the dense stream of refugees, an old man and his daughter, in their Sabbath best, driving a herd of cattle. The air was suddenly rent with a shrill call. Margy, who had never really taken to the name we gave her, responded readily to the cry of "Madeleine," and walked straight out of the embarrassing situation. And that was the end.

"Girls (4), smart, for Rolling in Stuff Warehouse."—*Daily Telegraph.*

But would they remain smart?

MONEY TALKS.

"WELL," I said, for his great honest round brown face was looking very disconsolate, "what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," he replied. "My reputation's gone. I'm utterly discredited. Things were bad enough before the Budget, but now I'm done entirely."

"How?" I asked.

"Haven't you read BONAR LAW'S speech?" he replied—"the bit about letters needing a three-halfpenny stamp instead of a penny one?"

I said I had.

"Well, then, how can you be surprised that I'm miserable? After all these years of pride—honourable legitimate pride—to be told that one is incompetent any longer to carry on alone and must have assistance."

"But war changes everything," I said by way of comfort.

He paid no attention to the remark. "And what about Sir ROWLAND HILL?" he continued. "How do you think he would feel if he were alive to-day? Didn't he work like a slave to get the Penny Post?—he and me together? And wasn't the Penny Post the glory of the country? Now Penny Postage has gone. The old proud boast is no more."

"But there's not much difference between a penny and a penny-halfpenny," I urged—lamely, I admit.

He was indignant. "Oh, isn't there!" he said. "That's where you're wrong. A penny is a penny—a great idea. A single coin. You put your hand in your pocket, pulled it out and it did all kinds of wonderful things for you. Once. To pull out two coins isn't the same at all. The penny was a great servant; but it's so no longer. 'Penny Postage'—there's a fine phrase. A Penny-halfpenny Postage—that's nothing. Up till now, so long as you had a penny for the stamp you could set machinery in motion all over the world, between here, say, and New Zealand, and you had the assurance that everyone was going to toil for you—first, the man who collected your letter from the box; then another to sort it; then a third to drive it to the terminus, where a train was waiting to carry it at full speed to the port; and there a great ship was getting up steam to bear it across the sea; and at the other end more men were all ready to deal with it faithfully and swiftly so that your friend might receive it. That's a fine record. That's what I used to do for you. Just myself.

"And now I'm told I can do it alone no more. Mr. BONAR LAW has decided that I'm too old and too weak, and only by leaning on my son can I serve you in future."

"Your son?"

"Yes, the halfpenny. And that's not all. A penny no longer buys *The Daily Telegraph*. For years and years it was my privilege to put anyone who was willing to part with me into possession of all those vast sheets covered with adjectives and advertisements. But that's over too. It takes two of us to get a *Telegraph* now. And where's your Penny Pickwick? Gone. Probably costs a shilling to-day."

"It's the War," I said again.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I know all about that. Everything is put down to the War. But what I say is that Mr. BONAR LAW is no statesman, no Chancellor. The first rule of finance is to take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. And he hasn't taken care of the pence—at any rate, not of the pence's feelings. He's offended us. There's plenty of ways of getting more revenue without slighting the penny and making him feel small."

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"Why not tax cats?" he replied.



"YEW MARK MY WORDS, MRS. PIPSQUEAK—'E'LL BE CATCHED, THAT THERE PROFITEERIN' BUTCHER O' MINE, SURE 'NOUGH. 'E CHARGES ME THE SAME FOR MEAT AS IF I 'ADN'T GIVEN 'IM NO COUPON FOR IT."

"The string orchestra made a welcome choice in the andante from Gounod's 'Reine de Saba,' and Tschaikowky Valse, Opus 48 playing also the Dvorah 'Humoresque' in appaling style."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph.*

That there is a misprint in the epithet is obvious; but what we should like to know is whether the missing letter is an "e" or an "l"

METEROLOGY.

CALLING on my friend Mayson to drag him out to the allotments I found him lying prostrate on a settee in his study. Normally a cheerful, dapper little man, his aspect was miserable, his clothes were dusty and grimed, there was a black mark on his chin and a red scratch on his nose.

"Good heavens! you've been in an accident?" I cried.

In reply Mayson handed me a brace of letters. They were from his gas company and his electric light company; they told him his maximum allowance of heat and light: they warned him of the consequences to himself should his household exceed that allowance; they advised him earnestly to take immediate readings of his meters and to repeat the precaution regularly.

"You will observe," said Mayson bitterly, "the cynical audacity with which these letters imply that the householder is a reckless consumer of gas and electricity. Remember the attitude of gas and electric light companies before the War. My own gas company was always circularising me with reminders of how I could use more gas. I ought to have gas fires in my bedrooms; it was a reproach to me that I had no cheery blaze in my hall. As for the electric light company, it never let me alone. I ought to make toast with electricity at the breakfast table, to curl my hair with electricity in the bath-room, to light my cigars with electricity and to keep myself cool with an electric fan.

"Whenever, in the old days, I complained of my gas or electric light bills, the companies sent supercilious envoys to tell me that I consumed only half as much as any of my neighbours. Never was one of those fellows known to enter the house without conveying the accusation that I was a niggard whose custom was not worth having. Have you read your meters yet?"

"No, I can't say that I have. I don't even know where they are."

"Of course you don't," he cried. "Gas and electric light companies are not such fools as to stick meters up in the hall, where you could watch them like barometers, or against the dining-room mantelpiece, where you could hear them ticking like clocks. Meters are always purposely hidden in the most inaccessible corners of the house, in places where you can only find them by either crawling or climbing. In nine homes out of ten the only people who know the lairs of the meters are the children, who come upon them when they play hide-and-seek.

"When I received these menacing letters I went to read my meters. I found the electric light meter crouching in an obscure angle of a cupboard under the stairs. No one ever guessed it was there until this morning; we never use the cupboard except to shut the cat in it during air-raids. I had to crawl in on my stomach, with a lighted candle in one hand and a pencil and a piece of paper in the other. The meter has no fewer than five faces, or dials, or whatever they call them. I took readings of a sort from the dials, wrote them down in that horrible position and crawled out. Then I couldn't make head or tail of my readings and had to crawl in again; and I still do not understand the rotten little dials. According to my reading I have consumed over a thousand units since Ladyday. If that's right they won't fine me; they'll shoot me in the chill dawn.

"Then when I could move my limbs I went to read the gas-meter. I found it perched up in a sort of bird's-nest under the ceiling of the coal-cellar—, you know the coal-cellar of an up-to-date house like this, a cubicle eight feet long and three feet broad. A maid brought the kitchen steps; there wasn't room enough for the steps to be strutted out. I climbed them and began to read the meter; the steps collapsed and I fell on the coal."

Mayson rose, dusted himself, surveyed himself in a mirror, removed his black mark and tenderly dabbed the scratch on his nose.

"I'll tell you something I've discovered, though," he ended morosely; "it may interest you as a householder. In addition to their five offensive little faces your gas and electric light meters each have another smaller face. If you look at the instructions upon 'How to read meters' on the consumption record card that the companies always hide behind the meters (why can't they leave that in the hall, anyway?) it tells you not to bother about the sixth little face; it remarks that the sixth face is only for the company's guidance. Shall I tell you what it is? It is a wonderful invention that tells gas and electric light companies the amount of your bank balance and how much you can stand.

"No, thank you, I won't come to the allotment. These letters say that the householder ought to take daily readings of his meters. I'm saving my strength for to-morrow."

"Reward Rs. 50.—Stolen from 'Hill View,' Madhupore, a silver model yacht, 2 ft. by 2 ft., in which the German Kaiser sailed for East Africa in 1908."—*Statesman (Calcutta).*

WILLIAM has swollen a bit since those days.

BATH.

(*With grateful acknowledgments to the anonymous but urbane author of "Bath in History and Social Traditions," the latest and one of the best books on the subject.*)

FAIR city, though KING BLADUD and his story
Is largely wrapt in mythologic mist
And legends of your fame in ages hoary
Are scouted by the sceptic annalist,
One century at least of crowded glory
Inspires a recent genial eulogist
And prompts a humble rhymer to rehearse
Your merits in a piece of jingling verse.

I pass the Romans, businesslike invaders;
Of their enduring traces he that runs
May read elsewhere; I pass the Saxon raiders
And tales of mediæval monks and nuns,
Of leper hospitals and mud-bath waders,
And hurry on to Beaux and Belles and Buns;
Your palmy days, *me judice*, began
In the Augustan period of QUEEN ANNE.

The men who planned and built your noble Abbey
Well earned the homage of a sacred bard,
Yet in your golden roll it would be shabby
Your minor worthies wholly to discard;
And though your Bun, now sugarless and flabby
And highly-priced, is sadly shrunk and marred,
The first compounder of its rich delight
Ought not to pass into eternal night.

Of your great trio, ALLEN, WOOD and NASH,
ALLEN, Mæcenas-postman, leaves me cold;
He had not one redeeming vice to clash
With his array of virtues manifold;
But he was patriotic, for his cash
Freed WOOD's majestic genius, sane yet bold,
Until a new and gracious city rose;
And Nash was far the finest of the Beaux.

At least this meed of praise must we accord him,
That he restrained the mutinies of Mode;
That WESLEY was the only man who floored him;
That order was the essence of his code;
That bullies feared him, that the poor adored him,
And, though in age a thorny path he trode,



GIVING THE FOE HIS DUE.

"So I sez, to comfort 'er, 'Why, though yer 'usband is interned, being a 'orrible 'Un, yet I must say 'e did make good sausages w'en 'e lived our way.'"

For many a year none could his seat disturb,
Mounted on Folly ridden on the curb.

What famous names, what episodes romantic
Are linked with yours in Clio's sacred shrine
Ere piety pronounced you Corybantic
And seaside bathing compassed your decline!
"Sherry" and Siddons, Hannah the pedantic,
Fielding and Walpole—how your annals shine!—
Immortal Jane and Herschel, counting bars
And drilling fiddlers—and discovering stars.

Yet even when your vogue was slowly waning
Rich sunset splendours lingered on the scene,
When Sultan Beckford in your midst was reigning
And lending you an Oriental mien;
When D'Arblay, loyal to her haunts remaining,
Extolled your beauties varied and serene;
When in the Octagon men heard Magee
And Lansdown teams rejoiced in "W. G."

Fashion may veer; the elegant and witty—
Light come, light go may scatter far and wide,
But still the terraced colonnaded city
Stands proudly by the silver Avon's tide,
And scenes that move to wonder, praise and pity,
Touched gently by the hand of Time, abide;
Still, O immortal Bath, you wear your crown
Fresh in your beauty, old in your renown.

Head-Cover.

"The officer in command kept his head and cleverly ordered his men to keep behind it as it moved forward."—*Daily Paper.*

Their *will to win* let Boches bawl
As loudly as they choose;
When once our back's against the wall
'Tis not our *wont to lose.*

"The Food Ministry is threatening to move against the shopkeepers who give more than the 'coupon weight.' That may be very well—but surely better arrangements are needed to deal with an excess of perishable goods. Why not let them be spread over the customers."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

In the case of margarine this might lead to unpleasantness.

"Anglo-French Bank Amalgamation.
London, Feb. 2
A Provisional Agreement has been concluded for the Amalgamation of the London County and Westminster Bank and the Parrs Bank."
Ceylon Observer.

We infer that the sub-editor of our contemporary is an Irishman.

"There was a large gathering present at Christ Church, Galle Face, last night, when a well-trained choir gave a pleasing rendering of Lohgesang's 'A Hymn of Praise.'"
Times of Ceylon.

But we doubt if it will permanently displace Mendelssohn's.

"Many of the soldiers had with them blushing brides from the Old Land, glad to get to a country where comparative peace reigned. Fresh-looking lassies with the tinge of English primrose in their cheeks, were full of interest on their first sight of the 'Colony.'"
Canadian Paper.

Let us hope the lassies will regain their complexions when they have recovered from the voyage.

"The men are cheered up, too, at times by little ceremonies such as that upon which I chanced this morning. . . The sun shone on uniforms made to look almost spick and span on prancing, glittering Staff officers."
Daily Paper.

To such lengths will our Staff go in their praiseworthy efforts to improve the *moral* of the troops.



Nurse. "YOU'RE A NAUGHTY GIRL AND I'M SURE YOU AREN'T WELL. I SHALL GO OUT AND GET YOU A POWDER."

Elsie (sulking). "WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND IN THE COLD FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS, AND CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD."

CURTAILED RAIMENT.

MALE relations with more garments than they can wear out are assets in these days.

I have acquired, or perhaps inherited by Salic Law, as it were, an understood right of seizure over the cast-off suits of my sister Mary's husband, Arthur by name.

He is an outsize for length, and discards from his weakest suit as soon as the least spot of grease, say, appears on it and impairs its peach bloom; hence many a useful pair of *culottes* has fallen to me, requiring but three inches to be taken off each leg to be ready for my installation.

A very choice thing in shepherd's plaid came to hand in this way last Friday, just as I was preparing for my bi-weekly visit to town.

"These would have been the very thing for to-morrow's bazaar," I remarked to my sister Elsie. "Absolutely without a blemish that ordinary mortal could discover. I suppose you couldn't cull the usual three inches off the legs, could you, dear? Think how pleased the Vicar would be."

"It's a tailor's job."

"The job was made for the tailor," I said, "not the tailor for the job, unfortunately, in these days. They're all too busy trying to keep up with the new development in Air Force uniforms and other war-winning efforts. None of them would promise to do a simple thing like this under a week."

I wandered into the kitchen, where another sister, Marjorie, was weaving a custard.

"I suppose you've noticed a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers on a chair in my room?" I said.

"Yes, very choice," said Marjorie. "Arthur's getting quite sporting in his old age."

"I suppose you couldn't dock the usual——"

"No, indeed I couldn't," Marjorie interrupted. "I'm cooking all the morning, and I've a meeting in Wingbury this afternoon."

"Then I must wear these to-morrow, whiskers and all, so that's that," I said.

I was disappointed in my usually helpful sisters, went to town in an unhappy mood, and had a thoroughly bad day's sport among my editors.

But Marjorie cheered me up when I got home. "I've a surprise for you," she said.

"It's been a perfect day of 'em," I replied rather testily.

Then the truth dawned on me.

"Perfect flower of sisterhood," I said, "the bazaar will be a success!"

I rushed up and tried the trousers on. As I sallied from my room I met Elsie.

"I repented," she said, "as soon as you'd gone, and without saying a word to anyone I—— Oh!"

"There's one advantage about living in the country," I said as pleasantly as I could; "one can always wear knickerbockers."

"Gentleman wants some Shooting, Rooks, Rabbits, Wood Pigeons, or anything."
Yorkshire Evening News.

Would Huns do by any chance?

"Speeches of welcome and gratitude were delivered by representatives of four different Jewish organisations in Jerusalem, to which Dr. —— replied eloquently in Hebrew. £."
Evening Paper.

We deprecate the insertion of the pound emblem as being needlessly offensive.



DRAKE'S WAY.

ZEEBRUGGE. ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1918.

ADMIRAL DRAKE (*to Admiral Keyes*). "BRAVO, SIR! TRADITION HOLDS. MY MEN SINGED A KING'S BEARD, AND YOURS HAVE SINGED A KAISER'S MOUSTACHES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 22nd.—The bigger the Budget the smaller the House. When the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER asked last year for a trifle of 700 millions Members were so anxious to hear him that they filled the floor and brimmed over into the Galleries. Now when he has increased his demand to 842 millions all the Nationalists and a good many British Members preferred to make holiday.

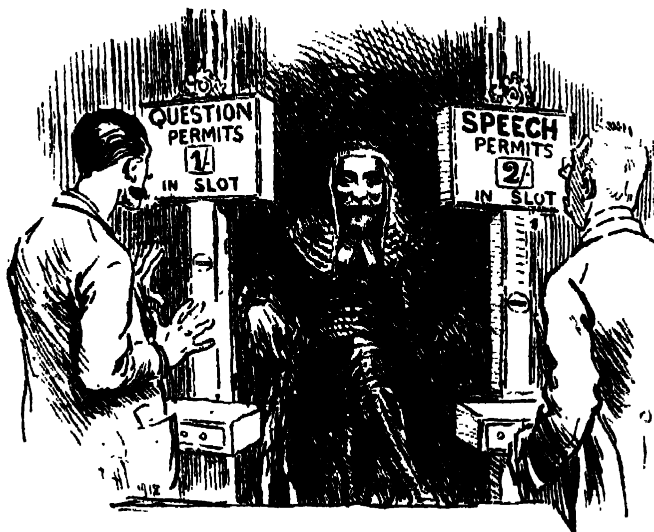
As it was, the long list of increased taxes met with little protest. An increase of a shilling in the income-tax and super-tax was mitigated by the announcement that in future the small taxpayer would be entitled to get a rebate of twenty-five pounds for a wife as for a child. Lest the growing tendency to bigamy should be encouraged by this concession the CHANCELLOR made it clear that it applies only to one wife at a time.

We are to pay more for our letters, our cheques, our sugar and our tobacco. The duty on this last commodity is now so high that the CHANCELLOR said that "in importing tobacco we are almost importing money." The report that in order to save tonnage he himself now fills his favourite briar with Treasury Notes soaked in nicotine so far lacks confirmation.

Members made full use of their opportunity to advertise their own financial fads, but as they rarely agreed with one another little effect was produced. The Luxury Tax of twopence in the shilling was generally approved, and Mr. BONAR LAW's astuteness in leaving to a Select Committee the invidious task of deciding what is a luxury was much admired.

The oddest statement in the debate came from Mr. J. H. THOMAS, who declared that nothing was more likely to discourage our soldiers than the knowledge that whilst they were fighting we at home were piling up a debt of which they on their return would have to bear the burden. Mr. THOMAS has visited the Front and ought to know; but this is the first time I have ever heard it suggested that our brave defenders in Flanders are losing their sleep for thinking of the ever-growing National Debt.

Tuesday, April 23rd.—Within the last week the Government issued an elaborate document proving conclusively that there was no truth in the allegation that the German "pill-boxes" were made of British cement imported *viâ* Holland. And now down comes Sir ERIC GEDDES to admit, without a trace of compunction, that we have been directly supplying the Germans with cement, not by barrels but in shiploads. The port of Zeebrugge is positively congested with the stuff.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE LUXURY TAX COMMITTEE.

The debate on the Budget proposals was resumed by Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL. The principal merit of his speech was that it drew from the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY a reply that in candour and incisiveness reminded one of the late Sir JOHN GORST's utterances from the same bench. Mr. BALDWIN has no conventional reverence for persons or principles. To the horror of Colonel WILL THORNE he even spoke disrespectfully of the Rule of Three, and amid delighted cheers from below the Gangway he described the financial shortcomings alluded to by Mr. SAMUEL as a legacy from the method adopted by the present Prime Minister at the Ministry of Munitions. Even his official chief did not escape altogether scatheless, for Mr. BALDWIN casually observed that the Luxury Tax "might not have occurred to a professional economist." But for all that his speech gave valuable assistance to the Government, since it showed that the Treasury has, at any rate, one watch-dog with a very efficient bark.



SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT.

("*Nous ne pensons pas*" series.)

First Gunner. "THE GIRLS TURN OUT THESE SHELLS FOR US VERY PRETTY."

Second ditto (gloomily). "YES; BUT LOOK AT THE DEBT IT'S PILING UP AT HOME."

["Nothing," declared Mr. J. H. THOMAS, "was more likely to discourage our soldiers than the knowledge that whilst they were fighting we at home were piling up a debt of which they on their return would have to bear the burden."]

Wednesday, April 24th.—The word Ottoman still suggests a rather pleasant languor. From Lord NEWTON's racy account of his negotiations with the Turkish envoys over the exchange of prisoners we gathered that they were charming fellows, ready to talk about anything but the business in hand, and particularly about a mysterious ailment called the "barbed wire disease," supposed to be rampant in British internment camps. But they had only the vaguest notions of the number of their British prisoners and showed no desire to part with them. At last an agreement was reached, but it took four months to ratify, instead of a few hours, and how much longer we shall have to wait before it is actually carried out no wise man will venture to prophesy.

To have a reputation as a humourist is often embarrassing. Major HUNT was doubtless quite serious in asking whether the efficiency of the War Cabinet might not be improved by including in it one or two persons with a practical knowledge of war. But Mr. BONAR LAW said that was "a difficult conundrum," and even the Scottish Members laughed. Yet is the suggestion really so ridiculous?

Personally, I thought it much more amusing to learn that among the 1,800 high-mettled racers who are allowed to consume 13 lbs. of oats a head every day—solely, as we have been assured, in order that the breed of horses may be maintained—no fewer than 228 are geldings.

It was a bad day for those persons, whether landlords or tradesmen, who have been taking advantage of the War to feather their own nests. The former will be prevented by the Increase of Rent Bill from turning out their existing tenants in order to accommodate

affluent Gothaphobes; while, under the Food Profits Bill, tradesmen will no longer be able to extort thousands of pounds from their customers in the comfortable knowledge that at the worst they could not be fined more than a hundred pounds.

Thursday, April 25th.—Mr. HOGGE is, of course, an adept in putting questions to which no answer is desirable or perhaps desired. *À propos* of a conscientious objector who had been ordered to find work fifty miles away from his home, he inquired sententiously, "What difference does geographical distance make to a conscience?" But no one made the obvious reply that as "absence makes the heart grow fonder" it may have a similar effect upon the conscience.

It is not easy to reconcile Ministerial utterances regarding the recent German "push." At Question-time Mr. MACPHERSON, in explanation of the despatch of young soldiers to the Front, said, "This crisis came on like a thief in the night." A little later Mr. CHURCHILL, in describing the wonderful work of the Ministry of Munitions in making good the losses of material, observed that the German offensive had opened a month later than we had calculated, and consequently our reserves were correspondingly larger than they would have been.

The lost guns, tanks and aeroplanes had all been more than replaced; the stores of ammunition had been completely replenished; and at the same time munition workers had been released for the Army at the rate of a thousand a day. These results were largely due to the wonderful work of the women, who turned out innumerable shells of almost incredible quality.

On the question of cost Mr. CHURCHILL, while reminding the House that "no accounting, however strict, would be any substitute for vigorous action in the field," made a stout defence of his Department. Earlier in the sitting Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS had excited derisive laughter by his remark that "the Ministry of Munitions cannot give away public funds," but he now elaborated that daring postulate with many striking facts and figures, and confirmed the favourable impressions made by his chief.

Our Pampered Livestock.

"Wanted at May term, Cook to look after one Cow and Poultry."—*Orkney Herald.*

"There is often no accounting for the sudden desertion of rookeries, but no doubt the birds have a reason."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We are at least confident that they never leave without caws.



Tommy. "NOW THEN, SERGEANT, WE'VE HAD A ROTTEN TIME, BUT DON'T YOU GET YOUR TAIL DOWN."

Sergeant. "TAIL DOWN! WHAT YER MEAN? CAN'T A BLOKE HAVE TOOTHACHE?"

THE MOON-MAKERS.

(*Friday Night's Dreams come true.*)

I ALWAYS used to wonder when the moon came shining bright
Why nearly all the little stars would hide away so soon,
But now I know what happens, for I dreamt it, Friday night:
The stars all join together in a ring, and *that*'s the moon.

Up Windy Hill, dear Windy Hill,
I dreamt that fairies creep
To spread the eiderdowns of night
And croon the sun to sleep;
And then, if no big wind 's about,
They let the baby stars come out.

On Windy Hill, dear Windy Hill,
Sometimes the wind grows strong
And sends the stars away before
They 've been out very long,
And soon the fairies might and main
Plot how to let them out again.

On Windy Hill, dear Windy Hill,
Their court the fairies hold,
And tell the stars how they may cheat
The wind upon the wold;
"*All rise together in a ring
And be a Moon,*" I heard them sing.

"We shall not win the war with our mouths."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The FOOD CONTROLLER says we shall.

"Place hope and malt into a large pan and add $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of water."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

We fancy this must be the sanguine recipe used for Government ale.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXII.

My dear Charles,—Turn your eyes away from our magnificent Front for a moment and give a thought to your poor old dog, Henry, now reduced to watching merely, and that from a little State which lives in an almost unnatural peace between the angry nations.

Have you ever found yourself stranded miles from anywhere, reduced to reading the medical advertisements at the end of a sixpenny magazine? If so, you will remember the artful writing of the author whose business it is to make you think you are ill, and, however well you may have been all the time, you will bring back to mind the insidious effect of his persuasive overtures. There *is* undoubtedly that tired feeling when you are called in the morning. Yes, life *does* seem a dismal and sordid affair at Monday's breakfast-time. Food *has* lost its attractions. And again, are you quite yourself just before the evening meal? When you come to think of it, it is borne in upon you that you are not. Your liver is not as it should be; but then, is it only your liver that is wrong? Are not these small symptoms signs of a general collapse? Think carefully; do you not see spots where there are no spots to see?

So it is true; you *are* ill. More than that, you are *very* ill. Face the facts and confess you are at death's door. If the writer didn't mean to use you as a receptacle for his patent drug he would have no difficulty in convincing you, in another couple of paragraphs, that you were dead, and you might as well admit it and get buried.

I have read many such articles, and I think I trace the author's literary style in the accounts we now read daily of England's final and irretrievable defeat. Charles, we have come to think bitterly out here that it is all very well being annihilated once or twice, but even our own England has no business to go on doing it every other day for weeks and weeks. It is becoming a scandal; one must write to *The Times* about it.



THE GREAT SACRIFICE AND THE LESS.

It is little enough that we who live at home in safety can do to compare with the sacrifice made by those who have given their lives for their country. But we can at least give of our dearest treasures; and Mr. Punch earnestly appeals to the women of the United Kingdom, the Dominions and India to offer their pearls to be set in the necklaces that are to be sold for the funds of the Red Cross Society. Their Majesties the Queen and Queen Alexandra and H.R.H. Princess Victoria have each set a gracious example by the presentation of a pearl in aid of our wounded. A string of pearls from which one is taken for such a service will gain in worth and lustre by the sentiment of sacrifice in a great cause. Many women have given their pearls in honour of husbands, fathers, sons or brothers who are fighting or have fallen in our defence, or as a tribute to the gallantry of individual regiments. Gifts should be addressed to "The Red Cross Pearl Necklace," to the care of one of the following London firms of Jewellers: The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.1; Messrs. Garrard and Co., 24, Albemarle Street, W.1; Messrs. Tiffany and Co., 221, Regent Street, W.1; Messrs. Carrington and Co., 130, Regent Street, W.1; Mr. S. J. Phillips, 113, New Bond Street, W.1; Messrs. Boucheron, 180, New Bond Street, W.1; and Messrs. Cartier, 175, New Bond Street, W.1.

And then it is brought home to us with a sickening thud that by this time there is probably no *Times* left to write to.

The German rejoicings began twelve hours before the Offensive, the idea being to be well on with the festivities and past the speech-making period when the triumphal entry into Paris was announced. They go about their business methodically, these Bosch gentlemen; there is no foolish reticence or uncontrolled emotion about them. The substitution of Amiens for Paris was easily and smoothly made; after all, Amiens is nearer to England, and what is the good of hitting a poor Frenchman when he is already down and clamouring for mercy? Herr von Schmidt here had bought up all the champagne in the place and had a bath in it, about the same time that the Kaiser was telegraphing to his aunts and cousins to thank Heaven it was all over and they'd won. What has gone down the waste cannot come up again, so Herr von Schmidt left it at that and went on smiling, giving us all clearly to understand that he hadn't any use for Amiens either for that matter. All they were out for they had got; they had never meant to win really, their idea was simply for us to lose. That had happened to an extent passing their wildest hopes; they had never dared to hope that anyone could be annihilated so much and so often as we had been in the first few minutes.

So they went on smiling, and I don't think there is such a nasty thing in the world as the smile of a Hun when he is smiling to order.

Our little company here determined to bear up to the last, and to keep up prestige until we were led away to slavery in handcuffs. So, backed by the French and abetted by the Americans, we were not too gloomy about it in public. It is a petty thing to mention in such tremendous days, but we scored a small success, you will be glad to hear. We caught the attention of Wolff's determined representative, and this is what he caused to be published about us in his private Press.

"We notice," he said, with severe



SELECTION DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Member of Council. "DON'T REMOVE THAT JUST YET."

and merciless pomp—"we notice that the British representatives' table at the —— Hotel makes a great show of careless merriment even while their national fate is being sealed once and for all. As NERO fiddled while Rome burnt, so they eat and drink and are merry while England falls. It is even disgusting as well as tragic to see them nudging each other in the ribs and laughing fatuously, indeed noisily, at their own inane jokes. But about their jokes there appeared to be a forced element and about their laughter there was a hollow mirthless ring . . ."

We cannot remember who nudged whose ribs, Charles, but we admit to a certain amount of gaiety at one particular moment. It was by way of relief after about a week of tension, and you will bear in mind in our defence that we had been labouring under the impression that there was no British Army left, except a few of those in the rear, who were now floating about in the sea. Our first intimation of anything to the contrary was an official communication to myself from my old H.Q. It was marked "Urgent" and an immediate answer in writing was required. It stated clearly and unmistakably the serious difficulty which was occupying the attention of our Staff. The bicycle motor, Douglas, which had been taken over by me in happier times, bore the number 73737; the bicycle motor, Douglas, handed over to my successor, bore the number 73757. Until this matter was righted the condition of the B.E.F. could not be regarded as satisfactory.

This *communiqué* was dated April 1st. Had intercourse with the enemy not been forbidden, I should have certainly passed it to Herr von Schmidt, marked: "For you, please, as I understand that the B.E.F. and Douglas are now on your charge." Yours ever,

HENRY.

From the report of some school sports:—

"No records appear to have been created, or broken. . . Long Jump, under 15.—1, Lewis; 2, Sharland ii.; 3, Rowe. Time, 15 mins. 4 secs."—*Provincial Paper.*

The reporter has hardly done justice to what seems to have been far the longest jump on record.

"A variant reading gives to the Kaiser's words a slightly different form: 'What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?' If that is what he said the answer is 'Nothing,' and the argument is unaffected."
Daily Mail.

This testimonial to the KAISER from the journal which calls itself "The Soldiers' Friend" has given us a shock.

TO ANY SOLDIER.

IF you have come through hell stricken
or maimed,
Vistas of pain confronting you on
earth;
If the long road of life holds nought
of worth
And from your hands the last toil has
been claimed;
If memories of horrors none has named
Haunt with their shadows your courageous mirth,
And joys you hoped to harvest turn
to dearth,
And the high goal is lost at which you
aimed;

Think this—and may your heart's pain
thus be heal'd—
Because of me some flower to fruitage
blew,
Some harvest ripened on a death-dewed
field,
And in a shattered village some child
grew
To womanhood inviolate, safe and pure.
For these great things know your reward is sure.

How India Gets the News.

"London, March 6.— . . . We brought down three enemy aerodromes and one of ours is missing."—*Peshawar Daily News.*

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The German Crown Prince and a German-Irish Expert.*)

The Crown Prince. Do you know, my fine fellow, that I am pretty nearly fed up with all this Irish teaching that I am going through?

The Expert. Your Royal Highness will come to it in time; and it must be remembered, moreover, that I am acting as your teacher only on the express orders of your All-Highest Father and Emperor, whom may God have in His keeping.

The C. P. That is what you are always telling me.

The E. It does not become any the less true by being repeated. It is the wish of His Imperial Graciousness that you should be ready at a moment's notice to take your place as Viceroy of Ireland, and for that purpose His Majesty desires that you should be steeped in the Irish manner of thinking, speaking and acting, so that you may be acceptable in the eyes of your subjects. I am the man whom His Majesty has selected to instil Irish lessons of all sorts into you, so that in obeying me you obey your glorious Father, and give an example of submission which is very necessary in these days. Shall we proceed?

The C. P. All right! All right! Have it your own way, but please cut it as short as you can.

The E. When we were interrupted I was endeavouring to explain to Your Highness the true nature of what is known as an Irish bull. Generally speaking, the Irish bull does not involve any reference to an actual bull, that is to say, to the kind with horns on his head and four legs of the usual description. It is the combination of two manifestly incongruous ideas which yet have a certain measure of congruity, as when one would say, "There is a fire raging; we will stamp it out by directing water upon it." Does your Royal Highness follow me?

The C. P. Not only do I follow you, but I also precede you.

The E. Bravo, Your Royal Highness, bravo! You have yourself composed a most brilliant bull.

The C. P. Sometimes, when I am in the humour, I can compose quite a lot of such things. At Verdun, for instance, I used to do two or three a day.

The E. It is wonderful to think that in the midst of your glorious victories Your Highness could find time for such strokes of wit, which show that we are not the brutal barbarians imagined by our enemies, but that we have time for the higher things of the intellect. Civilization must profit by such an example.

The C. P. Let us now proceed to the next subject.

The E. The next subject, Your Highness, is the use of the expression, "Bejabers." Colloquially this expression is of the utmost importance. It is composed of the Gaelic root "bej," meaning "passionate," and "abers," meaning "trees"; so that when an Irishman says "Bejabers" he is unconsciously indicating that he is equivalent to two or more passionate trees, the implication being that, unless his wishes are attended to, he will allow himself to become a passionate forest, in other words that he will be passionate many times over, and will refuse to be responsible for the consequences.

The C. P. Really that is very interesting. Is it invented by yourself?

The E. Not entirely, Your Highness. Professor Grundschläger claims a share in the discovery, but I may say with truth that I invented the greater portion of it entirely without aid from anybody.

The C. P. Let us call in one of the Irish prisoners and ask him what he means when he uses the expression "Bejabers."

The E. I have already tried that, Your Highness, and the thick-skulled fellow denied that he ever used such an expression or knew what it meant.

The C. P. Is there anything further to-day?

The E. I had thought of taking Your Highness through a short excursus on the expressions "Arrah" and "Faix." But Your Highness has made such brilliant progress this morning that we may permit ourselves to postpone these and other matters until to-morrow. Only a little more work and Your Highness will be a complete Irish scholar.

The C. P. Yes, I already feel bulls growing all over me, and could say "Bejabers" forward or backward with the greatest ease.

The E. I will report accordingly to Your Highness's most gracious Father.

NIRVANA.

This tale of one named Peter Smiler Smee
(Not by his godpapas, but just by me)—
This tale, this idyll, lighted up the course
Of my official labours, and perforce—
Rather to charm a chuckle than compel it—
Pushed by the god of Gentle Japes, I tell it.

Oh, Smiler Smee he served at sea, he served at the doors of hell,
At the stokehold doors where the white heat roars with a strong grilled-stoker smell,
And Smee, as he swinked in the sweltering hive with the dews of his anguish pouring,
Said, "If ever I get out of this alive it's me for a job cold-storing!

"Ah, me pals may bawl for a ice-cream stall or a bathin'-machine-man's job,
An' there's some that's yellin' for grotters to dwell in, with lilies around their nob;
But my idea of a flowery path, my notion o' dissipation,
Is a sort of an anti-Turkish bath, which they calls refrigeration.

"I shall spend me days in a dreamy laze, with chilblains blessin' me toes,
With a icicled brow where the sweat blooms now, among butter an' meat 'ard froze;
I shall end me days with a Jack Frost 'ead at a real ole reggiler 'oar age—
O Lord, be good to a bloke 'arf dead an' put me in cool cold storage!"

To travel hopefully, said R. L. S.,
Is better than to arrive. Not so, I guess,
With Peter Smee; nor him for whom, when starved
On swinish husks, the fatted calf is carved;
Nor him who from the bottom of a queue,
Waiting for Cheddar since the evening's dew,
Achieves it after dawn; but none there be
Who e'er attain like Peter Smiler Smee.
To whom indeed the Lord was good. For lo!
Filed mid the ice-men of a Cold Store Co.,
Under the name which his godfathers gave, he
Proclaims his past: "Stoker—discharged from
Navy . . ."

W. B.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

The Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, to whose splendid work Mr. Punch has more than once paid tribute, has had the good fortune to be offered the generous services of Miss Katharine Goodson, who will give a Chopin Recital in aid of its funds, at the Royal Albert Hall, on Sunday, May 12th, at 3.15 p.m.



Hostess. "I see you've got rid of your double chin. How splendid! Tell me who did it for you."
Friend. "Why, Lord Rhondda, of course."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Miss E. M. Delafield, from whose former book, *Zella Sees Herself*, I snatched an almost fearful joy, has now turned the searchlight of her observation upon another subject—I had nearly said another victim. *The War-Workers* (Heinemann) is, like *Zella*, a brilliantly satirical study of a type—here the energetic and successful worker who becomes, if I may permit myself to say it, intoxicated with efficiency. This was precisely the case of *Char. Vivian*, Director of the Midland Supply Depôt; and as you read of her devastating activities, her methods of routine, and the sacrifice to duty that reduces all in contact with her to a condition of self-accusing wonder, your mind will no doubt supply a dozen possible originals for the portrait. Compared with the too-energetic *Miss Vivian*, the rest of the cast, mostly underlings from her hostel, are of relative unimportance, though the varied characters of the girls are excellently suggested. The great interest of the book is found in the spectacle of *Charmian*, confronted with that most bitter of all unpalatable truths—that no one is indispensable. Altogether, the Director of the Midland Supply Depôt, whether in her official capacity welcoming and even unconsciously making work in order to enjoy the pride of mastering it, or as the rebellious daughter of a mother who laughs at her with an exasperated understanding, is an altogether human figure, well worthy to rank with Miss Delafield's earlier case. I confess to some curiosity over the next work of this clever lady. There must, I imagine, be a lively competition amongst certain feminine types to escape an almost uncannily penetrating eye. I can only hope that the next victim will provide analysis as entertaining as that of her two predecessors.

If my memory serves me, the first occasion on which I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Geneviève Ward upon the stage was as *Margaret of Anjou* in the Lyceum *Richard III.* This seems already a great while ago; but I notice that the record of the event (I mean, of course, the performance, not my personal assistance thereat) comes well into the latter half of the considerable volume called *Both Sides of the Curtain* (Cassell), in which this clever and fortunately still active lady has set down her recollections. Naturally the book covers a long period of stage history, as it follows the progress of its heroine from grand opera in the fifties to her latest memorable performance of the old *Duchess* in *The Aristocrat*. Fate has given a sad interest to these final pages, since it is natural that Miss Ward should have much to say about the manager and kindly friend whose request brought her back to the stage at the St. James's Theatre. Elsewhere you will find a host of anecdotes, the gleanings of a long, strenuous and varied life. For one of the strangest of these, the story of her romantic marriage, we have the aid of Miss Ward's lifelong friend, Richard Whiteing. There is neither space nor need to follow in any detail a record that all lovers of the drama will certainly read for themselves. Its most sensational chapter is perhaps that which relates the amazing fortunes of the play *Forget-me-not* ("not exactly a perfect piece" is Mr. Whiteing's surely very charitable verdict upon it), over which London and America poured out what seems to-day the singularly simple enthusiasm of the early eighties. I should add that this very well turned-out volume is illustrated

with a large number of photographs and drawings, for which alone it would deserve a place in any theatrical library.

It is a pity that MARGUERITE BRYANT, in *The Shadow on the Stone* (METHUEN), couldn't manage to be a little more definite as to what *Niel Meredith*, the man with the wonderful eyes, wanted to do on the island of Mora with his settlement and his formidably named International Society for the Promotion of Racial Advance. A pity, because the book is informed by a real sincerity and generosity of outlook. But time and again, when I said to myself, "Ah! now we're going to hear all about it," she floated away on a tide of the very vaguest generalities. However *Farr*, the financier and whole-hogging materialist, with his exquisite country house, his gorgeous garden, his priceless chef, and his private den "with rows of telephone bells" (this is rather overdoing it, I fear), thought well enough of it as a stunt to put in ten thousand pounds, though this must have been rather tight financing for a project conceived on so grandiose a scale. How stupendous quantities of radium were found on Mora, and how *Niel*, laying the foundation stone of his enterprise, let his shadow fall across it (which, it appears, always means that the building claims a victim), and how the victim is (of course) the worthy *Niel;* and how *Farr*, the capitalist with the cruel face, is led to become all but a murderer, because of his conviction that several tons of radium in the hand are worth more than the most admirable I.S.P.R.A. in the bud, is all told, as I have hinted, with a zeal of which the motive remains a little obscure.

Captain BASIL WILLIAMS has written his *Raising and Training the New Armies* (CONSTABLE) with an eye to America, and I suspect to grousers in club and restaurant nearer home. It is a timely volume. The nation that can do this is not going under. A copy should be sent to General von LORINGHOVEN; it would enable him to make some more deductions. Captain WILLIAMS treats his subject in an orderly manner and has evidently had access to official records and figures. It will always be good to remember that five million men were with the colours before the passing of the Conscription Act, a measure which—so the author judges on the evidence—would not have been wisely advocated at any earlier stage. He lets the public behind the scenes to understand the scheme of Army organisation and see the processes of training in a way that has not been done before, nor has there been before presented such a detailed story of the famous tanks. I surmise this book to be an apologia for the War Office. And I fancy that, like a discreet advocate, Captain WILLIAMS admits a few light errors, omissions and strokes of bad luck that he may steer his critics the more easily from seriously debatable ground.



THE PATRIOT ON THE RIGHT, WHO IS BOTH AN ALLOTMENT-HOLDER AND VOLUNTEER PRIVATE, SOMETIMES GETS CONFUSED AS TO WHICH BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL SERVICE HE IS ENGAGED ON AT THE MOMENT.

A Maid and Her Money (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a novel of situations, and if it was first published as a *feuilleton* I can imagine readers waiting with palpitating eagerness to discover what happened to poor *Kenneth* and dear *Kathleen*. *Kenneth Driver*, a kind of adopted son to *John Baltimore* (millionaire), fell in love at fourth sight with *Kathleen Ridgeway*. He proposed with success, and then after a few hours' ecstasy discovered that *Kathleen* was the daughter of the man who had ruined his father; indeed, *Kenneth* and *Baltimore* had been busy for years trying to pay the rogue out for his turpitude. You will gather that the course of true love over this country was not very good going. Mr. MARK ALLERTON can be trusted to keep your emotions at strain till the happy ending is reached. The book is for those who like an old-fashioned love-story, and that is all about it. But if there is never a shadow of doubt that all will be well in the long run, we are, at any rate, given a good long run for our money.

Beautiful and imperious—all American Society belles are imperious—it is perhaps too much to expect *Virginia Keep* to possess exceptional intelligence. Not that Mr. EDWIN BAIRD tells us in so many words that his heroine is lacking in this quality, but the mental equipment of a young lady who, upon hearing that her father has been arrested for a murder committed twenty-five years before, promptly summons the automobile and goes off to bribe the principal witness for the prosecution, can scarcely be regarded as complete. Later this same young person accepts a job as Society reporter on the local newspaper at a modest salary of two hundred dollars a week without suspecting that the emolument is in any way excessive. The fact is that the owner of the paper is her admirer and chooses that way of supplying her with pin-money. After a half-hearted attempt at being poor but proud, *Virginia* agrees to help the hero to spend his millions. *The Heart of Virginia Keep* (WARD, LOCK) is a slight story, but it is told with that bright if superficial deftness that makes the bulk of American magazine fiction easy reading for a public that does not want to be emotionally or intellectually stirred.

A Sufficient Reason.

Extract from a letter from a native teacher explaining his absence from school:—

"Respectfully I beg to request that I am laid up and unable to come to you. Doctor treated me with purgatory yesterday."

"A telegram states that the work in connection with the last portion of the railway from the Federated Malay States to Siam is nearing completion and there is likelihood that through passenger traffic will commence about April 1st. Owing to the shortage of rollingstock, however, it is not likely that there will be more than one passenger train each way till the war is over."

Statesman (Calcutta).

There will be no trouble with season ticket holders, anyway.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that, in order to facilitate business, Officers in Government Departments have been requested in future to send in their resignations on Mondays and Thursdays only, between 10.0 and 11.30 A.M.

* * *

A police census shows that very few stout men are charged with bigamy. Men with a double chin rarely lead a double life.

We are glad to note from an evening paper that General KORNILOFF is no [illegible]

* * *

Chickens recently sold by the G.N.R. as unclaimed perishable goods fetched 2s. 6d. each. A marked contrast to the fifteen shillings or so that one pays for one of the imperishable sort.

* * *

At Newport a woman has been fined three pounds for trying to set fire to her husband. It sounds wasteful, but firewood is of course very expensive just now.

* * *

A pickpocket who was sentenced to prison at the London Sessions was described as "the King of Snuff Takers." We understand that imprisonment carries with it loss of title.



Mrs. MacPherson. "IT'S A GRAN' THING, MR. MCTAVISH, THAT THE MEENISTER'S NO GOIN' TAE THE WAR AFTER ALL."

McTavish (a frequent victim). "WEEL, I'M NO SO SURE IT DOESNA' AMOUNT TAE ASSISTIN' THE ENEMY. FOR WI' HIS METHODS O' DEALIN' WI' WRANGDOERS HE WAD HAE BEEN A SAIR AFFLICTION TAE THE KAISER."

According to Mr. BONAR LAW the gross amount of income brought under review in 1916-1917 is estimated at £1,655,000,000. It looks as if some of our theatrical stars have not declared their full salaries.

* * *

Burglars broke into an East End restaurant the other day and secured a few pounds of black pudding. As no official explanation of this has been sent out it is supposed that the burglars did it for a wager.

* * *

Austria has been complaining that she was not consulted during the pourparlers about the Ukraine. Austria has yet to learn that good little allies must be seen and not heard.

* * *

We understand that the Independent Workers of the World are extremely annoyed with the petty attitude taken up by the authorities in Australia. It appears that members are not permitted to blow up their employers' factories with dynamite.

* * *

"Aviation," says an expert, "has made rapid strides since the War and aviators to-day run into seven figures." That is nothing, however, to the numbers that our motorists used to run into in the tooting times of peace.

"Will dogs be rationed?" asks *The Evening News.* We are reliably informed that rat cards are already in the printer's hands.

Wire-worm, we are told, can only be killed by the use of germicide. The old custom of decimating these insects with a pea-shooter seems to be dying out.

* * *

The Bexhill Council has decided to replace the municipal orchestra on the ground that it is composed largely of foreigners. A similar problem connected with the visitors remains unsolved.

* * *

A new war-film to be released on May 13th is entitled "America is Here." In justice to Mr. GEORGE ROBEY it should be pointed out that *The Bing Boys* were here first.

* * *

The report that three new Rhine bridges have been named by the KAISER after the CROWN PRINCE, HINDENBURG and LUDENDORFF makes it clear that the ALL-HIGHEST is losing his grip. A couple of years ago he would not have hesitated to reward his faithful subjects by calling all three after himself.

* * *

We referred recently to an appeal for orchestral instruments for the Conscientious Objectors at Dartmoor. We think every encouragement should be given to them to get into the habit of facing the music.

The German War Minister has called upon the local officials to draw up a list of public statues that can best be spared. As most of the latter represent samples of the HOHENZOLLERN stock the struggle between duty and pleasure should prove a bitter one.

The proposal that the United States and Ireland should be amalgamated into a "greater Ireland" is said to be gaining very few adherents in Transatlantic quarters.

* * *

Girls' clubs in Sussex, says a news item, are busy making "Noah's Arks." This confirms the opinion rife in certain quarters that the present Man-Power Bill will not be the last.

* * *

Amid all the complaints of the darker flour being used, one thing has been overlooked. Railway buns made with this flour do not so readily show finger-marks, and less time need be wasted in dusting them.

A Fast Run from London.

"The present noon express to Norwich will start at 11.50 a.m. and arrive 15 minutes later."—*Evening Paper.*

"THE EMPIRE'S TRIAL.
MR. BOTTOMLEY AT THE ALBERT HALL."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Too bad. Mr. BOTTOMLEY should write to *John Bull* about it.

Vicarious Surgery.

"Lieutenant ——, R.N., was largely responsible for a section of the arrangements for the attack, and would have directed them in person, but at the last moment fell desperately ill and had to be operated on for appendicitis. Happily the Lieutenant is making good progress, but his disgust at being kept out of the operation was extreme."—*Morning Paper.*

We should have thought his presence was indispensable.

LETTERS FROM THE HOME FRONT.

May 4th, 1918.

MY DEAR REGINALD,—I was a little surprised, though I endeavoured not to be pained, at the total omission, in your last letter from the Western Front, of all reference to the new Luxury Tax. I trust I make due allowance for what I may call your local preoccupations; but I am more than ever convinced that our failures in the past have been largely attributable to a narrowness of outlook which allowed us to study the interests of a particular sector of the line to the neglect of the Front as a whole. I have no doubt that the Tax to which I have referred has not escaped the attention of General FOCH, but I had hoped that the effect of his appointment as Co-ordinator of Strategy would have penetrated more appreciably into all branches of the Service. In this hope I have been disappointed, and it is rather for your benefit than for my own satisfaction that I now propose to give you one or two examples of the fresh strain that is about to be put upon the fighting spirit of the Home Front.

I have long envied you the relative simplicity of your wardrobe, which relieves you every morning of the anxiety attendant upon the choice of garments to be worn for the day. Indeed I understand that the same limitations apply to your night-wear; that not infrequently you are content to sleep in the very clothes that you have worn during the daytime. It may therefore be difficult for you to appreciate the position of those, like myself, who live in residential chambers and are sometimes compelled to exhibit themselves in their sleeping apparel in the public basement, the resort of both sexes during a nocturnal air-raid. The new tax which menaces the higher grades of silk pyjamas and flowered dressing gowns will bear very hardly upon such.

Again, I view with diffidence the rumoured intention of the Luxury Tax Committee to extort revenue from the sale of golf balls. This I regard as a grave error of judgment. I suppose that nothing has disheartened the enemy more than the high spirit with which so many of our best golf-clubs have carried on, showing a fine contempt for the existence of warlike conditions. And, to envisage the matter from the point of view of national health and *moral*, I can conceive of nothing more beneficial to the tired war-worker than to spend his afternoons—if only some three or four times a week—on some suburban course, or a Friday to Tuesday week-end further afield.

Large numbers of my friends have continued this healthy form of exercise in preference to joining the Volunteers, and they assure me that in the demands it makes upon quickness of eye, resourcefulness, courage, self-restraint and other soldierly qualities, golf is a true image of life in the trenches. They are confident that the experience they have gained on the golf course, especially in bunkers, will stand them in good stead when called upon to join the colours under the new Military Service Act. I consider, therefore, that it is most unwise to treat as a luxury what is so essential to the development of the manlier virtues.

There is talk, too, of imposing a contribution upon cameras, one of the most important industries with which Society is concerned. If this should cause a falling-off in the use of these admirable instruments it will be a sad blow to those who do good service by making the faces and gestures of our upper classes better known to the public. For the masses cannot always find time to walk in the park or attend race-meetings in support of the maintenance of our thoroughbreds. I fear also that such an impost, should it curtail the enterprise of our photographers, might tend to discourage among our social leaders the more refined forms of war-work.

I have returned to this subject, discussed in a previous letter, because I feel very strongly about it. Profoundly as I disapprove of self-advertisement, I have always held the view that if any woman of social position—preferably one who is connected, however remotely, with our nobility, old or new—is engaged in assisting at charity matinées, visiting convalescent officers or serving in a popular canteen, she ought not in this democratic age to be suffered through false modesty to hide her light, so to speak, under a bushel. I very greatly fear that the discouragement already offered to our photographic Press by the notorious reluctance of the smarter type of war-worker to appear in its pages may now be perceptibly increased by the proposed treatment of cameras as a luxury rather than a necessity.

But I have perhaps spoken enough of the heavy calls that seem likely to be made upon us here on the Home Front. You will not imagine that we allow them to distract our attention altogether from other sections of the fighting line. I understand that you are once more engaged in the defence of Arras. I take a personal interest in Arras. I can hardly expect you to share it, as you have never seen the place in its original beauty, and therefore it cannot affect you with the same sentiment of association which I feel for it, who spent an afternoon there while on a tour through France during the long vacation of my Freshman's year at Oxford. Still, I hope you will do your best to keep it out of the enemy's hands, if only for my sake.

Your affectionate Guardian,

O. S.

THE TIDE.

TO THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION.

THIS is a last year's map;
  I know it all so well,
Stream and gully and trench and sap,
  Hamel and all that hell;
See where the old lines wind;
  It seems but yesterday
We left them many a league behind
  And put the map away.

"Never again," we said,
  "Shall we sit in the Kentish Caves;
Never again will the night-mules tread
  Over the Beaucourt graves;
They shall have Peace," we dreamed—
  "Peace and the quiet sun,"
And over the hills the French folk streamed
  To live in the land we won.

But the Bosch has Beaucourt now;
  It is all as it used to be—
Airmen peppering Thiepval brow,
  Death at the Danger Tree;
The tired men bring their tools
  And dig in the old holes there;
The great shells spout in the Ancre pools,
  The lights go up from Serre.

And the regiment came, they say,
  Back to the selfsame land
And fought like men in the same old way
  Where the cookers used to stand;
And I know not what they thought
  As they passed the Puisieux Road,
And over the ground where FREYBERG fought
  The tide of the grey men flowed.

But I think they did not grieve,
  Though they left by the old Bosch line
Many a cross they loathed to leave,
  Many a mate of mine;
I know that their eyes were brave,
  I know that their lips were stern,
For these went back at the seventh wave,
  But they wait for the tide to turn.

A. P. H.

A Conundrum for Cox's Cashiers.

"REGULAR FORCES.—SERVICE BATTALIONS.—Leinster Regt.—Temporary Lieut. ——, from acting Captain (additional), to be acting Captain while commanding a Company, and from acting Capt. while commanding a Company to be acting Capt. (addtl.), and from acting Capt. (addtl.) to be acting Capt. while commanding a Company."—*Irish Paper.*



THE JUNIOR PARTNER AGAIN.

Mehmed (*in Mesopotamia*). "WELL, I HOPE WILLIAM'S GETTING NEARER THE SEA, FOR I'M GETTING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM IT."



Australian. "STICK IT, JOCK. WE'RE COMING."
Jock (clearing Hun dug-outs). "HAE YE NAE BOSHES [illegible] AIN THAT YE MUN BE WANTIN' SOME O' MINE?"

THE RECRUIT'S SURPRISE.

"GOOD morning, Sir. A nice day for the time of year. Yes, the weather has been up till now slightly unseasonable, but the late frosts have served as a useful check on vegetation and saved it from worse things. If you would be so good as to step this way I would show you the place."

My guide was dressed as a Sergeant. He had a most sympathetic expression. I followed him across the barrack yard.

"This is where we drill, I take it?" I said.

"Yes, Sir; but we scarcely call it drill. A hard word, if I may say so. A few light health-improving calisthenic exercises of a morning and a little stroll after lunch to give tone to the system. This way, Sir, please," my new friend continued, leading me into the building. "The Colonel was called away—something on in town, I fancy. He asked me to receive you and show you round. The barracks are old-fashioned, but well built—early-Victorian, good solid foundation, no pretentiousness as with some of these institutions, though I hear that the War Office is considering bungalow models for the future."

"It is very different from what I had imagined," I ventured to say.

My escort smiled indulgently.

"There has been a great deal of unintelligent prejudice about the Army, Sir," he said quietly. "Our newcomers have, however, been kind enough to say that the life suits them admirably. Of course the hours are a trifle early, but in the summer that is not objectionable. There is a very nice view of the dawn over the hills from the balcony behind. I hope you will like it. I presume you would like your cup of tea just before your bath—many gentlemen do."

"But," I asked, "what about fatigues and defaulters' parade and C.B. and—and——"

The kind-voiced Sergeant checked me, a look of pain on his benevolent features.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, not that," he murmured. "We seldom speak of those things. It is not done. Now, how's that for a nice little shady quadrangle for practice in evolution?"

I could not but admire the place, but more than once I was conscious of a vague suspicion that even for a fifty-year-old recruit the whole thing could not be true.

Several other gentlemen strolled up, yellow kit-bags and valises in their hands. Smart young corporals relieved them of these impediments, and presently the Sergeant requested us to form up in a line for our first experience of a parade.

"No, Sir," I heard him say to one fat and somewhat unwieldy personage, "we do not usually carry umbrellas. This is only a slight shower. It will be over directly. Now may I trouble you to form fours? It is an engaging little figure extremely popular with beginners. I should like to have that step again—so sorry to worry you—just a shade quicker if you don't mind. It will come easy enough by-and-by.

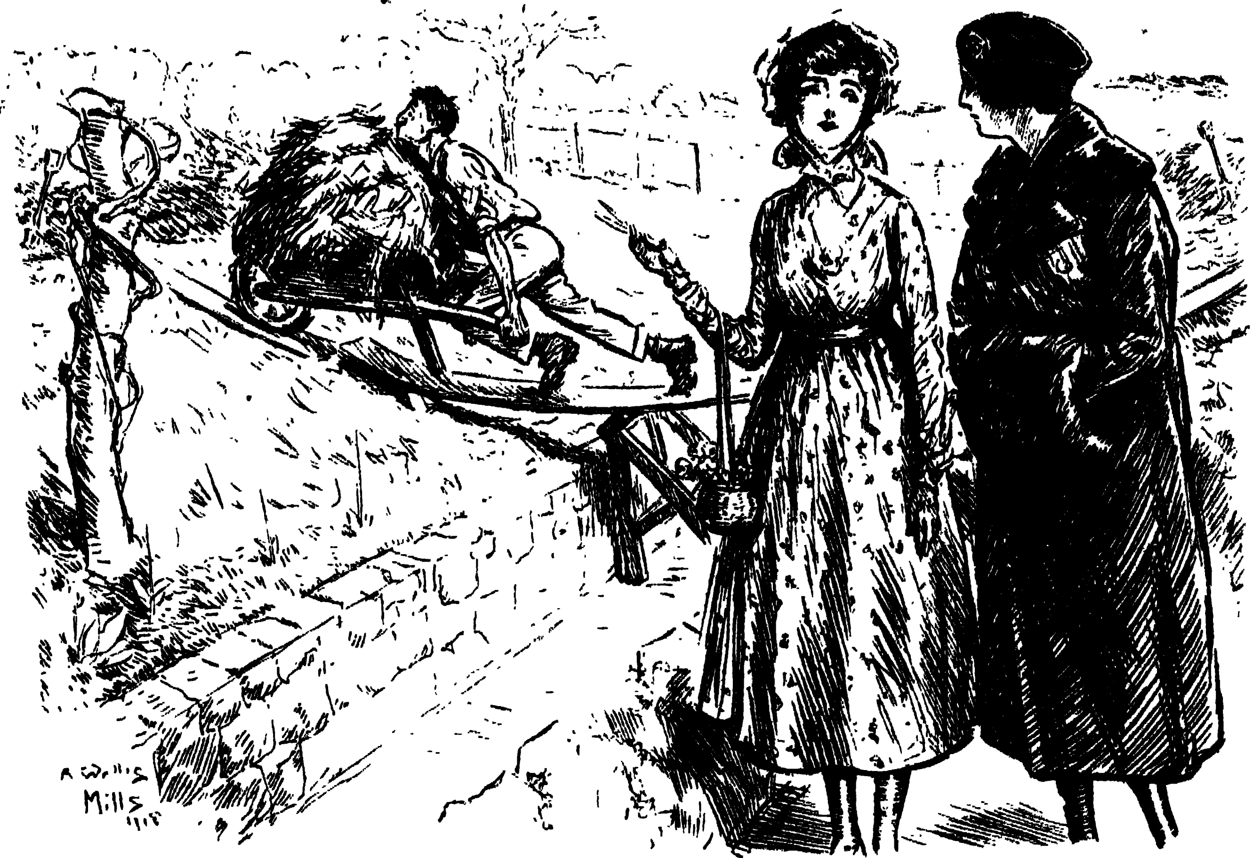
"No, we shall not tax your strength too much on the first day; in the afternoon we will proceed to the costume department. Yes, the colours are much liked—a buff tint, approximating to yellow; and the puttee affords a wonderful support to the calf.

"By the way, Sir, I'm almost afraid we shall have to trouble you to wear something a little stouter in the way of footgear; thin buttoned boots are discouraged in the Army."

The Sergeant was a model of courtesy. We spent a quite delightful morning, and I distinctly remember his turning our thoughts to lunch.

"We have a rather simple menu to-day, gentlemen," he said apologetically, "but you will find the veg. soup excellent. Ah, there's the gong!"

And that's what woke me.



Visitor. "You *are* lucky to have a gardener."

Hostess. "Oh, that's my husband, home on leave. I'm getting him to help me with the garden. Such a nice change for him after his strenuous life out there."

THE RIVALS.

While o'er unruffled regions
  Peace smiled secure, serene,
Ere wicked William's legions
  Appeared upon the scene,
Oft into sparkling verse I strayed,
  Replete with point and pith,
To sing the glances of a maid
  Whose name was Susan Smith.

Now that across the waters
  She's gone to do her W.A.A.C.
On Eve's remaining daughters
  I coldly turn my back;
But I will not the truth disguise
  That since we said farewell
I've learnt to gaze in other eyes
  That own a certain spell.

The orbs with which my Muse is
  At present occupied
They never fill, like Susie's,
  With laughter's happy tide:
No semblance of the soft warm tear
  That used from hers to creep
Have I observed in these appear—
  Potatoes cannot weep.

But when I take a fistful
  Of tubers to the patch
Something supremely wistful
  In their regard I catch,
A mute half-desperate appeal,
  Yet, on the other hand,
Half-trustful too, as though they feel
  That I shall understand.

Ah, eyes of seed potatoes
  To whom our cook to-day,
Faced by a flourless fate, owes
  A debt she can't repay,
How slight, how small, their last request
  As from the upper air
They pass beneath the earth to rest,
  "Please, this side up, with care!"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We are glad to learn that *Mashi, and Other Stories*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, translated from the Bengali by various writers and announced by Messrs. Macmillan, is only the first of a series of topical handbooks bearing on urgent problems of the hour which may be expected in the course of the next few months from that prolific and stimulating pen.

The next volume will be entitled *Nibelik: an Idyll of the Sahara.* In this engrossing romance, which will be translated from the dialect of Timbuctoo by a group of distinguished Professors of the University of St. Andrews, the exploits of the legendary hero, Sandiron the Wryneck, are described with the utmost gusto, combined with that mystical pathos which invariably characterises this gifted author.

This will be followed by *Puttur: a Saga of Greenland.* Here Sir Rabindranath Tagore has been fortunate in securing the services of so gifted an Icelandic scholar as Professor Abner Schenectady, whose monumental *History of Prehistoric Cold Storage* has long been regarded as a classic.

Other volumes are also in preparation. Amongst these are *Old Tales of Travancore and Rabarcore.* The hero of the Travancore legends is the famous Gutti, a chieftain of extraordinary strength and inflexibility of purpose. His overthrow by his rival, the Sultan of Rabarcore, is considered by Professor Wullipark, who has undertaken the translation, to be the most moving episode in all Oriental literature. The elegy on his death has been rendered into verse by Mr. Yeats with extraordinary fidelity.

Commercial Candour.

"You are guaranteed such incompetency in all repairs you send to the —— Co."

Trade Paper.

ALPHONSE.

THE exigencies of war have deprived me of much, but until Alphonse disappeared I felt that no sacrifice was too great if the cause were in any way served. Since my youth he had practised his artistry on my diminishing hairs. His scissors would slip smoothly, almost mesmerically, about my head while he whispered to me the minor scandals of Bond Street. Alphonse was no ordinary barber . . . and he disappeared. I very nearly became a pacifist.

I cannot tell you exactly how I came to visit M—— (no tortures would drag the name from me), but it is sufficient that I did go there. This particular corner of England is so deeply at peace and so remote from all strife that in it one gains a sense of quiet security even from the longest tentacle of war. It was there on one stupendous Spring morning that I, sleepy with the sunshine, leant upon a moss-grained gate and gazed at some ancient farm-buildings—bright straw, weather-stained tiles and deep chrome walls. Near by, in an emerald green meadow, a man was shearing chrome sheep. There was nowhere in all that landscape a sign of new bricks, raw paint, corrugated iron or patent wire fencing. Even the hurdles forming the sheep-pen were of the old hand-fashioned variety, and from the pieces of ash-bark still clinging to the unplaned bars I knew they had been made in the spinney behind the farm. I felt that everything there had been for all time just as I saw it.

I turned my gaze to the sheep-shearer and wondered for how many centuries his shepherd forefathers had shorn their flocks in that same meadow. I walked over to where he was at work. He wielded his shears dexterously and his black beard bobbed up and down in rhythm with his hands. A Celt, I thought, or perhaps the descendant of some dark-haired Phœnician of old.

He flourished his shears, and the manner of it struck a familiar note in my memory. Presently he finished shearing, smoothed his hands over the shorn body, leaned back from his work and watched the ewe scramble to her feet, naked and indignant. Then with a little un-English sigh he looked up at me. His eyes became round with amazement.

"*M'sieu!*" he gasped, "what surprise! I am so astonish I cannot spek."

Had the lately-shorn sheep addressed me I should hardly have been more astounded, but eventually, having made allowances for a beard and a full smock, I recognised Alphonse.

I was mute. I smoothed away a stray lock beneath my cap.

"What are you doing here?" I at length asked.

Alphonse stood up, shrugged his shoulders at my inanity and with the shears indicated the sheep.

"I give them 'air-cut—army 'air-cut," he beamed at me.

I inquired how long he had been a shepherd.

"I am not ze ship'erd," he replied. "T'ree munt ago I volunteer for Nationale Service. I am ze farm-'and."

"You take on anything that comes along?" I suggested.

"*Mais non, M'sieu!* I 'ave 'ad some." Alphonse has a particularly wide knowledge of the English idiom. "When I first come," he explained, "Mistar Farmer Brune say what can I do? and I say, 'Everysing,' so I milk ze cow wiz ole Jean, but ver little milk come, and Madam put her 'oof in ze pail, and ole Jean say I tickle 'er, and Mistar Farmer Brune say 'Damn,' so next day I go out wiz ze plough. 'Ave you evare plough?"

I shook my head.

"Well, ze plough is not ver easy. I go up and down, up and down, and presently ze field look like a beautiful 'air wave. I was entrance. Then Mistar Farmer Brune come along and say what 'e think about it. I 'ad what you call torn it. Next day Mistar Farmer Brune work wiz me wiz ze turnip-cart. 'E kip looking and looking at me more angry, and at last 'e say, 'You're a blooming 'airdresser, that's what you are;' and I smile at 'im and say, 'Yes, *M'sieu*, I am 'igh-life 'airdresser for twenty year.' 'E ver nearly fall off ze turnip-cart.

"So now I 'ave to do all ze cutting. I trim ze 'edges and 'air-cut ze sheepses, and last wik I dress Madame Brune's 'air for ze Charity bazaar. It make a great sensation. I do 'im *à la* Pompadour. But you understand I am farm-'and." Alphonse shrugged a shoulder and smiled as one who, though swept by the tides of Fate, had remained inviolate.

Should you by some freak of fortune chance upon the remote village of M—— (I shall never divulge the name), and should it happen upon the first Monday of the month, you might, if further favoured, see me in a sunny corner of the rick-yard, comfortably seated in one of Farmer Brown's best chairs, while, bending over me with unstudied grace and scissors scintillating, is the incomparable Alphonse, whispering discreetly the small scandals of the Home Farm.

Contempt of Court?

From a police-court report:—

"His worship further said . . ."—*Star.*

"THE PASSING OF ARTHUR."

BEFORE the War he had been a schoolmaster. He hopes to be one again when the War is over. But after three years in the A.S.C. he began to feel uneasy about the state of his mind. A friend suggested a bracing course of Mnemonics. Not being a General, still less an Admiral, he felt this to be above him, so he ordered a TENNYSON.

It arrived on a Tuesday. On the Wednesday morning he was evacuated as a shell-shock case, chiefly on the evidence of O.C. Signals, to whom he had sent this wire for transmission: "To Town-Major Avilion. Herewith Arthur passed to you please aaa." But the really damning evidence as to his deplorable condition was furnished by the following document subsequently discovered on his desk:—

[*Candidates must write on one side of the paper only and submit their answers in triplicate.*]

1. "Then rose the King and moved his host by night."

Reference above, explain what measures this move would necessitate on the part of (*a*) the A.A.Q.M.G., (*b*) the S.S.O.

2. "Authority forgets a dying King."

Quote authority.

3. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

What is the average life of (*a*) a General Routine Order, (*b*) a Divisional Routine Order on the subject of Dripping?

4. ". . . King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it. . . ."

Sketch an imaginary correspondence (expurgated) between O.C. Round Table and D.A.D.O.S. Camelot with reference to the delay in the delivery of Excalibur.

5. "Then murmured Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'"

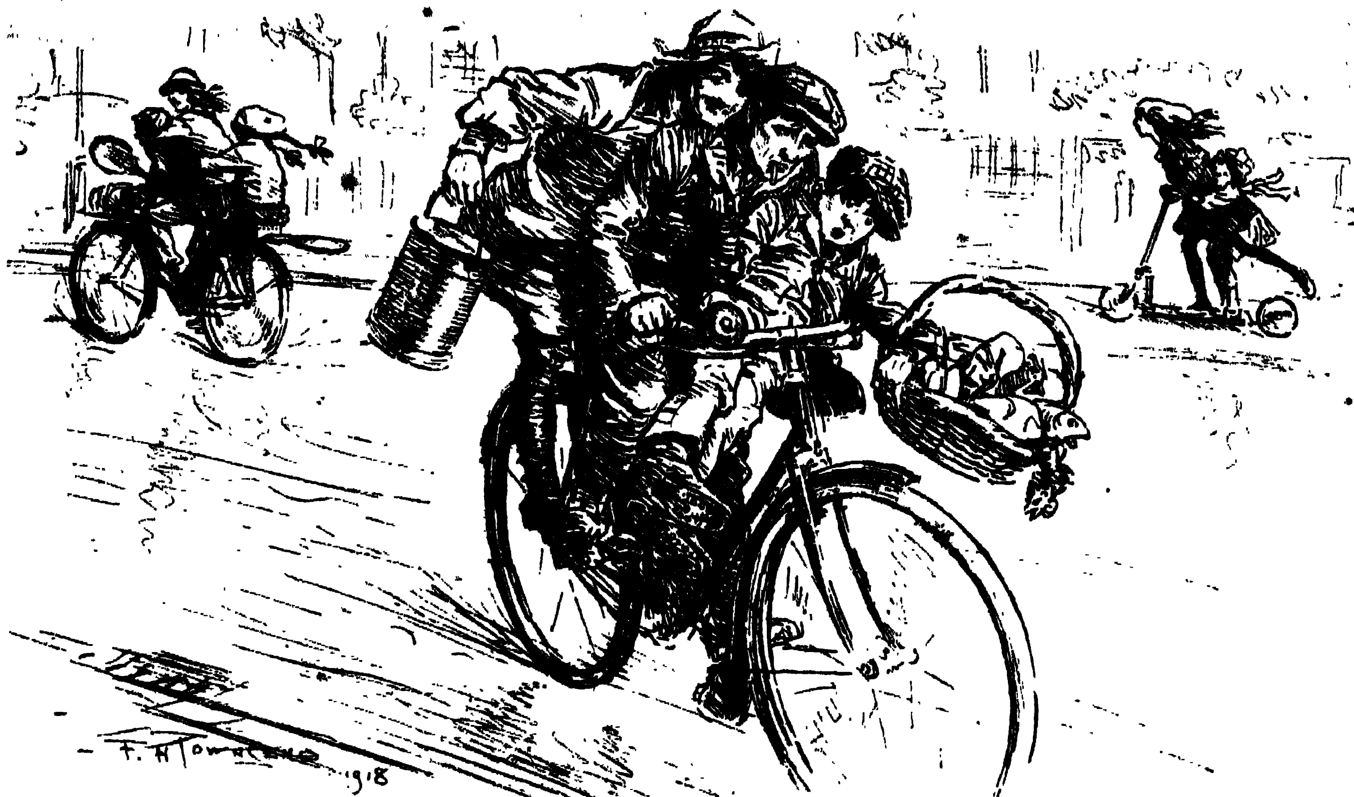
What steps should he have taken to obtain the sanction of the Deputy Director of Inland Water Transport?

6. ". . . the island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer seas."

Compare Avilion and Dickebusch as billeting areas.

7. "Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?"

Draw up summary of evidence against Sir Bedivere, charged with "hesitating to obey an order." What is your opinion of this officer's merits as an Adjutant?



THE STRESS OF WAR.

OUR GARDEN SUBURB BENDS TO THE STORM.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XIII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Richard. You promised to tell us more about the animals which infested England in this period.

Mrs. M. I told you something about what were then known as the elusive rabbit and the priceless pig, but may add a few more details. Cows were already rapidly becoming extinct, owing to the discovery of synthetic milk. A large number of monkeys were imported into the country by itinerant musicians of foreign extraction; but the rigour of our climate proved detrimental to their health and, though provided with suitable clothing, they frequently succumbed to pneumonia and similar complaints.

George. But I thought you told us that foreign musicians had become unpopular.

Mrs. M. True, my dear boy, but it was very difficult to distinguish foreigners from natives in these times, owing to the mutual interchange of names. Natives, generally from the large towns, passed themselves off as Savoyards and disguised themselves by speaking broken English. On the other hand, undesirable aliens, as they were called, frequently assumed English names by the process of protective mimicry, just as caterpillars imitate sticks and butterflies leaves. Thus it was said that in Scotland the prefix Mac entirely ceased to be a proof of Scots origin, and was nearly always traceable to the German Max.

Mary. But why did the musicians import monkeys?

Mrs. M. That is certainly puzzling. It cannot have been as an article of food, for they were generally of small size, and their flesh is not specially pleasing to the taste. I can only surmise that there must have been some instinctive sympathy between musicians and monkeys, or that monkeys by their quaint appearance and tricks distracted the attention of the audience from the imperfections of the instruments employed. The dancing bears which had been a common feature in these islands at an earlier date had died out. Their extinction was partly due to the growing refinement of taste which followed the introduction of Rag-time measures, and partly to the insurmountable difficulties which the bears experienced in adapting themselves to this syncopated music.

Richard. What sort of instruments were these that you speak of?

Mrs. M. Originally they were called hurdy-gurdies, which made a noise like a bad harmonium. These were succeeded by barrel-organs, rude mechanical substitutes for the pianoforte, a keyed instrument played with the fingers. Pianofortes have long been extinct, but they lasted on for a considerable time as articles of furniture. Indeed, in the period which we are now discussing, two pianofortes might often be seen in the house of a working-man, not to be played on, but as ornamental adjuncts to the more practical equipment of the household.

An Old Sport Revived.

From GILBERT WHITE'S *Natural History of Selborne*:—

"Some young men went down to a pond on the verge of Wolmer Forest to hunt flappers . . . Several of which they caught."

Nowadays, the *rôles* are reversed, and the flappers do the hunting.

From an auction-notice:—

"These are all well-known prize-winning families, and although Mr. —— has not shown himself, pigs from this herd have won for other people both at home and abroad."

Live Stock Journal.

We admire Mr. ——'s modesty.

"The Bishop of Lincoln reminded his hearers that the Labour Party had now been enlarged so as to include the brain-worker, and even Bishops could become members."

Daily News.

"Even" is good.



Sapper (*engaged in technical explanation*). ". . . AND A SAP IS VERY OFTEN DETECTED BY THE EXCAVATED EARTH WHICH IS LEFT ON THE SURFACE." *Lady* (*showing an intelligent interest*). "THEN WHY DON'T YOU BURY IT?"

THE FREAK.

OH, His Majesty's ships they had timbers of teak
And a Jack at the bows and a flag at the peak;
They would die for their King as he sat on his throne,
But their souls were immortal, and, when they had flown,
They would rest for a while where you 'd seek them in vain
Till the day they were summoned to service again.

Now a spectre came sailing at sunset one day
To the base where the cruisers and battleships lay;
As she beat into harbour her sails never shook
And the battleships strained at their cables to look;
Such a droll little spirit from counter to beak
That the cruisers cried out, "Oh, my *dear*, what a freak!"

Now the ships of the squadrons could never mistake
Any fashion they 'd worn under NELSON or DRAKE,
From a ship of the line to a galley or brig,
But they 'd never encountered the visitor's rig;
And she sang an old chantey that nobody knew,
"Oh, the sumer 's icumen, sing lhude, cuccu!"

Then the great *Queen Elizabeth* hailed from the van,
And she twinkled as much as a battleship can:
"They are free to the sea who establish their right,
Tell us what was your service and where did you fight?"
"Oh, I 'll prove you my service," the stranger she cried,
"If you 'll show me the way to the Banks of the Clyde.

"I 'd the luck to be launched by an English Princess,
So I wear in her honour my christening dress;
And I fought for my King as he sat on his throne
In the greatest sea battle that ever was known,
And a flagon was drained, as the hurricane burst,
To the health of His Majesty EDWARD THE FIRST.

"In our van there went TIPTOFT, a noble of note,
And 'Sir ROBERT,' I mind me, we called him afloat,
While the enemy's flag on that glorious day
Carried CHARLES, Count of Valois, from over the way;
And we 'd moored an old hulk in the Channel, you see,
For to mark us the place where the battle should be.

"Then we blew on our trumpets and beat on our gongs,
And we went at it lustily, hammer and tongs,
With a 'Hi' for our cry, and 'Long life to our Prince,'
There was never a battle so terrible since;
For the arrows and stones were a caution to see,
Oh, we fought to some purpose in twelve ninety-three!"

Then the giants of Jutland, suspiciously grave,
Why, they up with their anchors and escort they gave,
And they showed her the road to the Banks of the Clyde;
But as soon as the squadrons got into their stride
You could hear pretty clear in the swirl of each screw:
"Oh, the sumer 's icumen, sing lhude, cuccu!"

And the sun rose in splendour at Greenock next day
On a marvellous cruiser in natal array;
Reincarnate her soul, as the sound of her name
With a prayer from the lips of her godmother came,
And her heart beat as English in steel as in teak,
For a Princess of England was launching—a Freak.



THE FADING VISION.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 29th.—The Government's efforts to restrict the use of gas naturally met with little sympathy in the Commons. After some vigorous heckling on behalf of the penny-in-the-slot consumers, who are expected to cook their dinners with a reduced supply of a deteriorated article, the House, by an easy transition, plunged into a Hot Air debate. It was opened, appropriately enough, by Mr. PRINGLE, whose praiseworthy effort to be calm and judicial somewhat cramped his style.

Lord HUGH CECIL, on the contrary, was at his best and brightest. His description of the PRIME MINISTER'S letter to Lord ROTHERMERE as "an essay in hagiology" delighted all hearers, and not least those who were under the impression that the science in question had something to do with ugly and sinister old women. A well-reasoned eulogy of General TRENCHARD, who is not only a great leader and organiser, but has the psychological intuition invaluable in handling a Force whose younger members are often "flighty" in more senses than one, met with much approval.

Possibly the PRIME MINISTER thought it was time to create a diversion, for a casual phrase about "amateur strategists in the Cabinet" brought him to his feet with a vigorous denial that the Cabinet had ever interfered with the late Chief of the Air Staff.

I do not think he need have disclaimed the imputation so hotly, for when his own turn came to speak he showed masterly ability in "refusing his flank." What the House chiefly wanted to know was the nature of the disagreement between the military and civilian heads of the Air Force, and how the War Cabinet, without seeing General TRENCHARD, came to the conclusion that he no longer possessed the qualities necessary for a Chief of Staff. But Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has not entirely forgotten the maxim that bids the budding lawyer in certain circumstances "abuse the plaintiff's attorney"; and with great skill he switched off the debate to the question whether Members of Parliament in His Majesty's Forces were entitled to use the knowledge they had acquired as soldiers to criticise His Majesty's Government. And thenceforward this topic dominated the debate, and the original issue was largely obscured.

Mr. PRINGLE insisted on taking a division, but, though several ex-Ministers joined him in the Lobby, could only muster 37 votes. As the Government, however, had no more than 127 it may be inferred that the verdict of the House on a transaction still mysterious was "Not guilty, but don't do it again."



AN ESSAY IN HAGIOLOGY.
LORD HUGH CECIL.

Tuesday, April 30th.—This afternoon the House saw the last of Mr. DUKE, who in a few hours will leave the Treasury Bench for the Judicial. It was odd that his passing should have occurred when no Nationalist Member was present to bid him "Vale!" for never was there a Chief Secretary who was more obviously anxious to temper justice with mercy in dealing with Irish vagaries. His last word in the House was a gentle rebuke to that ardent Unionist, Mr. BUTCHER, for "lightly" using the word "conspiracy" to describe the present agitation against conscription.

Mr. HAYES FISHER, challenged from several quarters about his new instructions to the Tribunals, promised to give the House an opportunity of considering them, and to be guided by its opinion. But he added the *caveat* that "we do not always gather that opinion by the number of speakers for or against a particular motion."

The House of Lords did a useful afternoon's work in refusing to give a Second Reading to the Lochaber Water Power Bill, under which an aluminium company would have been able so to change the face of the district that it would have been "Lochaber no more."

Wednesday, May 1st.—Some time ago the Ministry of Food issued an order fixing the price of Persian dates at sixpence a pound, with the usual result that that particular variety disappeared from the market. Mr. CLYNES now stated that the Ministry had purchased a considerable quantity, but was holding it up for further consignments in order that there should be enough to go round. This decision did not give entire satisfaction; and one Hon. Member murmured, "*Bis dat qui cito date.*"

Fourteen months' forcible feeding, according to Mr. EDMUND HARVEY, had reduced a certain Conscientious Objector to an "emaciated condition." The HOME SECRETARY, on being urged to grant his release, replied that he had had special medical inquiry made, and the report was that the man was "in good health, but rather too fat owing to want of exercise." Several Members who are fed up with rational diet are



Mr. DUKE (*bidding farewell to the Irish Benches, "full of absentees"*). "Oh that it had always been thus!"



Visitor. "BEEN SELLING ANYTHING LATELY, OLD MAN?" *Artist.* "NOTHING SINCE MY OLD PUSH-BIKE."

wondering whether it would not be a good idea to develop a conscience and join the CAVE-dwellers.

The Report stage of the Budget resolutions gave occasion for many criticisms of the Government proposals. But, like the insects in the famous story, the critics did not pull together, and they were easily dealt with by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. Mr. BALDWIN'S ingenuity in explaining that the heavier sugar-tax was more than counterbalanced by the allowance for a wife—"my sweetheart" as a term of connubial endearment will take on a new significance—was only equalled by his Chief's comprehensive defence of the increased duty on matches, which will mean larger revenue for the Exchequer, increased profits for the manufacturers, and more matches for the consumer. Even Mr. PRINGLE was mollified, but sought a guarantee that the new matches would really light.

Contrary to expectation the CHANCELLOR stuck to his twopenny cheque-tax, which most people had regarded as the Jonah of the Budget, to be thrown overboard in the event of a storm.

Mr. KING enjoyed a triumph and endured a disappointment. A financial resolution authorising the payment of the expenses of the Board of Agriculture in connection with horse-breeding mentioned no definite amount. Mr. KING moved that it should not exceed ten thousand pounds. Sir R. WINFREY, recognising that for that sum he could get not one stud merely but a whole set, promptly accepted the proposal, and Mr. KING was left lamenting his hasty generosity.

Thursday, May 2nd.—The Emperor KARL will be glad to know that there is one person in the world who takes him seriously. Mr. LEES SMITH declared to-day, with the double authority pertaining to a lecturer on Economics and an ex-corporal of the R.A.M.C., that His Epistolic Majesty's famous letter furnished the basis of a just and honourable peace.

The House was glad to hear from Mr. CLYNES that he is aware of the scarcity of cheese, and is going to unchain some more.

Mr. HAYES FISHER'S fear that the new register would not be ready by October 1st was not ungrateful to Ministerialists, but it distressed Mr. GULLAND, who criticised the "pink form," and urged that if soldiers in distant theatres of war were to have any chance of voting they should have their proxy-papers sent to them without more ado. A line to the following effect might now be added to the Field Post Card: "Hoping this finds you in the pink form as it leaves me."

THE HORIZONTAL WARRIOR.

ENGLAND, I greet you once again,
Your warrior fresh from fight,
Dear land of rations and of rain,
Of home and heart's delight.

My spirit, on a charger tall,
While flaming pennons dance,
While flowers are flung and trumpets call,
Comes proudly home from France.

But of this pageant I alone
Am anywise aware,
As my poor person, packed and prone,
Is hoisted here and there—

Mere luggage; yet no swaggering blade
E'er loved you more than I,
Upon an English platform laid
Beneath an English sky.

AT THE PLAY.

"UNCLE ANYHOW."

IN *Uncle Anyhow* Mr. SUTRO designs the wholesome sentimental comedy. Ingredients: two daughters of a very poor and proud and (if you ask me) highly improbable inventor of aeroplanes; *Ermyntrude* (help!) is in the chorus, "second row, fourth from the end," for sake of two pound-ten a week, not for love of the thing, "well able to take care of herself" and keep at arm's length impulsive impresarios and managers ("Rude Myn," they called her in the chorus with their ready wit) and shepherd her motherless lamb of a little sister; brainless but very decent young sportsman (who was after the lamb); his craven father under thumb of his entirely odious wife, who, disapproving of both chorus and poverty, forbids the banns; and a retired don, very ugly, odd and middle-aged, ex-tutor to the young sportsman, who with his irreverent fellows dubbed him *Uncle Anyhow* at Oxford.

The two nicknamed characters are the centre of Mr. SUTRO's (shall I say?) tactful little romance, and he has spent some pains upon them. *Uncle Anyhow* drifts back and forth, desperately shy and out of place (in the author's intention), never having seen a pink stocking (there were, of course, none in Oxford in 1914), helping the young lovers, himself making love to "Rude Myn" under a barrage of whimsical lectures on natural history and detached observations on life, sending five-pound notes at critical moments (as when papa broke open the cash-box—with a chisel too—and borrowed from the rent hoard eight sovereigns to pay for his aeroplane model), and generally comporting himself like an old dear. And there is "Rude Myn," impish, motherly, appallingly candid, full of grit and lovableness.

Now, if you share my respect for Mr. DENNIS EADIE's skill, you can well imagine him building up the character of some odd, elderly, untidy, shy, ultra-donnish, gradually humanised person (as per author's schedule) with subtlety and conviction. But, alas, for some reason which I am absolutely unable to fathom, Mr. EADIE appeared well-preserved, well-groomed, for the most part imperturbably at ease and quite good-looking. There is no point in Mr. SUTRO's hero if he is as presentable as Mr. EADIE. Can it be that this artist has joined the sartorial school of acting and daren't face a matinée audience with baggy knees or an artificially unsymmetrical nose and ruffled hair? Surely it should be quite obvious to him that this queer lapse of his makes it very difficult for the other players, with their constant references to his age and eccentricity. I do seriously ask him to alter all this, for it is an important matter of principle going deeper than the merits and chances of this particular comedy.

Miss ATHENE SEYLER made an entirely charming figure of "Rude Myn." This attractive character, with more stuff to it than is ordinarily served to comedy heroines, gave her versatility and vivacity a good chance, which she took quite brilliantly. Her quiet unstressed playing in the rather dull opening (and this dulness offered a temptation to let go too soon) led artistically to the emotional and lively passages as



PLAIN MANNERS OF A PLANE MAN.

Richard Faryden . . . MR. RANDLE AYRTON.
Mr. Floyer . . . MR. DAWSON MILWARD.

the character unfolded itself. This actress plays with her head, taking risks, I admit, but I hope she will go on doing so. I don't think she quite conveyed to us the gradual dawning of her love, but (to be fair), looking back, I don't see that Mr. SUTRO allowed her much opportunity.

Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN gave a quite delightful little study of a commercially-minded toy-manufacturer with a (self-assisted) sense of humour. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as the husband henpecked to the point of abjectness saved, by the most skilful and restrained handling, a character that might easily have been made unpleasantly impossible.

Mr. RANDLE AYRTON, I am afraid, is developing an incurable tendency to over-act, and his disgruntled inventor of aeroplanes positively swallowed the ends of his words in the vehemence of his passion. I feel sure he must see that it throws him out of the perspective of the whole and mars the pleasure which a considerable talent should give. I liked Miss ENID TREVOR's *Eliza Jane* very much; and Miss ROSA SULLIVAN did an inconceivably cattish snob of a stepmother with a really fine tact. Miss LILA MARAVAN will realise that the author has, for reasons of his own, overshadowed her part with that of her rude sister, and that makes it difficult for her. Her name is new to me, and her work seems of good promise. T.

PROTEST DE LUXE.

THE first meeting of the L.P.A.L.T. (the League of Protest Against Luxury Taxes) was held in Taxton Hall, Westminster, last night, when a representative company of luxurious people passed a number of resolutions against what was happily described as "torpedo legislation."

In his opening remarks the Chairman said that they were to exert all the vigilance of which they were capable to prevent the new Luxury Tax falling upon the wrong articles. (Loud cheers.) Confidence in the Government, collectively and individually, having long ceased to exist, they could approach the subject with a candour not always possible. (Hear, hear.) Everyone there, he imagined, was sufficiently patriotic and desirous of winning the War to offer no objection to taxation where it was right and proper; but what they were met to resist was taxation that was wrong and improper. (Loud cheers.) Take, for example, racing. There was a sinister rumour that some kind of new revenue was to be exacted from the tired war-workers who found their relaxation and an outlet for their spare cash on the racecourse. Fortunately they had with them that evening Sir Tailupp Stout (loud cheers), who would tell them why this must be resisted tooth and nail. He would not detain them further but call on Sir Tailupp to address the meeting.

Sir Tailupp Stout, on behalf of the Jockey Club, moved that the strongest possible representation be made to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to refrain from putting a luxury tax on race-horses and racing. Racing was an essential to the country, especially during war. It was perhaps true that trials of speed could be made in private and thus effect the only purpose for which the sport notoriously existed; but was that the British way? (Loud negations.) Were we to be as hole-and-corner as that? (Renewed protests.) And more, would it be fair to the horses? (Sensation.) The horses' feelings must be considered too. (Hear, hear.) The horse was a noble animal,

unaccustomed to race in private. No, not only should racing go on, but it must be treated in a lenient spirit by the Government. It was cruel—nay, he would go farther and say it was unsportsmanlike—to ask a beautiful fiery creature, already burdened with a jockey and numberless "shirts," to carry a luxury tax as well. (Cheers.) Humanity cried out against it. The R.S.P.C.A. would not allow it. (Great applause.)

Mr. Alf Oddson, on behalf of the Bookmakers' League of Pity for Themselves, begged to support the gallant gentleman whose breezy speech they had so much enjoyed. (Applause.) Speaking as a sportsman he held that racing was not only so essentially a British gentleman's pursuit as always to be entitled to preferential treatment, but that the spectacle at the present time, during critical battles, of crowds of people hurrying to Newmarket with plenty of money for gambling purposes could not but hearten our Allies. (Renewed applause.)

Colonel COE, speaking on behalf of Turf journalists, who surely were as hard-working a class of men as any in the country (cheers), considering that many of them had never seen a racehorse in their lives until the exigencies of Fate got it between the shafts of a London cab, begged to support the last speakers. Racing was a Fleet Street industry and must not be hampered. (Loud cheers).

After further remarks on the topic of racing, marked by a pronounced unanimity, the Hon. Ernest Redd Potter rose to take up the cudgels on behalf of all those who find their relaxation, after long hours of toil, in playing billiards or snooker's pool. Some one, he said, had been so unimaginative as to suggest that that useful and necessary adjunct to civilised life, the billiard table, should be taxed also as a luxury. Luxury! (Loud laughter.) He understood that the French Luxury Tax included billiard-tables; but, much as he admired our brave Allies across the Channel in many respects, he could not go with them all the way. (Sensation.) Moreover, what was the good of taxing a table that had no pockets? (Renewed laughter.)

Following the debate on the billiard-table tax thus brilliantly opened, which ended in another unanimous vote in favour of remitting any such unfair imposts, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Boyd Constant, the gravity of whose demeanour struck immediate gloom. He had that day heard, said the new speaker, that it was proposed to put a luxury tax on all wines which exceeded a certain price per bottle; and this naturally would strike at the very heart of conviviality, because champagne must necessarily come within its scope. Now whatever the last speaker might think of French sagacity when it taxed billiard-tables, there could be no doubt that France was inspired when she produced champagne. On sunless days where could sun be found? In champagne. (Cheers.) On joyless days where could joy be found? In champagne. (Renewed cheers.) When there was no victory for us on the Front, where could victory be found? In the same place! (Terrific applause.) Was it not, then, monstrous even to whisper of taxing this beneficent fluid? He had a bottle with him. (Uproar.) . . .

When, after a while, the audience had returned from the platform to their seats, the Chairman put the various resolutions, exempting certain so-called luxuries from taxation, to the meeting, and all were vociferously agreed to. It was then decided to lay the report of the proceedings before Mr. BONAR LAW without delay, and the company dispersed, chiefly in their own cars.



Bill. "THIS BLINKIN' SEA 'S ORFUL!"
'Arry. "OH, I DUNNO. IT'S NICE TO SEE FROTH ON *SOMETHINK* THESE DAYS!"

"WANTED.—Robust character woman (would not object to joint)."—*Theatrical Paper.*

Who would in these rationing times?

TWO PICTURES.

DEAR MR. FOOD-CONTROLLER,—At this moment I am not very sure of your name. For a time you were Lord DEVONPORT, and then you became Lord RHONDDA, and then there came a devastating rumour that you were to be somebody else, name not stated. Now you have harked back to Lord RHONDDA, and this is good hearing, for under that name you had done the State some service, people had got used to you, and, though a few here and there grumbled and groused—what will men not grouse about even in these days?—the vast majority at home recognised your decrees as being necessary and were glad to note how smoothly the new machine worked in your hands, and how easily the people accommodated themselves to what was required of them. It is no small feat to have accomplished this in a world suspicious of even the slightest change. So here we are, living under the coupon system and, on the whole, very little the worse for it. Some of the credit of this must go to the people who are affected by it; but even when that deduction is made a large proportion must remain with you. So please stick to your post, Lord RHONDDA, and keep on giving us a generous display of common-sense. That's that; and I fancy I have got you into a good temper and that you are willing to listen with an open mind to the little complaint that I wish to bring before you.

I had a letter from the Western Front the other day from a friend who in happier days was an efficient solicitor, and is now an efficient Major in a London regiment. He spoke with intense admiration of the fighting quality of his men and praised their cheerfulness and kindness to one another under difficult circumstances. "One thing," he said, "will amuse you. About a week ago we were marching through what had once been a village and was now a mere collection of ruins. There wasn't a trace of life in the whole place so far as we could see, except that, as we passed, a lean and famished little dog issued from a farmyard and stood watching us. Everybody whistled to him or called to him, and at last he seemed to make up his mind and took his place in the ranks and stepped it gallantly between Bert of Peckham and Alf of Camberwell. From that moment he has remained with us, and is being fed back into robust health by our particular portion of the great British Army. All the men are devoted to him and see to it that he gets his food. It is little enough now and then, but still he gets it; and the men would resent as offensive any suggestion that their new little friend should not be allowed to draw his ration. They tell one another anecdotes showing his brilliant intelligence, and feel in some obscure way that the luck of the section with which he marches is bound up with him. One of the corporals has manufactured for him an anti-poison-gas outfit, which he wears very ludicrously and very proudly."

That is one picture. Here is another of a very different sort. During the past week or so a painful and deplorable rumour has come to our ears, and we have been told with varying degrees of assurance that no more dog biscuits are to be manufactured, and that, on the exhaustion of the existing stocks, dogs will have to go without food, which means, of course, that the vast majority of dogs will have to come to an end, for our own food ration has been so greatly cut down that, even if we were allowed to share it with our dogs, it could not be done. Dogs therefore will have to starve, or will be "put down," or, as a third alternative, will have to be taken to Flanders, and attached to some generous body of soldiery. And mind you, Lord RHONDDA, this offensive against our gentle and loyal friends is to take place in spite of the declaration made by famous manufacturers of dog food that the biscuits so much relished by dogs are made up of ingredients absolutely unfit for *human* food, so that there can be no question that, if dogs are still to be fed on food specially made for them, any human being will be nearer to starvation by the fraction of a crumb. No, my dear Lord RHONDDA, let us observe some measure in our rationing processes, and let us not rejoice the hearts of the Germans by reducing our dogs to starvation and ourselves to absurdity. Can anyone give me a sound reason why stuffs that are good for dogs and bad for human beings should not be made up into dog food? I venture to call your attention to this matter because I know that it is deeply felt by many who are friends of the friend of man. Do pray look into it, and don't give way to the man who, having once been barked at by a Pekinese, sees himself pursued by Great Danes and wolfhounds through the remaining period of his existence.

I am, dear Lord RHONDDA, with all respect,
Yours faithfully, A DOGMATIST.

THE TURN OF THE TIED.

["The whole Empire owes the Civil Service a lasting debt of gratitude."—*The War Cabinet's Report.*]

CUTHBERT, in placid days before the War
You played at work, remote and bureaucratic,
"Like fountains in the Square, from ten to four,"
A phrase dogmatic,
But true—how could a layman dare to doubt it
When no Press comment was complete without it?

The War produced your name. You were the stay
Of journalists who saw on the horizon
The hopeless dawning of a stuntless day,
And put us wise on
Your combing-out—a heart's cry from the nation
(*You* couldn't much affect their circulation).

Foamed at the mouth *The Mail* and *Evening News*,
Scathingly censured your elusive habits,
Taught Hammersmith to call you embus-kews,
Drew you as rabbits,
Saving your precious skins from things untoward,
Like RHONDDA's coneys when the price was lowered.

The business man took up the daily dirge;
"Brass" joined the paper and the comb in chorus:
And each self-made commercial Demiurge,
Set to rule o'er us,
Saw naught of yours that he could not improve on:
"Down with red tape and let *me* get a move on."

They let him, and he fairly made things hum
At first with posters, jobs and commandeering,
But, when results were reckoned up, the sum
Was far from cheering;
So came to grief your critics, and I wondered
If, in obscuring you, we had not blundered.

But when, surveying all, the Cabinet
(Once by the Press and Business given a halo)
Ungrudgingly records the Empire's debt
To you who lay low,
I take that verdict, as a wise man doth,
And almost raise my hat, O priceless Cuth.!

"It would seem, indeed, that the Allies are beating the enemy in their field tactics as well as in bravery and efficiency. Samson has met his David. The fight is not finished."—*Daily Dispatch.*

In fact the real tug-of-war will not begin until DELILAH tackles GOLIATH.



"And how did you manage to get wounded?"

"Me own fault, lady. I got scratched cuttin' the barbs off the enemy's wireless when I 'adn't my gloves on."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I am rather inclined to call *Second Marriage* (Secker) the best, because certainly the most direct and comprehensible, story that I have yet read over the signature of Viola Meynell. The marriage in question was that of *Ismay Hunt* and *Arnold Gilmour*. This *Ismay* was one of a large family of girls, and just before the opening of the tale had wedded *Hunt*, of whom we are told that he was rich beyond dreams and adored his wife so fervently that, believing her disappointed with the union, he promptly died, and from motives of delicacy left her but a bare three thousand of capital. A hint here of the old subtlety. Much more obvious is the uncomfortable situation of poor *Ismay*, who, faced with a general expectation that she should finance her sister's love-match and generally play the goddess in the gilded car, has to tell the assembled two families that it simply won't run to it. (Only of course *Ismay* expresses herself more elegantly than this.) It runs to it less than ever after she has met and fallen headlong in love with *Arnold*, because thenceforward the three thousand becomes definitely assigned to his projects for a pumping-engine to drain the fens among which the scene of the story is laid. Much of the charm and cleverness of the book comes from the part that the manipulation of this water-power plays in the plot; else what you may admire most is the skill with which the two protagonists, with their almost violent individuality, are made to stand out from a crowd whose collective ambition is to be as much like each other and everybody else as possible. *Ismay* especially doth bestride the story like a female Colossus; and her vitality is, I feel, of enormous benefit to a society that but for these strenuous lovers would remain a little devoid of any conspicuous activities either of mind or body.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge is the wise bird. He sings his songs twice over, and many times more than twice, but always with some touch of freshness. Moreover he has in full measure the careless rapture that comes from an apparent enjoyment of his own themes. For example, the latest story, *Top Speed* (Methuen), which treats of precisely the type of kindly Cockneys, small tradesmen with large hearts, whom the author has made peculiarly his own. This time it is the Mayor of a London Borough and his family whose development—but especially that of the Mayor and Mayoress—from a milk-shop to honours and affluence is sketched with a smiling sympathy that almost obscures the fact that the whole thing is a fairy tale. I daresay you can imagine already the members of the *Donaldson* home circle—the capable daughter and the not so satisfactory son, also, of course, that characteristic figure of the observer within the (area) gates, the caustically critical "general." (What, by the way, do London kitchens think of Mr. Pett Ridge? I have often been tempted to this inquiry.) Through domestic trials and the hazards of public life, in the fierce light that beats upon a scarlet robe, the upward progress of the *Donaldsons* forms a most happy entertainment, of which perhaps the author's own title is the only needed criticism. Would they, one can't help asking in the infrequent pauses,

go quite so fast or be so uniformly efficient? Also I record my conviction that the otherwise admirable *mot* describing diæresis as "a complaint that brings out two black spots," is an unlikely contribution to dialogue in a milk-shop parlour.

If Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS could have abandoned the rather tiresome staccato of her phrasing and the pursuit of infinitesimal jokes almost to the verge of facetiousness I should have enjoyed her *Impossible People* (CONSTABLE) more wholeheartedly. I think Parson *Templar* and his wife *Joanna* (he used to preach *ex-tempore* sermons from her notes—which was awkward when the third page was part of a letter to a friend) are really so impossible that they must have existed; and perhaps that's why, for all their queerness—a nice kind of queerness which took the form of an all-embracing charity and tolerance—they are more alive than some of the other people whom I am not sure (such is my dulness) the author meant to be quite as impossible as they are. The *Templars* adopted a girl-child who turned out ill—or illish—and a sort of housemaid who did exceedingly well, became a distinguished ornithologist (I was never certain whether she *really* discovered a new kind of bird), found a charming squire and—I *think*, but can't swear to it, for the text is again obscure—proved to be an aristocrat of illegitimate birth; which is very comforting, for blood, you know, will tell. By the way, I would ask the author if "talking in paregorics" is a likely malapropism? I am sure she is candid enough to say No and not let it occur again.



The Knight Errant (who has come, at great personal risk, to rescue an imprisoned damsel, suddenly changing his mind). "DO NOT BE ALARMED, DEAR LADY. I WAS JUST PASSING AND THOUGHT I WOULD LOOK IN. BY THE WAY, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A SKIPPING-ROPE. NO DOUBT YOU ARE IN NEED OF EXERCISE. GOOD-BYE!"

Mr. GUY FLEMING, in a story which for no very apparent reason he calls *Over The Hills and Far Away* (LONGMANS), rather gives one the impression that this attempt to achieve a novel of action, of the Gretna Green school, is all against his natural bent. Certainly his *Duncan Ferrier* rescues damsels in distress, confronts villains, hobnobs with highwaymen and displays a marked propensity for getting himself knocked on the head, besides contriving, thanks to some rather roundabout steering by his author, to be present at a sea-fight, in which that fascinating scoundrel, or hero, JOHN PAUL JONES, plays the leading part; yet somehow it does not do. Even the freest use of such recognised incidents of everyday life in the eighteenth century as robberies, duels and smuggling affrays does not save the book from being almost inconceivably wooden, so that when that dull dog and weathercock lover, *Duncan*, finally arrives at present felicity and a prospective earldom one has hardly patience to congratulate him on either event. On the other hand, the story, kept together mainly by such well-worn threads as the idiosyncracies of the Scottish marriage-law and of the Scottish language, does contain minor sketches of real beauty and interest. For the old minister, *Duncan's* tutor, and his rebel friend, the laird, *Iron Gray*, in their environment of heather and rock, and even for that old shrivelled parchment, the family lawyer, one has a welcome which one refuses to the hero's English acquaintances and more particularly to the hero himself.

I did not find *Scandal* (HURST AND BLACKETT) nearly so startling as I think the author, Mr. COSMO HAMILTON, intended it to be. True, one may say that, when *Beatrix Vanderdyke*, in order to escape a wigging from her family, mendaciously tells them that she is secretly married to a man whom in actual fact she hardly knows, and coolly calls upon the man in question to be a sport and carry on the deception, she is "going some." But *Beatrix* is the spoilt scion of a multi-millionaire race, and is in the habit of going some, and (if one may enlarge upon that Transatlantic idiom) then some more. Fortunately or unfortunately she has selected for her victim another young plutocrat, who, if not equally spoilt, is equally in the habit of going some when the occasion calls for going in any form. Being not unnaturally indignant at the position he has been placed in by the girl's selfish and unnecessary action, *Pelham Franklin* proceeds to get some of his own back by playing the husband with a realism that gives the spoilt *Beatrix* the fright of her young life. Having earned her undying hatred it follows that in the course of ensuing chapters he will win her love—having first, of course, fallen in love with *Beatrix* himself—and that the wedding will ultimately take place in real earnest. The story is smoothly told and the interest cleverly sustained, and if a slight air of unreality overhangs the whole it is rather because Mr. HAMILTON has selected highly-coloured subjects than because he has over-painted his picture. *Scandal*, in short, is a distinct improvement on much that the author has written of late, and more nearly recalls the work upon which his reputation as a Society novelist was founded.

Sergt. Spud Tamson, V.C. (HUTCHINSON) is a sequel, but even if you have missed (as I have) the former book your enjoyment of this one will not suffer much. From a preface I gather that the original *Spud Tamson* has met with great success; in short that the British Expeditionary Force has embraced it with both arms and demanded a fresh supply. It is the kind of literature which nothing but war could have produced, and when I mention that various characters in these chapters are called by such names as *Algy Diehard*, *Colonel McIndoo-McMurdo*, *Jock Rednose* and so forth, you will understand that its humour is not likely to appeal to the High-Brows. Captain CAMPBELL believes in calling a *Spud* a *Spud*, and if his frankness is occasionally amazing there is no resisting his high spirits and vivacity. Above all the Army, with good reason, has adopted *Spud*, and so I must believe that the more books we have about him the better it will be for the cause.

"The Little Village."

"Lord and Lady —— have retired to London from Scotland."

Surrey Advertiser.

CHARIVARIA.

"HERE," says a journalist, dealing with the Royal Academy, "the horrors of war are brought home to us." All the same we feel he need not have been quite so bitter about it.

* * *

"The secret of health," says a contemporary, "is the eating of onions." The trouble, of course, is to keep it a secret.

* * *

A Nottingham man has been sent to prison for imposing on a solicitor. This innocent and helpless class must be protected.

* * *

Friends of Peace by Understanding received a severe setback last week when a naturalized German was fined one pound for assault. The defendant first insulted a fellow-passenger, an Englishman, and then hit him on the fist with his jaw.

* * *

The Carnegie Trust has decided to publish a "symphonic poem" by Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE, entitled "Wallace, 1305—1905." It seems impossible that adequate justice can have been done to all the intervening Wallaces.

* * *

By the agreement with Holland, only supplies for Belgium may be shipped from Germany over the Limburg Railway. It is anticipated that thousands of German soldiers will pass over this route disguised as pork.

* * *

TROTSKY has addressed another sharp note to Germany, hinting that if she continues to violate the Brest-Litovsk treaty the Bolshevik Government will take immediate steps to do nothing about it.

* * *

"Reinach and Co., rum merchants, are to be wound-up," says a news item. That may be, but it would be more dignified to follow the usual custom of referring to them as enemy traders.

* * *

"In the House of Commons dining-room," says *The Evening News*, "several Members were enjoying their *chevreuil en casserole*." This form of game is likely to become popular now that the debate on the MAURICE letter has spoilt Members' appetite for scapegoat on toast.

* * *

Mr. HENRY SOLOMON, residing in Midlothian, has celebrated his one-hundredth birthday. We understand he still has a very vivid memory of things that happened before the War.

* * *

The fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewellery stolen *en route* to Bombay from the mails has not been recovered, and the postal authorities are considering as a last expedient whether they ought not to offer the thieves fifty per cent. of the film rights if they will appear and reconstruct the main incidents of the robbery.

* * *

FINE ME, a Chinaman, was charged at a London Police Court with keeping opium-smoking utensils. It was a rash thing to do with a name like that.



THE AMENDED GOLF-COURSE.

* * *

We have not had to wait long to see the effect of the "No Confetti" order. At a Dorchester wedding one of the guests hurled two plates at the bridegroom.

* * *

A Kingston-on-Thames publican recently returned two barrels of beer to the brewers, because he had too much. Since this announcement we understand that it has been offered a good home.

* * *

The Athlone police have arrested a man for throwing his wife out of a railway carriage. We are glad that action has been taken, for it has been upheld in the courts to be illegal to throw things out of a moving train.

* * *

Owing to differences of opinion between Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN and Mr. HENDERSON we gather that the Millennium has been indefinitely postponed.

* * *

Mr. THOMAS LOUGH, M.P., having complained that the Press do not give full reports of private Members' speeches, several newspapers have threatened to do so.

* * *

We understand that the extra ration for manual workers will not apply to burglars unless they confine themselves to making off with heavy articles.

* * *

The "Botulism" germ is said to have been brought to this country in imported canned foods, and the police are keeping a sharp look-out at all our ports.

* * *

No corroborative evidence was produced by the Pomeranian which was charged with eating a meat pie in a London restaurant and defended itself on the ground that the pie snapped at it first.

"CHINESE SAMPANS.

Ten competitors entered, their boats being gaily decorated with flags, and a very amusing race resulted in the winner passing the post only a length behind the second."

Hongkong Overseas Mail.

Very amusing—particularly for the crew of the second.

"St. Andrews was originally called Kilrule, its present appellation having been subsequently conferred on it in honour of St. Andrew the Apostle, several relicts of whom it once boasted of possessing."

St. Andrews Chronicle.

The Saint appears to have been a much-married man. Was that why he took up golf?

"A new snobbery is coming into fashion. The handworkers are now the suet of the earth and our social aim must be to appear as nearly on an equality with them as possible."

Weekly Paper.

It will be a difficult task, for suet of any kind, as every housewife knows, is almost unattainable.

"Before sailing for Egypt John spent a few days in Dorset and no doubt then wrote the verses entitled 'Somewhere in England,' and beginning:—

EFFECTS OF RHEUMATISM."

Dorset County Chronicle.

A really beautiful opening line.

THE MAURICE AFFAIR AND OTHERS.

"RECRUIT."—You say that you consider your duty as a citizen to be more sacred than your duty as a soldier, and that was the reason why you absented yourself from parade in order to assist at the killing of your first home-grown pig. We are afraid we cannot take up your case.

"POLITICS UNDER ARMS."—You are misinformed. There is no intention of finding a new post for General MAURICE as Director of Political Operations.

"PARTY *UEBER ALLES*."—We note your satisfaction, as an ex-member of the late Ministry, at the establishment, for the first time since the inauguration of Armageddon, of a definite Opposition, organised with full equipment of Whips and Party funds to harass the Government which is responsible for the conduct of the War. This satisfaction is cordially shared by the enemy, and their disappointment over the failure of your recent attack, from which they hoped great things, is very bitter.

"DIVIDED DUTY."—You are engaged on important national service and find the greatest difficulty in attending at the House of Commons for the weekly crisis. Have you consulted Mr. ASQUITH or Mr. PRINGLE? We are confident that if you put your case to them they would consider it favourably, and possibly arrange for these crises to occur only once a fortnight, at any rate during the present offensive at the other Front.

"HARD CASE."—We appreciate your scruples. You are in the early forties and perfectly fit for general service, yet so long as you are drawing four hundred pounds a year as a Member of Parliament you hesitate to indulge your ardour for the trenches to the neglect of duties nearer home. Our advice to you is to ignore these scruples, however manly and creditable to you. On the other matter which you raise—the difficulty of finding house accommodation at Maidenhead—we have no useful advice to put at your service.

"ANTI-GEORGE."—We agree with you that war has its drawbacks. But when you go on to say that the chief of these is a tendency to distract the Opposition from its purpose in life, namely, to embarrass the Government of the day, we cannot follow you. We think you have greatly overrated this alleged tendency.

"UNDER THE CLOCK."—Many thanks for the unsolicited paragraph in *The Daily News* describing our language towards the enemy as being in the Billingsgate vein. In spite of this gentle rebuke, and at the risk of offending the readers of your patriotic organ by hurting the feelings of the Huns, we propose to go on saying just what we think of the KAISER and his friends. By the way, have you ever tried standing in front of the clock, instead of underneath it? You will find the former position more convenient for seeing the time of day.

"*PAX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL*."—We are obliged to you for your recommendation of Beauchamp's Puce Pills for Pale Pacifists; but we are not taking any.

"BRIGHTONIAN."—We feel sure that the Board of Trade will consider your claims to the privileges of a season-ticket holder if you point out that you have for some time been a *bonâ-fide* resident in Brighton during the more prominent phases of the moon. It will not be necessary for you to remind the authorities of the national importance of the Gatwick race meetings—a point which they already recognise.

O. S.

WAR-TIME DISEASES.

UNDER existing circumstances and with the present shortage of doctors a self-made physician thinks it wise to warn the public that new diseases are springing up amongst us every day. The following are a few of the most common, which in many cases lend themselves to simple home treatment:

Quack Fever.

This is caused by eating vegetable duck. The symptoms include a tendency to waddle and to flat feet, with a shortening of the legs. Change of diet is essential.

Bright Disease.

This is an offal disease, caused by eating lights and other bright objects. The patient complains bitterly when asked to protrude his tongue.

Sausageria.

The symptoms include snatching at stray animals. Visits to the Zoo should be prohibited.

Daymare.

The patient suffers from hallucinations. He fancies that small parcels of all shapes and sizes are hanging from every finger, toe and button. There is a great feeling of restriction and pressure. Rending, bursting and tearing sounds are heard continuously. A brain sedative may be tried to relieve the discomfort.

Allotmumps.

The sight becomes impaired, with a tendency to magnify or see double. The tongue becomes swollen and exhausted. Jealousy is a serious symptom. The disease may lead to insomnia and manslaughter if not taken in time. Cooling drinks relieve the tension.

Couponenza.

The senses reel and there is difficulty in making the mind act. There is an increase in appetite, but the digestion is upset. There may be a marked antipathy to rice and eggs. Change of scene and diet is essential.

Polyphasia.

There is considerable tension of the tonsils, which the patient tries to relieve by talking to strangers in omnibus, tram or train. The discomfort may be reduced by sucking anti-conversation lozenges.

Cuthbertitis.

There is a tendency to anæmia and chattering of the teeth. A lack of interest is shown in anyone or anything but the sufferer. Soft or feather beds should be avoided, and alcohol, tea and smoking prohibited.

Pushulismun.

This disease is prevalent in crowded places. The temper is much affected and physical and vocal powers are temporarily increased to an abnormal extent. The elbows tend to sharpen and the feet to stamp. The pain may be relieved by long walks, or by solitary confinement and the avoidance of stimulants.

Neurataxia.

The patient is subject to sudden spasms of apprehension and betrays a disposition to burrow in the bowels of the earth. He may become unintelligible or speak in a foreign tongue. The sufferer should be withdrawn from his favourite haunts. Quiet is essential and a course of barbed wire may be necessary.

"In the Spring . . ."

"Wanted, Young Lady, for fancy."
Provincial Paper.

"It is upsetting somewhat the plans of the high German officers who are arranging things from afar through telescopes down which they shout their orders."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Why could not we have thought of this useful gadget?

The bringing-down of Baron VON RICHTHOFEN, though claimed by a British airman, is widely attributed in the German Press to a certain "Gunner Lewis," who thus takes his place among the immortals by the side of Sergeant Hotchkiss, Corporal Archibald, and Bombardiers Pom-pom and Soixante-Quinze.



WOMAN-POWER.

Ceres. "SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

Ploughman. "I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MA'AM, BUT IT'S NO GOOD SPEEDING THE PLOUGH UNLESS WE CAN GET THE WOMEN TO DO THE HARVESTING."

[Fifty thousand more women are wanted on the land to take the place of men called to the colours, if the harvest is to be got in.]



She. "IT'S A NICE PHOTOGRAPH, BUT WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO FOGGY?"
He. "FORCE OF HABIT. I MUST HAVE DUCKED WHEN THE CAMERA CLICKED."

THE STOLEN PYJAMAS.

BY some curious oversight the compilers of King's Regulations and Army Council Instructions have failed altogether to lay down the proper course of action for a private to take when he suspects that his Commanding Officer has stolen his night-wear. Otherwise Coddington might have got the promotion for which he had been recommended, for he was always a conscientious youth, and ever since he joined the Army he had tried to make himself a good soldier. He never swung the lead. He never disobeyed an order. And he spent hours swotting up K.R.s and A.C.I.s and things like that, so that he might know the right way of doing everything. But he had one weakness.

Pyjamas are all very well in their place. I have worn them myself, and I hope to do so again. I like them. But it is quite clear from his experience that there *are* times when the possession of a sleeping suit may be a very great handicap to a young man who is trying to make his way in the world.

I hope I am giving nothing away to the enemy when I say that, so far as the rank and file are concerned, the British Army sleeps in its pants. In the trenches and other uncomfortable places at the Front it often sleeps in its boots and puttees and trousers as well, but even in camp at home one very rarely sees any man break the unwritten law which ordains that shirt and pants are the correct attire (for all soldiers not holding commissions) between "Lights Out" and "Reveille."

There are a few exceptions. Coddington was one.

Ignoring the insults and badinage hurled at him when he first produced them, he got into his pyjamas every night until at last they excited no comment, though every other man in the battalion knew of their existence.

Suddenly they disappeared. We were all going to bed in a gloomy mood, for it was a wet and stormy night, when Coddington discovered his loss. None of us took the faintest interest in it, despite the fact that he accused every man in our tent in turn of trying to pull his leg.

"I got the clean ones back from the laundry to-day," he said, "and put them on my blankets. Someone must have taken them away."

"Obviously," growled one of the accused, and the rest of us thought no more about the matter until the middle of the night, when a gale wrecked half the camp and Coddington declared that he had seen the Colonel directing affairs amid the ruins of his marquee, clad in the missing pyjamas.

There was no doubt in his mind, because a convenient flash of lightning enabled him to see the stain on the left pyjama which he had made a few weeks previously by upsetting a bottle of marking-ink.

"I mean to get them back," he told me in the morning. "It's not that I mind losing them. What I object to is the infernal liberty that's been taken with me."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Accuse him of theft?"

"Why not?"

"Rather a delicate job, isn't it, charging your O.C. with petty larceny?" I ventured.

"O.C. or not," answered Coddington, "I don't see why he should be allowed to go about the country pinching people's pyjamas. All the same I don't quite know how to tackle the business."

"Why not go and ask him whether he knows he's got your pyjamas?"

"He must know, you idiot. But a private can't approach a Colonel unless he's taken by an N.C.O., and I don't want to show him up to the whole camp if he's man en[illegible] to own up and return 'em. I [illegible] I'll ask the

R.S.M. if I can speak to the C.O. on a private matter."

The Regimental Sergeant-Major, who had already recommended Coddington for stripes, was evidently in a gracious mood, for the interview with the C.O. took place. The effect was disastrous.

All that was said we never discovered. What we did learn was that Coddington was taken at once to the Medical Officer, the Colonel sending with him a "chit" asking if he was mentally deficient.

At the very time that the examination was taking place in the medical inspection tent, Billings, the Colonel's batman, came to our tent with a parcel.

"Give this to Coddington," he said. "It's his pyjamas. I mislaid the old man's clean ones yesterday, and I knew he'd play the devil about it, so I borrowed these. Same pattern, you know. Couldn't find Coddie last night, so I took 'em without asking. I didn't think he'd mind."

* * * * *

The Doctor certified Coddington as mentally sound. But he never got his stripes—except the ones in the pattern of his pyjamas. He was allowed to keep those.

THERE IS A FIELD IN FLANDERS.

[Extract from a letter from the Front: "I saw a few wind-flowers the other day, and a vast meadow full of kingcups, and that was enough to make me happy for weeks."]

THERE is a field in Flanders
  Where yellow kingcups stand;
Like fair princesses clad in gold
Their joyous court they proudly hold
  In the gay meadow-land.

There is a wood in Flanders,
  A little shimmering wood,
Where wind-flowers sway among the grass
And smile upon you as you pass
  As country maidens should.

There is a bank in Flanders
  Where celandines a-blow
Lift up their shining heads and peer
To see their lovely image clear
  In a bright pool below.

And you who go in English fields,
  O think not that our days
Are wholly dark or wholly ill,
For there are flowers in Flanders still
  And still a God to praise.   R. F.

"Rebellion makes strange bedfellows; and we observe that Mr. John Dillon and Mr. de Valera have appeared on the same platform."
Morning Post.

Does this mean the same plank-!



American Wife (to seasick husband). "SEE HERE, DEARIE, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M NOT LONESOME. THERE'S A CROWD OF OFFICERS FROM NOO YORK BELOW—AND IT'S SOME JOKE. THEY THINK I'M A WIDOW!"

Our Art Critics.

"Quite a young man was responsible for the only grey top-hat to be seen at the Academy to-day!"—*Westminster Gazette.*

"The Academy private view almost brought us back to happy 1914, so large was the number of men in grey top hats."—*Daily Mirror.*

"Not many pictures in this year's Academy are concerned with the War."—*Times.*

"Every tenth is a battle picture."
Daily Mirror.

"CRICKET.

LONDON UNITED (BRIGHTON) v. BLATCHINGTON ATHLETIC.

At Hove Park, to-morrow, at 3.15.

LONDON UNITED.—A. Braham (captain), Mordecai, Musaphia, Jacobs, Myers, Carter, Haynes, Weil, Vine, Litman, Frankel."
Evening Argus (Brighton).

The best English families.

The Scottish Spirit of Economy.

"Sheriff ——, Dundee, in imposing fines for treating, said the treating restriction seemed to him to be the least irksome and the most easily observable of all the liquor restrictions."
Scotsman.

"The shortage of shoe leather in Germany is illustrated afresh by an official appeal to German horses to give up their blinkers."
Daily Paper.

The intelligent animals have replied with the suggestion that the German people should set them the example.

"Mr. Justice Eve remarked that he had unfortunately no ear for music and less for poetry."—*Morning Post.*

If only all EVES had been equally irresponsive to strange sounds, how different the world would have been.

THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. "PRESIDENT."

A DREAM.

[Mr. Punch means no disrespect to H.M.S. *President*, which, being moored in the Thames off Bouverie Street, he has always looked upon as his guardship, but he has often wondered what would happen if only a few thousands of the officers and men borne on her books were to issue from the Admiralty and elsewhere—but especially from the Admiralty—and go on board their ship; hence the disquieting dream that follows.]

IT was eighteen bells in the larboard watch with a neap-tide running free,
And a gale blew out of the Ludgate Hills when the *President* put to sea;
An old mule came down Bouverie Street to give her a helping hand,
And I didn't think much of the ship as such, but the crew was something grand.

The bo'sun stood on a Hoxton bus and blew the Luncheon Call,
And the ship's crew came from the four wide winds, but chiefly from Whitehall;
They came like the sand on a wind-swept strand, like shots from a Maxim gun,
And the old mule stood with the tow-rope on and said, "It can't be done."

With a glitter of wiggly braid they came, with a clatter of forms and files,
The little A.P.'s they swarmed like bees, the Commodores stretched for miles;
Post-Captains came with hats in flame, and Admirals by the ell,
And which of the lot was the biggest pot there was never a man could tell.

They choked the staggering quarter-deck and did the thing no good;
They hung like tars on the mizzen-spars (or those of the crowd that could);
Far out of view still streamed the queue when the moke said, "Well, I'm blowed
If I'll compete with the 'ole damn Fleet," and he pushed off down the road.

And the great ship she sailed after him, though the Lord knows how she did,
With her gunwales getting a terrible wetting and a brace of her stern sheets hid,
When up and spoke a sailor-bloke and he said, "It strikes me queer,
And I've sailed the sea in the R.N.V. this five-and-forty year;

"But a ship as can't 'old 'arf 'er crew, why, what sort of a ship is 'er?
And oo's in charge of the pore old barge if dangers do occur?
And I says to you, I says, ''Eave to, until this point's agreed';"
And some said, "Why?" and the rest, "Ay, ay," but the mule he paid no heed.

So the old beast hauled and the Admirals bawled and the crew they fought like cats,
And the ship went dropping along past Wapping and down by the Plumstead Flats;
But the rest of the horde that wasn't aboard they trotted along the bank,
Or jumped like frogs from the Isle of Dogs, or fell in the stream and sank.

But while they went by the coast of Kent up spoke an aged tar—
"A joke's a joke, but this 'ere moke is going a bit too far;
I can tell by the motion we're nearing the ocean—and *that*'s too far for me;"
But just as he spoke the tow-rope broke and the ship sailed out to sea.

And somewhere out on the deep, no doubt, they probe the problems through
Of who's in charge of the poor old barge and what they ought to do;
And the great files flash and the dockets crash and the ink-wells smoke like sin,
But many a U-boat tells the tale how the *President* did her in.

For many have tried to pierce her hide and flung torpedoes at her,
But the vessel, they found, was barraged round with a mile of paper matter;
The whole sea swarms with Office Forms and the U-boats stick like glue,
So nothing can touch the *President* much, for nothing at all gets through.

* * * * * * *

But never, alack, will the ship come back, for the *President* she's stuck too.

A. P. H.

HOW A WOMAN BAULKED AN AIR-RAID.

SUDDENLY above the diminishing chatter sounded from the corner cot the three sharp whistles of the hostile aeroplane warning, and upon ears not so startled as they might have been broke the pulsing hum of a Bosch engine. In a moment the chiaroscuro of the ward was pierced by four rays of brilliant light as the Perforated Sapper, the Fusilier of the Thousand Patches, the Gassed Grenadier and the Gunner with the Game Leg switched on their electric torches. The questing beams searched and swept hither and thither, from the blanket ridge which marked the Colonel's corporation to the spotless ceiling. Undismayed the nurses stayed bravely at their posts. To and fro, up and down, peered the searchlights, till "There he goes!" said the Malaria Major, and clear in the white radiance hung revealed the crimson shape of a German Scout.

As the white beams converged and steadied upon the sinister form (cut from the cover of a popular monthly) there woke from cot after cot the racket of Archie and machine-gun fire. Astonishing effects can be produced with a long pencil against a wooden locker, and the Perforated Sapper's imitation of an Archie had many a time, he swore, provoked genuine competition. There was an angry croak from the Gassed Grenadier, "Put out that light there!" addressed to the glow of a foolhardy cigarette. Louder rattled the machine-guns; more angrily woofed the Archies; the red shape in the searchlights hovered menacing above the Blightied warriors; and the intrepid nurses, mastering their laughter, opened a fire of vain expostulation.

Then came the crash of a bomb (as the Fusilier slammed the lid of his locker), and simultaneously a commanding question, "What is the meaning of all this noise?"

That first bomb was the last; the Bosch's engine stopped, the Archies and machine-guns ceased, the staring searchlights were cut off as with a knife. Of all the clamour there survived no murmur; only muffled snorts from beneath pillows showed where British officers were cowering under cover. And under cover they remained till the stately Sister had passed through the swinging doors again, when the Gassed Grenadier blew, softly and timorously, "All clear!"

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



309. Portrait of a lady who was too busy to give sittings. (*Inset:* The artist at work.)



214. "The Rose Garden at Dawn." By the look of them they must have sat up all night for it.



613. *Cupid (to Somnambulist).* "Wake up, Miss. 'E's pinchin' yer ring."



644. The canvas shortage. Solving the problem of a full-length portrait.



634. The emergency collar for army chaplains.



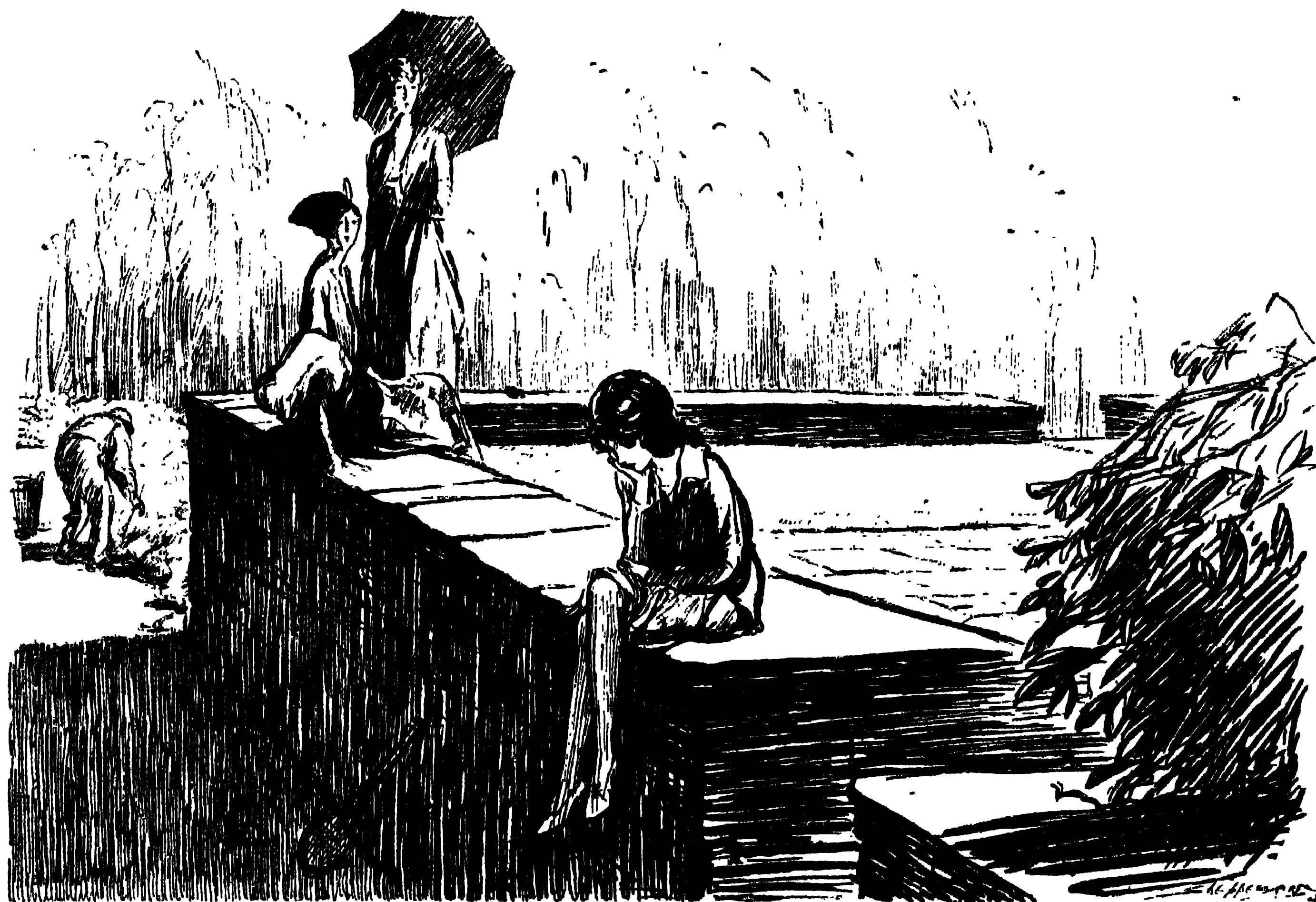
226. *Sitter (to Artist).* "Don't worry about the last yard or two of my legs."



84. The baby bombster.



840. The tragedy of the abbreviated pianola-roll.



Lady. "THE POOR CHILD'S FOOD DOESN'T SEEM TO AGREE WITH HER. I DO HOPE SHE HASN'T GOT THIS NEW DISEASE—BOLSHEVISM."

SINN FEIN.

"OURSELVES ALONE."

AND is not ours a noble creed,
With Self uplifted on the throne?
Why should we bleed for others' need?
Our motto is "Ourselves Alone."

Why prate of ruined lands "out there,"
Of churches shattered stone by stone?
We need not care how others fare,
We care but for Ourselves Alone.

Though mothers weep with anguished eyes
And tortured children make their moan,
Let others rise when Pity cries;
We rise but for Ourselves Alone.

Let Justice be suppressed by Might
And Mercy's seat be overthrown;
For Truth and Right the fools may fight,
We fight but for Ourselves Alone.

Piety and Business.

"Pure and unmixed butter being not available in Peshawar City, and feeling an urgent demand for the same, we have, by the grace of the Lord, started a butter factory on a small scale. We shall do our utmost to promote this beneficial work."

Advt. in "Peshawar Daily News."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

(*With acknowledgments to the Scrappy Snips of our Contemporaries.*)

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN rarely lunches with Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

Boiling water is a good thing to keep moth from the fur of a kettle.

In some parts of London it is still possible to buy second-hand fish.

The Public Executioner of Austria is sometimes required to work overtime.

In Chicago it is considered unlucky to be knocked down by an express train on a Friday.

If all the motor-cars in this country were laid end to end it would almost certainly lead to confusion.

With the exception of Leap Year we have three hundred and sixty-five days per annum, mostly week-days.

The Koh-i-noor diamond was brought to this country in 1849, some years before LITTLE WILLIE was born.

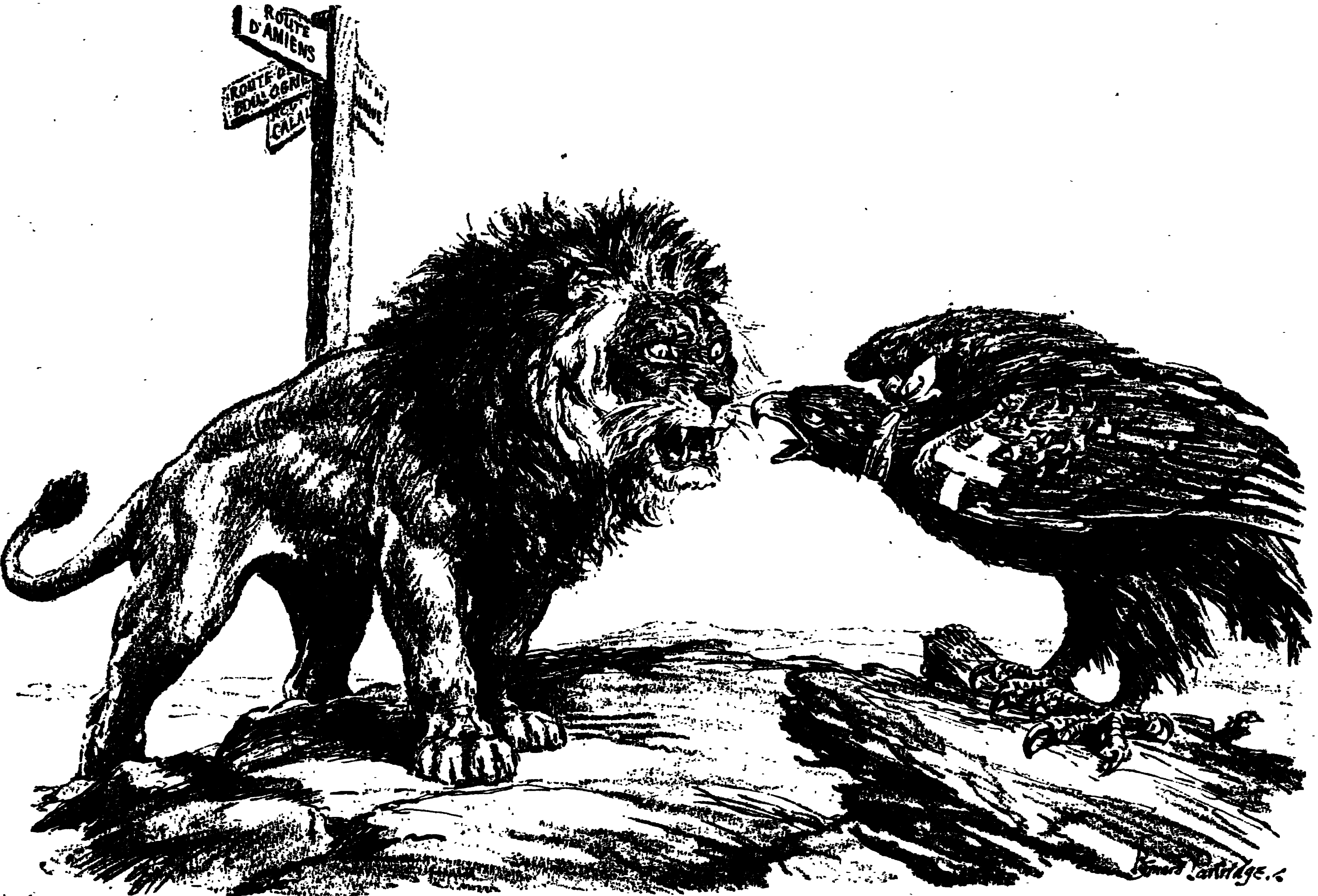
If all the cheeses made in Great Britain in one year were piled one on top of the other they would probably fall down.

WHAT THE MONTHS BRING US.

A NATURE POEM.

(*With apologies to SARA COLERIDGE from a pessimistic Meteorologist.*)

JANUARY's frosts and snows
Numb the fingers and the toes.
FEBRUARY rains and freezes
And produces coughs and sneezes.
MARCH, the arch-refrigerator,
Shifts the Poles to the Equator.
APRIL brings the primrose sweet,
Also hail and rain and sleet.
MAY, by mixing heats and chills,
Fosters pulmonary ills.
JUNE, if sunny, always brings
Insects armed with poisoned stings;
While JULY with thunder-showers
Deluges the tender flowers.
AUGUST, long before it's out,
Makes the wise resume the "clout."
"Still" SEPTEMBER never fails
With its equinoctial gales.
Chill OCTOBER always doubles
Rheumatoid-arthritic troubles.
Dull NOVEMBER brings us fogs
And the bronchial system clogs.
And DECEMBER lends first-aid
To the undertaker's trade.



THE THREATENED PEACE OFFENSIVE.

German Eagle (*to British Lion*). "I WARN YOU—A LITTLE MORE OF THIS OBSTINACY AND YOU'LL ROUSE THE DOVE IN ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 6th.—Sooner or later all Ministers acquire the habit of drawing nice distinctions. Sir ALBERT STANLEY usually displays an almost Transatlantic directness of speech, but there was a suspicion of the Downing Street manner when he accompanied his denial that "special" trains were run for race-meetings with the admission that the increased traffic on these occasions might sometimes require "extra" trains.

Several Members who were anxious to know whether the new rationing order would apply to gas used for motor-cars were informed that the restriction would affect only persons using gas "drawn from their own source of supply;" but I believe nothing personal was intended.

Sir R. WINFREY stated that in the course of eighteen months no fewer than twenty ex-soldiers have been settled on the land: but, not content with this remarkable activity, he is going to introduce a Bill to accelerate it still further.

The MINISTER OF NATIONAL SERVICE has invited a number of gentlemen to assist him in releasing men of military age now employed in Government offices. Major NEWMAN inquired if the Combing-out Committee would themselves be unconnected with the Departments; but Mr. BECK could give no such undertaking. "It would be very difficult," he said, "to find any distinguished gentleman of to-day unconnected with Government Departments." The House paid noisy tribute to this supreme example of Ministerial complacence.

Who says that the Government have no regard to economy? Sir ALFRED MOND has closed the refreshment pavilion in Kew Gardens, and the happy couples who were wont to frequent that delightful pleasaunce must in future conduct their philanderings without the added charm of the Kew Tea.

From that useful little publication, *The Parliamentary Gazette*, I learn that during last Session Mr. LOUGH spoke 141 columns of *Hansard*, while the PRIME MINISTER was responsible for but twelve more. Yet you would never gather from the newspapers that the two orators were so nearly matched. Mr. LOUGH complained to the SPEAKER about the inadequacy of the Press reports, but received little comfort. Mr. LOWTHER was more sympathetic to Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT'S grievance about the inaudibility of Ministers, and urged Members in general to follow the old rule and "address the Chair and not the Serjeant-at-Arms." Sir COLIN KEPPEL, most modest of men, was quite surprised to learn that he had been the target of so much oratory.

A debate on a measure designed to punish profiteers in Beans, Peas and Pulse, was chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Sir F. BANBURY in the



SIR ALFRED MOND ON THE KEW TEA.

character of *Mr. Dick*. He so persistently threatened the Minister in charge of the Bill with the fate of CHARLES I. that the SPEAKER had to intervene. Mr. CLYNES, however, kept his head and got a second reading for his Bill.

Tuesday, May 7th.—Downing Street was awakened this morning by a bombshell fired from a MAURICE tube. To Mr. ASQUITH'S anxious inquiries as to how Ministers felt after it, Mr. BONAR LAW replied that they proposed to take the opinion of two of His Majesty's Judges. The suggestion that the good faith of the Government was a matter for Parliamentary rather than legal opinion did not appeal to him. He consented, however, to give a day for the discussion of the matter.


THE OVERFLOWING LOUGH.

Members flocked out into the Lobbies to chatter about the latest crisis, much to the satisfaction of Mr. HERBERT FISHER, who was able to get the first two clauses of the Education Bill through Committee.

Wednesday, May 8th.—Lord BEAVERBROOK made his maiden speech in the House of Lords and surprised the peers by the ease with which he overcame its acoustic difficulties. Too often the baffled reporters have to record that "the noble lord was imperfectly heard," but the DIRECTOR OF INFORMATION was audible throughout, whether he was complimenting Lord DENBIGH as a born propagandist or recounting his own efforts in the same line of business. Prince LICHNOWSKY will be interested to learn that four million copies of his famous *apologia* have been printed and that its circulation among our Northern artisans has caused a marked diminution in strikes.

Its effect upon Lord LANSDOWNE has been to confirm his belief that there is a large number of peace-lovers in Germany and Austria and that "peace by negotiation" is still practicable; but Lord CURZON remarked that the enemy's peace-offers had hitherto been designed to divide the Allies, and that Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest were not encouraging examples for imitation.

Clause 3 of the Education Bill, obliging local authorities to provide "physical training" for the pupils in continuation schools, vexed the pacifist spirit of Mr. WHITEHOUSE. He urged its strict definition as "other than military instruction," lest the brutal practice of "forming fours" should contaminate our youth with Prussian militarism. His apprehensions moved even that gentle soul, Sir GEORGE GREENWOOD, to unwonted ridicule. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD supported the amendment with one of his paste-diamond orations, all glitter and no depth, but the House rejected it by 201 to 44, though immediately afterwards, with fine impartiality, it rejected a diametrically opposite proposal from Mr. PETO by almost as big a majority.

Thursday, May 9th.—The importance of the debate on the MAURICE disclosures was attested by the presence of Mr. HALL CAINE, who thought it a good opportunity of seeing what a Prime



OUR WAR METAPHORS.

First Waitress. "SHE'S A CLEVER ONE." *Second ditto.* "YES, SHE KNOWS WHICH SIDE HER BREAD'S MARGARINED."

Minister in difficulties looked like off the stage. Mr. ASQUITH was surprised and pained to discover that the Government interpreted his motion for a Select Committee as a vote of censure upon them. He honestly thought that they would have jumped at it, as being far preferable to their own proposal of a judicial tribunal.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, however, jumped upon it instead, and made it plain that, after the attacks upon him in the Press, no dilatory inquiry of any sort would now suit him. So he told his story, fortified with official statements coming from General MAURICE'S own department, and left it to the House to vindicate his veracity. Sir EDWARD CARSON made an eloquent appeal to Mr. ASQUITH to withdraw his motion and to the House to "close up our ranks." But, though this was endorsed by such staunch Liberals as Mr. SPENCER HUGHES and Mr. HEMMERDE, the EX-PREMIER rushed upon his fate, and was beaten by 293 votes to 106.

Perhaps, after all, the PRIME MINISTER was not far wrong when, in referring to General MAURICE, he said, "I was under the impression that he was a great friend of mine." Certainly he has given the Government a new lease of life.

The Servant Problem Solved.

Letter from firm of waste merchants:

"We can offer you all kinds of Wipers and Dusters, and shall be glad of your enquiries. Price from 6½d. per lb. nett cash here for Washed and Sterilised Domestics."

Ornitheology.

"SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.
Preacher—Rev. James Grubb.
11.30: Subject:—
'BIRDS AND THEIR MESSAGES.'"
Irish Times.



BACK-FIRE.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.

(Desired after perilous days.)

A HAVEN where the hills abide
  And song our lot to soothe for us,
An open road whereon to ride
  And friends to make it smooth for us;

A harbour on a languid eve,
  And foaming there a cup for us,
And Jenny of the scanty sleeve
  To come and fill it up for us.

"The battery of six guns began firing at us at a distance of 300 years."
Journal of Commerce.

Something wrong with the time-fuses, no doubt.

"For being in the unlawful possession of 18lb. of sugar, which he concealed under his waistcoat and inside his trousers, a man, said to be well connected, was on Saturday sent to prison for fourteen days."
Birmingham Daily Post.

Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, to whom we have referred the above paragraph, declines to believe the statement that the offender is well-connected, and says he "hobviously belongs to the lower hoarders."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—There are three men, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American, are there not? I am lucky enough to have met them all, and to-night I have just let myself go in the attempt, as an Englishman, to tell the American all about it. It was not a success; I found he had it already from the Frenchman.

When I had finished my lecture the American, whom we will call David, since that happens to be his name, told me something about our own immortal Thomas which I had never heard before. He met one of them returning from England to France off leave. It was one of those dark and unforgivable days when everything external and internal goes up and down, up and down; when any land, even the North of France, is preferable to the sea. The closely-packed party was not a happy one. My friend David, never a pessimist, was himself asking if that thing called Life was really worth worrying about, and the trench-hardened warriors in khaki who surrounded him were plainly of opinion that it was not. Suddenly, when it appeared that there was no turn for the worse that things could possibly take, the escort appeared to take alarm and one of them started loosing off with a gun. A wretched warrior who had probably experienced every evil which humanity can contrive, turned to David, and with a grey sickly smile said, "This brings the War 'ome to yer, don't it, mate?"

Why "mate"? Because he too was in uniform, but not an English uniform. Indeed our officials had shown themselves rather sticky about passing him on to the boat, for he was clearly neither a civilian nor a member of the B.E.F. "proceeding." There was, in fact, a regrettable delay of twenty-four hours before he could get on to any boat at all. He was in a hurry to get back to his regiment at the Front, not from any passionate longing for the Front, but because he knew what a penchant his regiment had for punctuality in such matters. Our own authorities are pedantic enough on these points, but they are quite casual, it appears, compared with the Legion.

Yes, bit by bit I got it out of David that he had begun as a Legionary (not "soldat," if you please), and had had twelve months' service in the Legion itself and other months' service lent to other regiments of the French Army. All French regiments of attack have seen life, but the Foreign Legion in particular has missed none of the fun. It is not as foreign as all that, really. Though there is the stranger element, some hundreds of David's kinsmen, for example, there is also a proportion of it which is the very best French, especially the officers. This, as we all know, is a hard best to compete with, though our fellows at the moment are seeing what they can do about it. The picture that David drew, for instance, of a certain Legionary, an ancient Breton whom they called Jo-Jo the Dog-faced Man, in particular caught my fancy.



Ex-Garden-City Enthusiast. "JUST A MOMENT, OLD BOY. I BELIEVE I CAN HEAR A CUCKOO."

But first as to David's initiation. When all the men in Europe suddenly went out to fight, David, who found himself idling away his time in those parts, thought this was an opportunity of becoming a man himself, and, as he put it, "growing some hair on his chest." So he went gaily into it and found himself in no time attempting to march twenty-five miles a day, carrying on or about himself a weight which in peace-time you would pay two railway porters sixpence each to carry between them from one train to another. After about a couple of days of this he and his friend found that their feet were no longer feet at all, and, greatly daring, they determined to fall out. So they fell out, and the hard-bitten Major came to them to have a talk on the subject. His address was short and easily understood: "Marchez!" Their point, expressed with many a "Mon Commandant," was that you can't march if you have no feet to march with. The Major's point was simply "Marchez!" and it was emphasised, not brutally but plainly, by a lethal weapon. And so they did as the Major suggested, and never thought of doing anything else.

But do not run away with the idea that the Legion is merely unkind in its methods; its management is as good as its discipline. Their field kitchens are brought up to them at the gallop, wherever they may be at meal-times and however many field kitchens may be damaged in the process.

As to Jo-Jo—there was an affair of scouts on a hard high-road. A patrol of the Legion ran up against a Bosch patrol, and the latter, realising what they had to deal with, at once summoned two more patrols to assist them on the flanks. In the middle of the excitement Jo-Jo's rifle jammed. A French rifle, when it is jammed, is the nearest thing to permanent solidity known in this world. In the midst of men fighting like devils, with the "tsing," "tsing," "tsing" of bullets all about him, sat Jo-Jo on that hard high-road, carefully stripping the mechanism with a screw-driver, putting right the error delicately, deliberately reconstructing the whole, and saying to anyone near enough to hear, "Go on, my children; I too shall be there in one instant."

At another time the section were taking an hour's rest from the fight. They were disturbed by the guns, and the order went out to construct shrapnel cover at once. David, by now an old soldier, saw a dog-kennel near by, whose roof appeared to be the easiest and simplest means of achieving his task. So, with a friend, he made off to it, and started to lift the roof with entrenching tools. The thing was just coming apart when there was an ugly noise from within. They peered through the cracks; inside, on the straw, was Jo-Jo, sleeping with his habitual aplomb.

The parting from the Legion was the most touching incident in David's whole career. In the middle of the battle it was decided to transfer the American part of that particular unit to another regiment, also a regiment of attack, but at the time lying some way

back. He and his friends were paraded before the whole and thanked; the parting was sad, as all such partings must be; but these are hard matter-of-fact times, when men may be allowed to think a little of their own particular comfort, and there was a touch of pleasure, even a feeling of advantage, in going ten miles back, far from the noise and fuss of it all. Some repartee took place, in which David and his friends had the upper hand.

That night they found themselves lodged in comfortable billets, thinking with a comfortable pity of their old Legion up in the line. The following morning they received orders to march back to the line themselves, with their new regiment. You rarely get the real best of repartee with Frenchmen; the unit they found themselves relieving was their same old friend, the Legion!

Yes, Charles, there are three men—the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American. And they are all as bad as each other, and none of them will ever be got to treat this War as an entirely serious matter.

Yours ever, HENRY.



LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

Butcher (encouragingly). "IF YOU COME BACK AFTER DINNER, MISSIS, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO."

THE MOVIE LIBRARY.

THE successful filming on Long Island of Mr. Ambassador GERARD's book, *My Four Years in Germany*, suggests that there is nothing outside the power of the movies. For the narrative is wholly of Hunland, and yet so realistic and satisfactory did "the super-film producer," Mr. WILLIAM NIGH (can this be our old friend, BILL NYE, who dealt so faithfully with the Heathen Chinee, in a new incarnation?), make it that at the first performance in Washington, at the White House, "the audience persistently called for Mr. Gerard, who in response" (the quotation is from an official source) "made a speech—a fitting finale to so worthy a subject."

If, then, on distant Long Island, all the atmosphere and high personages of Berlin and Potsdam can be acceptably counterfeited for the screen, why should any book whatever defy the cinema?

With his German background all to his hand, Mr. NIGH might adapt KANT or SCHOPENHAUER or NIETZSCHE right away. *The Critique of Pure Reason* could be made into a sparkling show, provided that enough liberty was taken with it. Lord HALDANE'S assistance would be invaluable here. A new title might be advisable, such as "The Hun Mind at Work," or "Back of Hun Foreheads," or "Fritz's Grey Matter."

The Pilgrim's Progress must, of course, have been done; and *The Anatomy of Melancholy* is a little on the sad side, unless MARY PICKFORD, say, could be engaged to typify in her inimitable way the spirit of pensiveness. But *The Complete Angler* should draw every fisherman in whatever country it was shown. With CHARLIE CHAPLIN as *Piscator* the book should be one long scream.

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson* is perhaps too easy for a super-film producer, but it would make a delightful entertainment: "The Grumpy Doctor; or, The Fun and Frolic of Old Fleet Street," thirty thousand feet. In casting the great Lexicographer there should be little difficulty—is there not a film favourite named "Fatty"?—while for the historical accuracy no doubt Mr. BIRRELL and Mr. SHORTER would be willing to lend their counsel.

There is a better book awaiting the producer than any of these—DARWIN'S *Origin of Species*. That really would be worthy of his genius, and, with the assistance of the Zoo, wonders could be worked. "The Romance of the Missing Link—Sensational Jungle Story in four reels, based on CHARLIE DARWIN'S famous work" would be the shining success of the year.

Marriage à la Mode.

"There were no bridesmaids, and the bride was attended by Mr. ——, as 'best-man.'"
Provincial Paper.

We hope he was also the bridegroom.

"Rose Jones (25) pleaded guilty to bigamy and Albert Egan (32), soldier, to aiding and abetting. A few days after marrying her husband, at Longsight, in 1912, Jones left him. On first going to Egan she told him she was married, but he refused to believe it as she looked so young."—*Manchester Paper.*

EGAN seems to have been something of a humourist.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The* GERMAN KAISER *and the* KAISERIN.)

Kaiser (*angrily*). I will not be dictated to. If any orders are to be given I will give them myself and will brook no interference from anybody. I am the Kaiser and it is my duty to command, and this duty I will fulfil in spite of everybody. A pretty pass things are coming to when it is said that the KAISER must share his responsibilities with his advisers!

Kaiserin. My dear WILLIE, do not be so angry. A man to be so angry as you are must wear at least a Field-Marshal's uniform. It's no use being violently angry in a shirt and a pair of trousers and a dressing-gown, it looks too funny. I have always told you not to be angry just before you go to bed.

Kaiser. Now *you* are abandoning me.

Kaiserin. Oh, my dear WILLIE, what on earth put such an absurd notion into your head? I only hinted as a little joke that it is more suitable to be angry in a uniform than in a dressing-gown, but you are so touchy to-day that really one doesn't know what to say or how to say it.

Kaiser. You said something about peace.

Kaiserin. I did.

Kaiser. Such a word is enough to make any soldier furious.

Kaiserin. I don't know why any soldier should be angry at such a word; even if one is not allowed to say the word the thing itself must come sooner or later.

Kaiser. But not a bad peace.

Kaiserin. You know I am beginning to think that there is no such thing as a *bad* peace. When one reads of all those splendid young men of ours being shattered to pieces by thousands and thousands, when one knows of the grief and misery of half the mothers of the land, one begins to think that even victory may be bought at too big a price.

Kaiser. The enemy brought it upon themselves by attacking us.

Kaiserin. Yes, I firmly believe that our cause is a just one; but I believe too that we have done almost enough to prove it, and that it is time this dreadful slaughter came to an end.

Kaiser. Bah! You are only a woman.

Kaiserin. Yes, you always say that, and it is true that we women do not fight, but it is true also that we women suffer not less than the men, though in a different way.

Kaiser. Do not say such things to me; peace at this moment is unthinkable. Never unless our offensive fails in the field—and I have given instructions that it shall not fail—will I resort to peace negotiations. There is nothing for it but to let the German sword speak, as it has already gloriously spoken in many a great battle.

Kaiserin. But are you not fighting in order that there may be peace? You all say so, but as soon as anybody begins to strive for peace you all fall upon him and abuse him.

Kaiser. And rightly so. You don't mean to say that you defend our poor-spirited Austrian ally who wrote that infamous letter the other day?

Kaiserin. No, I cannot defend the manner in which he did it. He is young and inexperienced. But, at any rate, he realised that the Central Powers want peace and must have it, the Germans as much as anybody else. As you say, I am only a woman, and I cannot understand how you men, who have all the power in your hands, have got yourselves so miserably tied up in war that you cannot devise any means for extricating yourselves and us. We may be women, but we think we could have managed better than that.

Kaiser. I will not listen to you any more. This kind of language is almost treasonable, and I cannot think why I have allowed you to continue so long.

Kaiserin. You have allowed me to continue because you know I am right, and you are now stopping me because you cannot find any answer to what I say.

Kaiser. Not at all.

Kaiserin. Good night then, and may your dreams be pleasant.

SAVED FOR SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE.

Captain Angus McAllister sat in the Mess, a brimming tankard of *vin blanc* at his elbow. Only yesterday there had been added to his already enormous list of decorations that crowning distinction, the Order of the British Empire. No wonder the junior officers of the squadron regarded him with all the reverence to which his fame so justly entitled him. No wonder the Huns from Montdidier to the sea fled wildly from the sky at the first symptom of the approach of his purple polyplane.

To-day he was not long to rest from his deadly work. An orderly approached him and, saluting with the smartness characteristic of the R.F.C., said that his presence was requested in the C.O.'s room.

"So be it," said McAllister sternly, and strode from the room, the deathly silence only broken by the dull clanking of the medals on his chest. A moment later the grey-haired Commander had imparted his instructions. The pilot's lips set in an even sterner line, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he saluted rigidly.

"Very good, Sir," was his grim response.

Another moment and he was seated in the machine.

"Petrol off, switch off, suck in," cried the mechanic.

"Contact," snapped McAllister and roared into the sky . . .

In less time than it takes me to get this into print his work was done, that heroic act that was so soon to ring through the world and bring the mighty house of Hohenzollern in utter ruin to the ground. He had scattered two million porcelain door-knobs, painted to resemble poached eggs, over the streets of famine-haunted Berlin. Revolution was a matter of hours.

His work had been well done indeed, and his return would mean another bar to his M.V.O.; but every moment his position became more perilous. Every moment new anti-aircraft guns joined in the hideous din below till the whole sky was ablaze with bursting shells.

Angus McAllister's lips were set in a still sterner line as his polyplane rocked to the blast of the high-explosive. Six of its wings had already been torn from the tortured machine, and the propeller was a mere parody of its original design.

A blaze of dazzling light, a deafening detonation, and a seventh wing dropped into the void below. The machine faltered; it was rapidly losing its buoyancy. Lower and lower it sank, and Angus knew that with its present load it could never hope to cross the British lines.

"Save the 'bus" is the motto of our intrepid birdmen, and McAllister's decision never for a moment wavered. The machine must at all costs be saved for the nation. Riddled with shrapnel as it was and appreciably reduced in value by the loss of so many wings, it might still be cut up and used for colanders.

Setting his lips in a line of indescribable sternness, McAllister leaped from the machine. He felt himself falling—falling. . . .

But what is this? Can this be the same gallant officer, drifting gently downwards, wafted by the friendly breeze across the lines to home and safety? *Yes, it can, because he was wearing a Pottifer's Patent Parachute (a Boon to Birdmen), 7s. 6d., of all reliable Outfitters.*



"BLOOMIN' SLOW PLACE THE WORLD WOULD BE, JIM, IF THERE NEVER 'ADN'T BEEN NO GERMANS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S insatiable characters have (if I may be forgiven the flippancy) broken out again. After exhausting the creepy possibilities of earth and fire and water, it was only to be expected (especially with all this flying-chat about) that their fancy should lightly turn to *The Promise of Air* (MACMILLAN). The result is a book, admirably written, full of grace and dignity of thought—but, to my mind at least, entirely lacking in any kind of thrill, either human or supernatural. The idea, which (if I have it right) concerns the liberation of soul from the limitations of earth bondage, is fine enough, almost indeed too fine for story treatment; and, as always with Mr. BLACKWOOD, the chief characters who develop it are drawn with a great measure of artistic care. Here they are the overworked father, *Mr. Wimble*, cumbered with the ties of earthly matters, but pursuing afar off a dream of freedom; his wife, who has abandoned dreams for the "muddy" details that make up real life for her; and *Joan*, the daughter, nearer to the air than either, leading her father eventually to—no, this I confess was a bitter blow to me, since, despite all sorts of hints and promises, they never actually and physically flew—at least I think not; but it must be admitted that Mr. BLACKWOOD in uplifted mood is rather easily misunderstood. What constitutes my complaint against the book is this, that it falls between the stools of allegory and romance, being something too profound and slow-moving for frank make-believe, and hardly direct enough to be acceptable as pure ethics. Perhaps the real trouble lies in the mistake of having stretched a beautiful episode into an attenuated novel. Still, I enjoyed much of it, especially *Joan*, who was pleasant enough to make me wonder whether *Dear Brutus* may perhaps have set a fashion in attractive daughters.

The Narrow Strait (HUTCHINSON) has a trifle more body in it than most of those gentle Kensingtonian romances to which Mr. W. E. NORRIS is in the habit of restricting the wide circle of his admirers. Yet even here the action moves but slowly to a placid sound of teacups in the drawing-rooms of good houses; while the addresses of practically all the cast could obviously have been discovered from the Red Book. But the central character, *Felix Roden*, financier and politician, is drawn with firmer strokes than Mr. NORRIS is wont to employ, and rouses a proportionately greater sympathy. This *Felix*, son of a rich ironmaster with ambitions, had married a French woman of the old nobility, an achievement that his son *Gerald* is in process of imitating, when his death at the Front ends his rather too protracted courtship and his father's hopes for him in one blow. The publishers are well justified in saying that *The Narrow Strait* "is chiefly concerned with the inherent difficulties attending an Anglo-French marriage"; though they might have added that these obstacles are, in the second example, not so much due to international incompatibilities as to the incurable tardiness of Mr. NORRIS'S lovers. You will probably find your interest stirred less by the son's delayed romance than by the ruin of his plausible, unscrupulous and very human father. Mr. NORRIS, in his long record, has not, I think, any scene more genuinely moving than that in which *Felix Roden* receives the news of his son's death. Rogue, almost scoundrel as he had been, *Felix* in that moment drew from me both sympathy for himself and admiration for his author.

Three of Hearts (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a mild and harmless story of life and love in an English garrison town, which may serve to occupy a spare hour or two of the average novel-reader. *Captain Hunter*, the M.O. of the Loamshire Light Infantry, had what is known as a "down" on *Second-Lieut. Billy Somers*, and sought to discredit him in the eyes of his C.O. by making him drunk, using to this end a powerful drug. The only noticeable effect of this was so to stupefy *Billy* as to make him propose to three girls in the course of the same dance. The three girls were of widely divergent types—*Nora Wynne-Pritchard*, heroine; *Lorne Halliday*, the local dean's daughter, of the purest deanery type; *Lily Goosey* (*sic*, if you will believe me!), one of the many fluffy children of the vulgar builder of the neighbourhood. All this occurred in the pre-war days of 1914, and was complete in the first twenty pages of the book. The rest of the book is occupied with the development and solution of the little difficulties that naturally followed on such an excess of simultaneous engagements. In her latest book "Miss BERTA RUCK" would not herself claim, I fancy, to be a very profound student of humanity, its more subtle tendencies and more intricate affairs. She records merely the simple life of her own locality in a chatty style. She gives me the impression of looking at things from the rather narrow point of view of a British military milieu established in the piping times of peace and not greatly affected by the Great War. On the whole I am bound to say that I regard this story as one which should have been written, read and forgotten a couple of years ago. One does not usually talk like this of the work of Mrs. OLIVER ONIONS.



First Combatant. "IF THE COPPER 'ADN'T STOPPED ME I'D 'AVE SMASHED THAT UGLY FACE OF YOURS."
Second ditto (keen student of the War news). "YUS, YER TRIED TO, BUT YER DIDN'T GAIN YER OBJECTIVE."

If you have the heart to go over the prologue and sundry acts of a tragedy which has brought upon us the dark days through which we are passing let me commend to you a sheaf of collected papers on *War and Revolution in Russia* (CONSTABLE), by Mr. JOHN POLLOCK. Perhaps there are too many of this kind of book, which necessarily lacks consecutiveness and covers too much ground; but the chapters on Russia in Revolution are of exceptional interest. The author writes well, can observe acutely and sift wild rumour from confirmable fact. A declaration, "I am in politics a Liberal and by conviction a Republican," gives point to opinions which do not harmonise with the assumption, too easily made by our progressives, that all that was opposed to autocracy was wise and white and glorious. He puts the final blame upon the system of repression which prevented the growth of any sense of constructive statesmanship and bred a race of fanatical leaders in opposition who can see nothing but the abstract glories of their impossible ideal without reference to any of the actual facts of the situation. Mr. POLLOCK relates all this with patience and tolerance, and without bitterness. The sobriety of the author also gives value to a chapter on GREGORY RASPUTIN, which one could not have accepted from a collector of unconsidered gossip.

I think that I should not be going far wrong in calling Miss FRANCES RUMSEY at least an admiring student of the late HENRY JAMES. Certainly her novel, *Mr. Cushing and Mlle. du Chastel* (LANE), reveals even in its title that sincerest form of flattery that may be either deliberate or (as probably here) unconscious. It is all about the reasons why *Mr. Cushing* did not "hit it off" with the French wife, *Anne Marie*, whom he had brought to share his American home; and the further reasons that induced her to desert her husband and elope with somebody else. Naturally the success of so meticulous a study depends on the writer's ability to persuade you that the game is worth the very lengthy candle, and while I am not denying to Miss RUMSEY both insight and an obvious sincerity I confess that sometimes her method did recall to me that old jest about exhausting both subject and reader. Also of course there remained the feeling of a borrowed mantle, of which the scheme of the tale, its setting, and the little cast of wealthy and cultivated French-Americans who formed its *personnel*, were all so many reminders. But for this suggestion of the second-hand I should no doubt have enjoyed the book more. Miss RUMSEY displays a pretty wit (I liked especially that complaint of poor *Anne Marie* to her incompatible spouse: "You talk about these large ideas till the universe becomes one vast draught!"), and evidently believes in her people. Which makes me the more sorry to admit myself unmoved by them, save as an experiment in a method that has already been handled incomparably better.

"Miss KATHARINE TYNAN" is not to be flurried by the times in which we are living, and in *Miss Gascoigne* (MURRAY) she has given her admirers yet another opportunity for quiet and sane enjoyment. In the days when *Miss Gascoigne* was the lady of the Manor of Goldcups a drive in a motor-car was still an adventure, and little things mattered very much. Here we have the gossip of the country-side, and its love affairs and daily episodes related with an easy grace that conceals its art. Mrs. HINKSON is indeed supreme in making a delightful story out of the slightest material. Only once was I brought up with a jerk, and that was when the heroine spoke of "the duration of John's recess"—the *John* of this pompous phrase being just a small cadet at Osborne. I have no further comment to make, but simply commend *Miss Gascoigne* with great confidence to the faithful.

From the Zoo's Annual Report:—

"The rations of animals that were accustomed to receive food from visitors have been increased, and although it cannot be doubted but that such animals have had a duller time, their health has not suffered. The elephants used for riding were accustomed to receive buns and bread from visitors in the Broad Walk, and, especially at first, they caused some trouble by taking bags, articles of clothing and so forth."

The ostriches have entered a protest, we believe, against the elephants' infringement of their alimentary prerogative.

CHARIVARIA.

A CHEMNITZ millionaire has given £150,000 for the foundation of a university where "religious science according to the doctrines of Buddha" will be taught. It is understood that the KAISER has agreed to impersonate "Unser Buddha" at the inaugural ceremonies.

* *

Professor ERNST HAECKEL declares that it is HINDENBURG who is responsible for the present offensive. The KAISER, whose battle it was to start with, came to the same conclusion as soon as he saw how things were going.

With reference to the gentleman who in a London restaurant last week refused to pay his bill and handed it back without looking at it, we gather that he excused himself on the ground that he never reads anything immediately after a meal.

"Before taking action," writes a correspondent to the Press, "will the Government tell us whether the dogs in Ireland are to be rationed or destroyed?" This is the sort of promiscuous abuse that has made the Irish question what it is.

* *

"There is no perfect human being," says a weekly paper. We understand that an admirer of Mr. H. G. WELLS intends to find out who first started this scandal.

The Government has decided, it is stated, to impose a heavy tax on all dogs above one kept by a single owner. In order to prevent evasion, pluralists will be required to fill in a form specifying which is the first and which are the subsequent dogs.

* *

The season for fires is over in the Clubs, and members are complaining that they cannot obtain matches with which to light their spills.

* *

Distinguished invalids. We are glad to note that the Oxford and Kingston steamers are about again after having been laid up for some time.

* *

It is not only in Germany that the War has proved an incentive to petty pilfering. An English daily paper has an article entitled "How to pinch Chrysanthemums."

Since the announcement of further railway restrictions we understand that Mr. SMITH, of Tooting, has decided to dispose of his *Bradshaw*. Only been used a few times.

* *

Because a postman kissed her, a Sicilian woman killed him as a warning. We fear that the lady must have lost her temper; in any case the old plan of boxing the offender's ears, while a trifle rough, is preferable where it is desired that friendly relations shall continue.



Client. "NONE O' THEM TWO LAST SITTINGS I BOUGHT FROM YOU HAVE HATCHED OUT."

Dealer. "HAVE YOU TRIED THE 'ALL CLEAR' ON THE BUGLE, MUM?"

At a recent inquest in Belfast evidence was given that deceased and nine other dockers had consumed a cask of crude alcohol. The report has had a quieting effect on the more turbulent spirits in the South.

* *

A new chameleon, the first in many months, has arrived at the Zoo. The suggestion that it should be conducted to its quarters by a guard of honour of camouflage officers had to be abandoned owing to the threatened offensive.

* *

Three meatless weeks have been ordered at Cuxhaven, says a despatch. It may make the German sailor savage, but we doubt if it will make him fight.

"Destruction of dogs—increase of mice—food made uneatable. This has happened to me and many others." So writes H. T. M. in *The Daily Mail*. At our place the mosquitoes have been terrible since poor Towser went.

IRELAND'S SMOKE CURE.

THE Ballinasloe Asylum Committee, according to an announcement in *The Times* of May 14th, have decided, with the sanction of the authorities, to grow tobacco leaf for the use of their inmates.

"A doctor said that if the patients were debarred from an adequate supply of tobacco there would be no controlling them."

We understand that the brands which it is ultimately hoped to supply to the inmates will include the following:—

CIGARS.

Intimibedads.
Independencias.
Shortt Pacificos.
Larry Nagas.
Tara Desperados.
Insurgencias.
Ballybunnion Botulos.

CIGARETTES.

Napper Tandys.
Contessa Marcovitch.
Bolshevist Beauties.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"The word Pontifex, according to the ripest scholarship, has no connection with 'pons,' a 'bridge,' but comes from 'ponte,' an obsolete form of 'quinine.'"

Daily Paper.

"As for measures of length and weight every educated person is acquainted with the metre (just a tenth more than our yard) and the kilometre (half of which would be just an ounce and a half more than our pound), and their use would be understood in a week."

The Educator.

"The Coroner said these discoveries only went to show that human nature was heir to almost as many diseases as the sparks that flew upwards."—*Evening Paper.*

Or the ships that pass in the night.

"STOVE WANTED,
CAPABLE HOLDING 50/100 TONS FLAX.
Good Light essential."

Belfast News Letter.

Put a match to the flax and we guarantee a cheerful blaze.

"On the morning of April 21 an enemy two-seater flew over Samarra. Three British scouts promptly gave chase, and after a brief combat the enemy machine was brought down and crashed about twenty-five miles north of Sumatra."—*Provincial Paper.*

How is it that more hasn't been made of this record flight?

A RESURRECTED OPPOSITION.

To our Fighting Men at the Front.

You whom the foe in shining armour,
Thick as a serried field of wheat,
Fails to affect with rude alarm or
That chilly feeling in the feet;
Who lightly face his lethal spices
Under the mask that screens a smile
And sell each yard of ground at prices
That can't be worth his while;—

You will not take, I hope, as serious
Our local Parliamentary gas;
It's not so very deleterious,
This home-grown mixture, crude and crass;
This curious Opposition medley,
With Party Whips and Party Cash,
At worst is just about as deadly
As measles or a rash.

You'll treat, I trust, with easy banter
The "soldier's friend" who pleads your case,
The wheezy crank, the windy ranter,
Puling and Mouxing round the place;
You'll not reduce your zest of battle
For any old vendetta leagues
That spring the journalistic rattle
To serve their own intrigues.

You've heard about our MAURICE dancers,
The SNOWDEN Hug, the OUTHWAITE Trot,
The RAMSAY Romp, the PRINGLE Lancers,
REPINGTON Post, and HUGH Gavotte;
But if you fancy they incite us
To ape their gambols, top to toe,
Like to the victims of St. VITUS—
You err; it is not so.

Some few are more concerned, I gather,
To down the PREMIER than the Bosch;
But you will please ignore their blather
And count their talk as silly tosh;
You have a man's high task to tackle;
Let none distract you where you fight;
Leave politicians to their cackle;
The country's heart is right.

O. S

ALFRED'S TRENCH BOOTS.

On the day that Alfred came back from leave we were sitting in the Mess dug-out after lunch. Suddenly the stillness was broken by sounds of splashing and commotion in X3. It grew louder.

"A horse," said John.

"Elephants," suggested somebody else.

"Tanks," I ventured.

"Huns, perhaps," said the Major. "Anyhow, I take it to be some large body in motion."

Our faces blenched as we fumbled for cigarette-cases and revolvers. Then it came round the corner. X3 is a spacious trench, about four feet wide, with a raised duck-board running along the middle and a small river along each side. Right up the bed of the left-hand river marched Alfred. When he came opposite us he climbed out on to the duck-board and shook his feet at us. "Well, what do you think of them?" was his greeting. "Genuine Norwegian pedigree, comprising the stoutness, durability, impermeability and ruggedness of Scandinavia blended into one."

"Poor old thing," said John. "Tell us how it happened. Did she knit them for you?"

"No," replied Alfred, "I just went into a shop to buy a boot-lace, and while I was there I happened to see them. The lad behind the counter followed my gaze, and he said . . ."

"Yes," we interrupted as one man, "and he said . . ."

"He said, 'That's a nice boot, Sir,' and that of course settled it. I couldn't very well leave them behind after that, could I?"

We agreed, and poured him out a drink while we examined the boots.

I believe they are what are known as Gent's Trench Bootings. They reach to the knee, have soles about three inches thick, enormous rounded domes for toes, laces each nine feet long, and their heels are shod with old horseshoes.

From the day he rejoined us Alfred was absorbed in his boots, if the phrase is not ambiguous. He deserted his old friends and gave himself up entirely to boot-culture. We seldom saw him abroad, and when we did he was always standing in a shell-hole up to his knees in water to put their impermeability to the test. If, on the other hand, you went to see him in his dug-out, you would find him almost any morning busy at work on the G.T. Bootings. Stuggs, his *valet-de-chambre*, was never allowed to go near them.

He used to keep a little bag of blunt scalpels and bistouries and odds and ends with which he removed such portions of France as stuck to them when he went walking.

He scraped them, oiled them, brushed them, massaged them, stroked them, counted the stitches to see that none had been mislaid, and took them to bed with him at night, so that the rats should not bite them. At these times they disappeared into sand-bags, caught up at the top with natty bows of pale blue ribbon.

One of our best parlour-games was to introduce strangers to Alfred and get up a sweep on the time it took him to work round to the subject of boots.

"Now feel mine," he would say; "tender as a woman's heart." But let us get on with the story.

One night the Bosches came over. It was quite an informal affair; we weren't really expecting them at all. Not unnaturally the noise disturbed Alfred, who woke up to find a massive Hun blocking the door of his bedroom. He decided that there was no time to put on his boots, so he just sprang at the stranger with one in each hand. Fritz parried the right boot by impaling it on his toasting-fork, but round swung the left, weighing umpteen pounds, complete with horse-shoe, and he was counted out.

Then Alfred let the Viking from Scandinavia have his head. He ran amok. In two minutes the trench was cleared.

After breakfast the next morning I went round to see him. I found him sitting alone, slowly paying out eighteen feet of boot-lace on to the floor.

"That's a nice boot, Sir," I said, picking up the one that belonged to his left foot.

"Yes," he answered sadly; "but what about the other? They said it was impermeable, and it hasn't stood the test."

Of a recent V.C.:—

"The *Gazette* says that he 'displayed almost superham powers of endurance.'"—*Daily Paper.*

We, too, have "superham powers" at breakfast-time, but have never yet received any decoration for them.

From an account of some women munition-workers:—

"They carry the hundredweights about with smiles on their complexions—'a bit easier than the men used to do it, judging by looks,' says the manager of the works."—*Daily Paper.*

The plainer sex so often has no complexion to wear under its smiles.



UNDERFED.

The Working Horse. "I SUPPOSE I DON'T COUNT."



The Producer. "NOW, THIS IS THE TURNIN'-POINT OF THE SCENE. 'AVIN' WORKED YERSELF UP TO A PITCH, YOU THROW YER ARMS ROUND 'IM, AND IN A VOICE WITH A SOB IN IT YER SAY, 'MABEL, ME DARLIN'!' AND THEN YER KISS 'IM THREE TIMES. OF COURSE 'E 'LL 'AVE GIRL'S CLOTHES ON, SO IT WON'T BE SO BAD IF YER SHUT YER EYES."

A JOHN BULL EXAMINATION.

Betty's grandfather, being a Volunteer, was earnestly rehearsing a few physical exercises for the better entertainment of his drill-sergeant when next they met on parade. Somehow Betty did not seem fully to appreciate the great privilege of being in the same room with him while this strange business was going forward. She was five, and as she lay there face-downward on the floor it was with marked disapproval that she watched him remove his jacket briskly, and without apology.

"You shouldn't never take off your fings when people is in the room, Gran'pa," she observed. "Miss Jackson wouldn't let you if she was here."

Miss Jackson was the nursery governess.

"She wouldn't be here," retorted "Gran'pa," and took a deep preliminary breath.

"I shan't look at you," said Betty sternly; and she swung round with her heels towards her offending relative, who, spreading his arms out, proceeded to squat and rise cautiously.

Betty found a picture that attracted her in an illustrated weekly. The print beneath it was conveniently large.

"Is this about the War, Gran'pa?" she asked.

"Gran'pa," not being able to see, risked "Yes" for an answer.

"J-o-h-n," she spelt out with the help of a small forefinger. "What 's that, Gran'pa?"

"John."

Betty looked at John's portrait for some moments with increased interest, then continued:

"B-u-l-l. What 's that?"

"Gran'pa" wasn't paying much attention.

"Can't you—guess," he panted, "from the picture? What sort—of animal-is it?"

"It 's a gemplyman," said Betty.

"O-oh." "Gran'pa" was sitting tremulously on his heels.

Betty turned her head.

"You do look funny," she remarked gravely, and at that juncture he overbalanced.

"You mustn't interrupt," he protested on recovery.

"I didn't int'rupt. It was you fell over because it was difficult."

"Well, well. You go on looking at your pictures."

Betty, easily diverted, returned to her big print.

"B-u-l-l," she repeated. "What 's that?"

"Bull," said "Gran'pa," who thought it wise to give his muscles a change, and was now standing with his hands on his hips preparatory to revolving with his spine for a pivot.

"John—Bull," said Betty. "Who 's John Bull?"

"England," was the brief reply, given from an angle of forty-five degrees to the perpendicular.

"Why is he England?"

"Oh, because, well—because that 's what England is called in that sort of picture."

"Why?"

"Gran'pa" revolved twice without replying. Then he had to rest, because this exercise was apt to make him giddy.

"Why does this sort of picture call England John Bull?"

"Just a name, Betty," said her grandfather, passing his hand wearily over his forehead.

"Miss Jackson's pictures don't never call England John Bull; I know, 'cos I saw her show them to Joan. And it wasn't a gemplyman either. It was a lot of pink and green and blue in a funny pattern."

"That was just a map. Maps are

different." "Gran'pa" was starting again.

"Well, why is England like a gemplyman in this picture—a fat gemplyman?"

"I couldn't—tell you—why he's fat, —I'm sure. But a gentleman—that's all right."

"Why?"

"Why? Oh, well—— Look here, young lady, you mustn't talk so much."

"I'm not talking any more'n you are," persisted Betty. "Why is the gemplyman called John Bull? Oh, you do look red!"

"I never tell anything to little girls who make rude remarks," said "Gran'pa" sternly.

Betty was subdued for the space of ten seconds. Then she put her head on one side ingratiatingly. "I *do* want to know so *badly*," she said.

"I told you he's called John Bull because he's England."

"But why is England called John Bull?"

"Gran'pa" lunged fiercely to the left. His reply, however, lacked any corresponding boldness.

"You must ask Miss Jackson," he said.

Betty turned a contemptuous shoulder on him and flapped over the pages of her paper.

"You don't know much about the War, do you, Gran'pa?" she remarked.

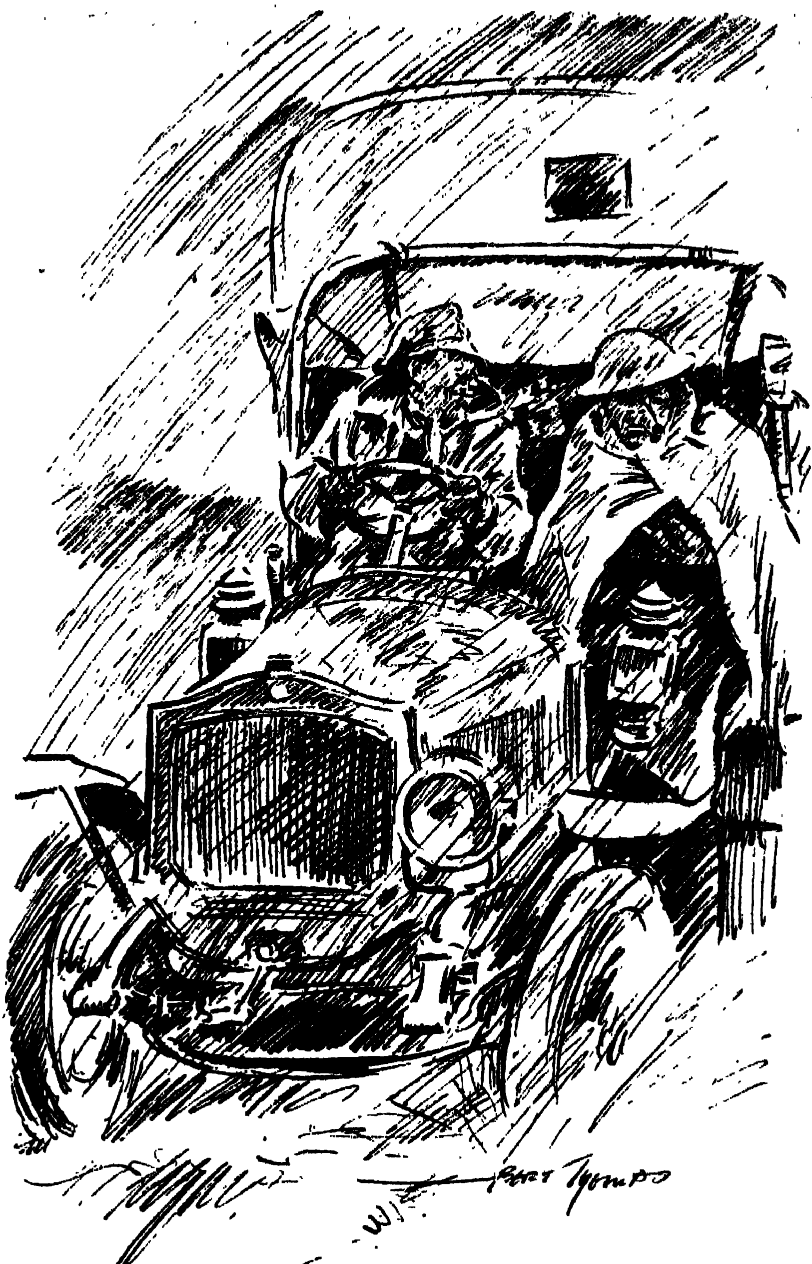
SONNET OF HUMBLE DESIRES.

Short years ago there bloomed a border gay
With crocuses, and hyacinths that fling
Luxuriant odours forth to greet the Spring,
And daffodils to light a cloudy day;
And there in Summer stood in brave array
Blue larkspurs, and great peonies would swing
Their heavy heads, and Mary-lilies bring
Quiet thoughts of shrines aglow in churches grey.

But now I scan that bed with jealous eye,
Desiring wholesome nettles there to find,
War's "spinach substitute"; right glad in mind
When leaves of once loathed plantain I can spy,
With groundsel, dandelion and meadow-sweet,
That I may lay them at my Bunny's feet.

Bolshevism in High Places.

"The Duke and Duchess of —— have taken —— Portman Square from Mrs. ——, and will arrive there at the end of this month."—*Times.*



The Driver. "Yus, I married my old girl through sympathy, like. Yer see, I knocked 'er dahn wiv me old taxi."

The Misogynist. "They ought to make that compulsory. There wouldn't be so many blinkin' accidents then."

Another Impending Apology.

"Is it any wonder that the Lord Mayor of Dublin is in no hurry to meet President Wilson? The interview could serve only to bring home to the thickest skull in Ireland the miserable fact that the new Nationalist policy has put our country's prospects of peace and progress back by a hundred years."
Irish Paper.

Letter from a Calcutta firm received at an officer's mess in India:—

"Messrs. ——, Hussar Co.—With the compliments of the season we beg to wait upon you with our grievances for suspending the business relations with us from a long time since without any cause. We expect this reminder will enlighten us with your suspended orders and the reason thereof will be stated too to our satisfaction and remedy for the same at best."

"In Austria, as in the Ukraine, the German Junkers march with a high hand."
Manchester Guardian.

We had heard of the shortage of shoe leather among the Germans, but did not know it was as bad as this.

"The kiwi, I understand, is an Australian bird which possesses wings but never flies."
Daily Sketch.

Except that the kiwi is not an Australian bird and has no wings the above statement is substantially accurate.

"Wanted at once, Maid as General; must have character for honesty, and not given to swearing."—*Provincial Paper.*

The language of some of our other Generals should be her model.

JIM—MARK I.

HIS haversack, rifle, gas mask, tin hat and other impedimenta lay under the seat with the mud of Flanders still adhering to them. In one hand he poised a pewter pot, in the other he held an absurdly small cage, in which was a bedraggled but very chirpy canary.

"That," he replied in answer to my inquiry—"that's a 'Canary, gas-detecting, tunnellers, for the use of; Mark I.' Maybe by this time they've issued a Canary Mark II., seeing as how they're always improving our weapons, but I ain't met it yet."

He held up the cage to the admiring gaze of the other occupants of the private bar.

"Jim's his name," he went on, "and I saved his blessed little life: yes, Sir, that there bird was in one of the biggest engagements on the Western Front and nearly lost us a division. Not, mind you, that he's a pro-German or a Pacifist; he's British all through, but it was just carelessness like. The same thing might happen to me or you, if we was awkwardly placed, same as he was."

He paused to refresh himself and proceeded.

"I belong to a Tunnelling Company, which is to say, a Company that digs tunnels under the ground. Then the Engineers comes along, fixes up charges, electric wires and other gadgets, which, if the Bosch ain't swift, blows him back to the place he didn't ought to have left. Well, as I said, we have an issue of Canary, Mark I., which we takes with us to test for foul air. If the air is foul the canaries fall off their perches and we clears out.

"All right. Well, we was tunnelling one day near the Bosch lines, and among our canaries was this here old lead-swinger, Jim. I tell you, he's a proper schemer is that there bird, if you only knew it. Well, Sir, we comes out of the tunnel, quite unawares that Jim here had took to his wings and flown. A deserter he was, liable to a court-martial.

"But that wasn't the worst—oh no. Not satisfied with legging it, or winging it, so to say, what must he do but perch himself in No-Man's-Land, and start serenading like a gramophone: yes, he did, chirped away as if there wasn't a war on, nor no fighting nor nothing. And him Government property too!

"Well, the Bosch is all sorts of things I won't name in this company, but he ain't altogether a fool. And if he was to notice this here canary-bird, Mark I., tootling away in No-Man's-Land, he'd guess we must be digging a tunnel somewheres in the neighbourhood of his feet. At any rate, that's what the O.C. thought, and he orders six of his best snipers to get to work on Jim and put him out of action.

"So they gets on a fire-step and brasses off at Jim—six of 'em, mind you, and all crack shots. But could they hit him? No, Sir, not for toffee they couldn't. There he was, hopping about as merry as a midge and chirping fit to bust. The bullets splashed all around him, but that didn't make no odds to Jim; he didn't care a fig for them. Well, after the snipers had had a go, the O.C. gets a Lewis gun to work. But, bless you, Jim here didn't give a brass button for it, and you'd think it was just a gentle shower of rain pattering around him instead of solid lead—yes, you would that. And nothing happened except that Jim sang louder than ever, and the Lewis gunner swore more hearty even than the snipers.

"Then it came the turn of the machine guns, and they reckoned they'd soon put an end to young Jim's capers. So they started in with their umpteen bullets a second and fairly cut the ground from under Jim's feet, but—you may believe me or believe me not—he didn't turn a feather. No, Sir, they might have been throwing bird-seed at him—only he'd have taken more notice of that.

"Anyway, the O.C. lost patience at last. 'Send an S.O.S. to the Artillery,' says he, 'and see if they can't finish off that wretched bird.'

"Well, Sir, a battery of six-inch howitzers switched on to Jim and blazed away with high explosives, hard as they could go. And did Jim give a cuss for their H.E. shells? No, Sir, he did not. The splinters were flying about him like rice at a wedding, but he never even made a false note or lost a bar. There—just like he's doing it now," shouted the soldier, making himself heard above a sudden full-throated burst of song from the canary.

Everyone perforce had to listen until the song ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and Jim turned his attention to a more pressing matter on his left front.

"Well?" I suggested.

"Well, Sir, as I was saying, come night—after snipers, Lewis gun, machine-guns and siege artillery had all failed—I crept out into No-Man's-Land and found this here bird perched on a broken bit of H.E. shell, fast asleep. I collared him, and here he is discharged from the Army."

The soldier finished his beer, picked up his kit and tucked the bird-cage under his arm.

"Come on, Jim me lad; eyes right and hop it. Bong jour, gents."

REMUNERATIVE RHYMES.

[In the new *History of American Literature* it is stated that ROBERT TREAT PAINE, the Boston poet (1773—1811), enjoyed such a reputation "that he could command five dollars a line for his verse, a price never before approached in America and perhaps never since equalled."]

SAY, is it true, O priceless ELLA WHEELER,
That you, the blameless Sappho of the West,
Stricken humanity's most potent healer,
Consoler of the doubting and distressed,
Passion's intense, impeccable revealer,
Of all best-sellers quite the very best,
Than TUPPER'S self far sweeter and sublimer,
Were equalled by an early Boston rhymer?

It cannot be that such ecstatic yearning,
Such pure domestic raptures uncontrolled,
Such lavish use of old proverbial learning,
Of ancient saws cast in a modern mould,
When measured by the crucial test of earning,
By market value, reckoned up in gold,
Never secured you, prophetess benign,
More than a bare five dollars to the line.

Tried by this test, how meagre was the gleaning
Of MILTON—just five "jingling tingling quid"
Paid for his *Paradise*; but then his meaning
Was wilfully from artless readers hid;
Besides, he wrote blank verse and from a leaning
To heresy was never wholly rid;
Your creed is crystal clear and orthodox,
Your rhymes salute us like a postman's knocks.

Five dollars for a line! Oh, no, great ELLA,
That clearly cannot mark your maximum;
The current price of your *cœlestia mella*
Must far surpass that negligible sum;
Let some obscure American Apella
Believe it, *I* am sure it cannot come
To half the rate a high-browed journal pays
For one of your incomparable lays.

"His mere word is as compelling as that of the centurion who boasted, 'I say unto these men "Do this" and they doeth it.'"
Evening Express (Cardiff).

Surely it is not quite fair to attribute defective grammar to an officer who is not in a position to defend himself.

Suggested title for Sir WILLIAM WEIR—Lord Barrage.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Consolation for a meatless day.



The Government brew. "And they calls this *beer*!"



Portrait of an artist pressed for time.



The Turkish Prisoner. "I think it so nice of them to surround me with all these home comforts."



"I don't think I feel funny enough for a clown."



The Leading Lady. "I suppose this is an allegory, but I call it a nightmare."



Officer on Leave (severely). "I wish, my dear, that when you buy things at an auction you would consider the size of our rooms."



CARRYING ON.

Small Boy. "Mother dear, I'm sorry to bother you again, but—which is it you boil for twenty minutes—a potato or an egg?"

THE GREAT REFUSAL.

To Second-Lieut. G. Washington,
—— Fusiliers.
January 1st, 1918.

Messrs. Box and Co. present their compliments to Second-Lieut. George Washington and beg to inform him that owing to a clerical error he has been under-issued with pay to the amount of two hundred pounds. That sum has this day been credited to his account.

To Messrs. Box & Co.
January 3rd, 1918.

Dear Sirs,—With reference to your letter dated January 1st, 1918, I must protest against your arbitrary action in placing two hundred pounds to my credit.

Although I understand the difficulties under which you work at the present time, I must insist on the two hundred pounds being at once debited from my account, as I cannot trace the under-issue referred to.

Yours sincerely,
George Washington,
Second-Lieut. —— Fusiliers.

To Second-Lieut. G. Washington.
January 6th, 1918.

Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your favour of 3rd instant, but regret that we can take no further action in this matter. The two hundred pounds will accordingly remain to your credit.

Yours faithfully,
J. L., *pro* Messrs. Box and Co.

To Messrs. Box & Co.
January 9th, 1918.

Dear Sirs,—I have now placed this matter in the hands of my solicitors.

Yours sincerely,
George Washington,
Second-Lieut. —— Fusiliers.

To Second-Lieut. G. Washington.
January 12th, 1918.

Dear Sir,—With reference to your favour of 9th instant, we would ask you to consider this matter again. We cannot see any reason for altering our action in crediting you with two hundred pounds under-issued.

Yours faithfully,
J. L., *pro* Messrs. Box and Co.

To Messrs. Box and Co.
January 15th, 1918.

Dear Sirs,—All further communications on the subject of the alleged under-issue should be addressed to my solicitors, Messrs. Probity, Probity & Probity, 22, Veritas Buildings, E.C.

Yours sincerely,
George Washington,
Second-Lieut. —— Fusiliers.

Extract from "Law Times."

Judgment was given for the defendants in the case of *Washington* v. *Box and Co.* The plaintiff sought interdict to prevent Messrs. Box and Co. from crediting him with two hundred pounds under-issued. This has provoked keen interest in legal circles, where it is regarded as a test case.

The plaintiff was found guilty of contempt of court, as, in spite of the ruling of the Bench, he insisted on paying the costs of the action.

Unpublished Battalion Orders of the —— Fusiliers.

Second-Lieut. George Washington was found guilty by a Subalterns' court-martial of behaviour unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, *i.e.*, having a balance of over two hundred pounds at Messrs. Box and Co. He was sentenced to pay Mess bills for all the officers of the Battalion till further notice.

To Second-Lieut. George Washington.
February 1st, 1918.

Dear Sir,—We regret to inform you that your account is now overdrawn to the extent of forty pounds. It will be a favour if you will give this matter your immediate attention.

Yours faithfully,
J. L., *pro* Messrs. Box and Co.



"COMPLETE ACCORD"; OR, ALL DONE BY KINDNESS.

Imperial Trainer (*to his dog* Karl). "NOW THEN, NO NONSENSE; THROUGH YOU GO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 13th.—Mr. Balfour introduced a pleasing innovation in Ministerial practice. The Pacifist group showed much interest in Lord Robert Cecil's recent speech to the American reporters, and Mr. Snowden was particularly anxious to know whether the Foreign Secretary agreed with his subordinate's statement of policy. Mr. Balfour said he had not discovered one, and then turning upon his questioner asked, "Has he?" and "What is it?" Mr. Snowden was about to jump at this opportunity of improving the Ministerial mind, but the Speaker jumped first and bade him defer his answer till the debate on the adjournment.

Mr. Lowther knows his own powers to a nicety and has no desire to enlarge them. A suggestion that he should constitute himself a censor of Questions likely to give information to the enemy was put aside with the remark that, "as an ordinary member of the public I have no knowledge of what is desirable to appear and what is not." So, unless the House takes the matter into its own hands and sets up a Committee of Censorship, I suppose Mr. —— and Mr. —— will continue to cumber the Notice-paper with Questions which, whether answered or not, must be read with great satisfaction at Potsdam.

Sir William Weir, though a member of the Government responsible to Parliament, is at present a member of neither House. A position analogous to that of Mahomet's coffin is not, perhaps, altogether inappropriate to the Head of the Air Force; but Mr. Bonar Law intimated that he will shortly be brought down from it, though he did not say at which end of the corridor the landing would be effected.

Another attempt to get the House to adopt Proportional Representation furnished an opportunity for a tribute of respect to its most consistent champion, the late Lord Courtney. In a sense his own career was a contradiction of the argument that special representation is required for minorities, for, despite a rugged independence, equally exemplified in his opinions and his clothes, he was returned continuously to the House of Commons for twenty-four years.

Freed from the menace of the Whips the House enjoyed a capital debate. Mr. Herbert Fisher, speaking in his private capacity and not as Minister of Education—or, as Mr. Asquith pointed out, he could never have allowed himself the solecism, "the scheme contains some omissions"—earnestly advocated the adoption of the strictly-limited proposals of the Commissioners. Mr. Asquith's manifest satisfaction that his beloved Kingdom of Fife was not included gave his support of the proposal rather a perfunctory appearance.

The attack was led by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who roundly declared that "majorities must govern," and was vigorously seconded by Mr. Chamberlain, who, though Birmingham was not one of the Commissioners' *corpora vilia*, was determined to make assurance double sure. Sir Mark Sykes poked much fun at the party organisations and declared that the Whips' definition of a crank was "a wealthy man who does not want a knighthood, or a nobleman who does not want to be an Under-Secretary." But neither arguments nor epigrams had much effect upon Members, who had made up their minds or ever the debate began; and eventually "P.R." was knocked out—for the fifth and last time in this Parliament—by 166 votes to 110.



THE BRUMMAGEM PET (MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN) KNOCKS OUT P.R.

Tuesday, May 14th.—There was general satisfaction when Mr. Macpherson announced that every endeavour would be made to grant leave to soldiers who had spent "two hot weathers" in Mesopotamia. Only Sir John Rees demurred. According to his account the cold weather in that region is "so bracing" as quite to counteract the effects of the hot. All the same I believe the railway authorities have decided to wait until after the War before substituting Baghdad for Skegness in the famous advertisement.

Mr. Handel Booth, who has popped up again with unabated resiliency, was informed that, although Guernsey had adopted Compulsory Service, no provision was made for Conscientious Objectors, since the species hardly exists in the island. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will please note the stimulating effect that cheap tobacco has upon the *moral* of an insular people and reconsider the recent increase in the tax.

Mr. Outhwaite was surprised to learn that the War Aims Committee has nothing to do with the cinema film, now being exhibited, which depicts the life-history of the Prime Minister from the cradle to the Cabinet. The idea that the film was designed by the Inland Revenue authorities for the purpose of boosting the Entertainments Tax is also erroneous.

Hitherto the Allies have declined to consider the exchange of able-bodied prisoners on the ground that it would lengthen the War; but as the French have altered their minds on the subject, and have recently made an agreement with the Boches, Lord Newton announced that our Government have come into line. Good news for our poor fellows, but some of the well-fed Teutons at Donnington Hall and other luxurious retreats will probably consider it a subtle form of reprisals.

Wednesday, May 15th.—With the near approach of a holiday the Leader of the House is becoming almost skittish.

He dismissed Sir John Rees' com-

plaint that, owing to the lack of division-bells, three Members were left out of last Thursday's division with the airy observation that he hoped they would have voted in the wrong lobby.

It was a pity Mr. HOGGE was not present to hear the reply to his rather ungracious suggestion that the MINISTER OF PENSIONS had exceeded his functions in raising a fund to assist disabled men to re-establish themselves in business. It gave Mr. HODGE an opportunity of narrating the history of his fund. Beginning with three hundred pounds raised at a London Club, with which a legless miner had been transformed into "a hand-sewn bootmaker," it had now risen to ninety thousand pounds, and had enabled Mr. HODGE to put nearly a thousand men on their financial legs again. The recital was much cheered, especially the broad hint at its conclusion that hon. Members, instead of carping, should subscribe.

On the Board of Trade vote Sir ALBERT STANLEY reviewed the course of industry during the War. The aggregate output was now very little less than it was in 1913, for, though there were fewer workers, they were working harder and longer. The million and a half women now doing men's work received much praise, but must nevertheless pay more for their season-tickets.



Old Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS INSIDE THE SANDBAGS, YOUNG MAN?"
Special. "SAND, MA'AM—HENCE THE NAME."

MY PHILOSOPHER.

ALL my life I have wanted to meet a real philosopher. Not one of the academics who occupy chairs of philosophy at universities. They are probably just as other men in the face of a broken bootlace or a missed train. No, my mind ran to the real philosopher—somebody who keeps his balance and serenity when he is suddenly transported to fresh surroundings, and his outlook on life, determined by accumulated experience, has to be adjusted so that he can continue his work undisturbed; somebody who can accept change with perfect goodwill and a smiling resignation.

Well, I have found my philosopher. He is of light build, quick in his movements when roused to action, yet with a capacity for perfect repose; *point device*, but without a suspicion of the dandy; a high-browed shapely head, with narrow aquiline nose and unfathomable brown eyes, the kind that are called soulful by the lady-serialist. Since his earliest days he has been brought up to serve and to rule a section of the community whose lives are commonly laid in open and lonely places, far from the hustling crowd and yet contributing an almost vital share to the needs of the nation.

To-day he finds himself set down within three miles of Charing Cross, remote from the wide skies and rolling downs which his soul loves; faced with the same problems, but under what altered conditions.

Yet is my philosopher entirely serene, wholly philosophical. I watch him closely. His quick eyes and ready intelligence scarcely seem to wander for a moment; you can see that his mind is still solely occupied with the care of those committed to his charge. The roar of the passing motor-buses, the murmur of the populace, the prattle of children, he heeds them not; the blandishments of a frivolous world are lost upon him. Gravely courteous to those who actually intrude upon his task, yet endlessly aloof, absorbed in his one subject.

I don't suppose he ever read a word of MARCUS AURELIUS; he can write no degree after his name; he would not even understand me if I said to him, *Cœlum non animum mutas*. But he is a philosopher for all that, as you may see for yourselves—Gyp, the very perfect gentle collie dog who guards the sheep grazing amongst the railings and perambulators of Kensington Gardens.

"As Bob set food on the road, there was a ringing cheer from the onlookers."—*The Scout.*

We are not surprised.

"It has been decided to release tripe, which includes 'sheep's paunches' . . . from the meat ration . . . This concession, together with the release of low-grade flour for biscuits, will make the position of sheep and sporting dogs secure."—*Times.*

This new security which our sheep (as indicated in the last sentence) are to enjoy seems to follow directly upon the release of their paunches from the meat ration; and it is hoped that with the reduction of losses by submarines this emancipation may eventually be extended to the human paunch.



Irish "Feed" Orderly. "PLEASE, SOR, IT'S TWO FEEDS SHORT I AM. WHICH OF THE HORSES WILL I GIVE THEM TO?"
S.S.M. (also Irish). "THE MULES, AV COORSE."

GUIDE TO CONVERSATION.

"I SHOULD like dining out much better," said the pretty girl, "if I knew what to talk about to my partners."

It was on my tongue's tip to tell her that a girl as pretty as she might safely leave it to them; but one hates to say things that other people would say.

"I will prepare you a little manual on the subject," I said instead.

"Please do," she replied, with so much emphasis on the word "please" that I wilted.

"To begin with," I said, "some general rules. The first is, avoid politics. Perhaps that is the last too. But if you feel you must refer to them begin very guardedly. Thus it would be fairly safe to mention that *l'affaire* MAURICE (I should allude to it gaily and internationally in that way) was extraordinarily interesting or intriguing, and let the answer give you your line. But it would be very unwise and perilous to plunge into an attack either on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE or Mr. ASQUITH. Again, go very carefully with religious questions. However hot the soup, don't say anything against the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood; because one never knows."

"Of course," she said. "Surely you can credit me with enough sense for that?"

"Very well," I replied. "Then let's begin. We'll take your neighbours alphabetically. What comes first?"

"Actors," she volunteered, much too readily.

"No, you won't ever meet actors at dinner," I told her.

Her face clouded.

"Actors can't dine out; they're dressing and making-up at dinner time," I said.

"That's a bore," she replied. "What then?"

"Ambassadors," I said. "Suppose you sit next an Ambassador?"

"But how exciting!"

"Not necessarily. Be careful what you ask him. Ambassadors, like everyone else, do not mind an interest in their unique and charming personalities, but they resent questions as to affairs of state. Talk rather of new plays than of new treaties. But don't overdo conversation at all, because ambassadors usually like their food more than their partners."

She pouted.

"Next to ambassadors," I resumed, "come—let's see—Artists. With an artist you will talk shop, of course, but circumspectly. You must first discover what kind of pictures he paints, and then by studying his appearance decide whether you will subject him to flattery by praising them or gently provoke him by a defence of Cubism, if he's old-fashioned, or Leaderism, if he vorticizes."

"But suppose I can't discover?"

"Then you must envy the life of a painter—the fun he has with his brushes and palette, and nothing to do but cover canvas with colour and sell it for enormous sums! Artists, you'll find, are not difficult."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Certain," I replied. "I know them. They're children. After Artists come Authors, and there again you will have to move very cautiously. There is nothing an author so detests as to hear the wrong authors praised. The only worse thing is to be congratulated upon some one else's work of which he himself thinks less than nothing."

"But how shall I know?"

"Well, you will perhaps have heard his name—unless he is your own partner, when of course you won't—or it may be on the card in his place; otherwise you will have to angle."

"But why should I think of him as an author at all?"

"Say to him, 'You write, don't you?'

"And if he doesn't?"

"No harm will be done; but if he does he will respond. Then you can go ahead with your views on books—more or less as in the case of the artist and pictures. But don't ask him if he knows such and such a fellow-author."

"Why not?"

"Authors don't like it."

"What a lot to remember! I'm afraid I'll never be a good pupil. And what comes after Author?"

"It's an absolute certainty," I replied, "that you will meet Barristers. Indeed you can't escape it. There never was a dinner-party yet without a barrister."

"And what do I talk to them about?" she asked.

"You don't," I replied; "you needn't do anything. They'll do it. It will be automatic. They'll talk and you need only listen."

"Splendid!" she replied. "And what after Barristers?"

"Bishops. But they're easy too—in another way. All you have to do is to display as much civility as you can. They expect it and prefer it. Dinner-parties are their holidays."

"I should be terrified to sit by a Bishop at all."

"Don't be absurd. They're very human. Children can play with them; and as for pretty girls——"

"What comes next?"

"After Bishops? B—B——"

"Butlers?"

"But you won't ever have to trouble about conversation with butlers. That's easy. You merely say, 'Yes, please,' or 'No, thank you,' or 'Only half-a-glass.'"

And so we continued—more or less through the alphabet, but with nothing for Z. Z is always a disappointment.

"Finally," I said, "all that has gone before is the fruit of thought and care. But there are two rules as to conversation with all dinner-partners that will carry you along with perfect success and the least possible fatigue. Rule 1: Talk about food. Rule 2: Ask your partners such questions as will make them talk about themselves.

And so we parted.

But what a pretty girl!

Baron BURIAN to the Budapesthers:

"With the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other, we shall hold on."

By their eyebrows, we presume.

"The failure of the submarine campaign may be judged by the fact that we have had so large an import of bacon that . . . everybody will get by coupon rather more bacon that they would have consumed if there had been no bacon at all."—*Lloyd's Weekly News.*

Agreed.



ON THE BRIGHTON LINE.

The Loser (sotto voce). "VELL, MY ONLY CHANCE OF GETTIN' ALL THAT BACK ITH A COLLISION."

CHLOE.

(The awful effect of four years' active service on a Poet.)

ACCEPT this indent, Sweet, from me—
That all the blessings thou hast earned
The gods may give (addressed to thee,
Repeated unto all concerned).

Soft as the violet new-unfurled
Thine eyes with gentle kindness speak,
And all the roses of the world
Report for duty on thy cheek.

At eventime, when lights are low,
I dream I press with lips that burn
A thousand kisses on thy brow
(For information, and return).

And in the morning e'er I rise
The image of my Best Beloved
That floats before my waking eyes
Is duly noted and approved.

* * * * *

These lines, which tell in accents true
The hopes that warm, the fears that freeze,
My love-lorn heart, are passed to you
For necessary action, please.

From Battalion Orders (Egypt):—

"4. DRESS.—Shorts will in future be worn long enough to reach the knee, and are on no account to be tightly fitted. Any slackness in this respect will be treated as a disciplinary offence."

If they mayn't be either tight or loose, what *is* a poor Tommy to do?

FELINE CHIVALRY.

WE have received some interesting information with regard to a remarkable movement which has been for some little time in progress in this country. Our informant is a gentleman whom we have long known and whose *bona fides* has been proved on many an occasion. Even with this assurance we can well believe that some of our readers who have not had our opportunities of testing the veracity of our informant will be disposed to treat our news as one of those "stunts" in which the journalism of the present day so frequently indulges. We desire to affirm in the strongest possible manner that we believe our information to be absolutely trustworthy.

Briefly, then, what we have been told is this: The cats of England have been roused to indignation by the appeals which have recently been made on behalf of our dogs. Those who so lightly have suggested that the dogs of England should be starved out of existence will perhaps pause in their mad career when they know that cats have put aside their age-long traditions of animosity and are even now ready to make common cause with their secular enemies. You cannot, as our informant said, tell what is going to happen next. If those who have started the campaign against dogs should have even the slightest success, the inevitable consequence will be that they will turn their attention to cats, and will demand the sacrifice of animals whose only fault is a belief in the kindness and magnanimity of man. The cats have therefore decided to form a close association with their hereditary foes and to support them with all the power of their claws in this crisis of their fate.

They have formed a Cynophil League, the object of which is to defend the existence of dogs. This new league, we understand, was inaugurated at a meeting held in the Tilehurst Room of the Feline Central Hall. The meeting was a large and representative one. The Honourable Thomas Carabas, the last scion of the bluest blood of Catland, was voted to the Chair, and proceedings began with the singing of "Discordia," the cats' National Anthem. After the enthusiasm called forth by this chorus had to some extent subsided the Chaircat began his speech, explaining the objects of the League and the absolute need for its existence. They all knew, he said, that dogs were blundering animals. ("*Wow, wow!*" from a Great Dane who had somehow secured admission.) His honourable friend would not, he was sure, misunderstand him. Nobody had a livelier admiration for dogs at a distance than he, the Chaircat, and he begged to assure the interrupter that he himself was prepared to go all lengths for the defence even of a Yorkshire Terrier. These attacks on dogs were certainly the preface to the elimination of cats. *Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.* ("Now construe," from a Persian Tom.) He referred the honourable gentleman to a dictionary of quotations. For himself, he had decided not to purr for a month unless something were done to show the detestation and loathing with which every true cat must regard such base and unc tly proceedings. He begged to move the first resolution, stating the necessity for the League and appointing a committee.

This was seconded in a few words by Lady Mary Muscipula, and was supported by Lord Meux, and was carried *nem. con.* amid a scene of unparalleled excitement, a young cat being heard to declare that he had decided to place his first mouse at the disposal of the committee for use in relieving a distressed Fox-Terrier of his acquaintance. We may have further statements to make with regard to the League, but we feel sure that our readers will agree with us when we say that it is no small thing to have united in bonds of friendship the cats and dogs of the Empire.

LIEUTENANT SHELLBACK, R.N.R.

HE has learnt the ways of the ships at sea
In most of the sorts of ships there be—
In most of the kinds of deep-sea craft,
Steam and square-sail and fore-and-aft,
A Liverpool crack and a London barque
As bluff as a barge and as old as the Ark,
A tramp, a tanker, a Yankee schooner,
He's served in all of 'em later or sooner. . . .

And there isn't a build and there isn't a rig,
Be it fast or slow or little or big,
From Chapman Light to the Bay of Bengal,
But Lieutenant Shellback knows 'em all.

He has learnt the ways of the seas that roll,
Broad and narrow and deep and shoal,
Gulf and channel and bight and strait
From the Barrier Reef to the Golden Gate;
He has learnt the ways of the winds that blow
Off palm and coral and Polar snow,
The typhoon sweeping the China seas,
And the Trades and the stormy westerlies. . . .

And there isn't a port the wide world round,
From London River to Puget Sound,
From Sand Heads Light to Vallipo Bay
But Lieutenant Shellback 's passed that way.

And some he learnt from an old-style skipper
That once cracked on in a China clipper,
And a blue-nose mate like a live cyclone,
All fist and boot and muscle and bone;
To reef and furl and hand and steer
He knew full well by his seventeenth year,
To lift a chantey and patch and darn,
And carve a model and spin a yarn. . . .

And there wasn't so much those old salts know,
"Sails" and bo'sun, skipper and crew,
From trimming yards to a fancy knot,
But Lieutenant Shellback learnt the lot.

But he learnt the most, when all 's been told,
Where his fathers learnt the same of old,
In the sun and storm, in the wind and rain,
Twice round the world and home again.
He learnt it here and he learnt it there,
He learnt it foul and he learnt it fair,
Both inside out and upside down,
'Tween the Tail o' the Bank and Frisco town. . . .

And there isn't a death that sailors dare
From Carrick Roads to the Straits of Le Mair,
Nor a kind of a risk that seamen run
But Lieutenant Shellback 's faced each one.

* * * * *

That 's what has made him tried and true,
Hardened and tested and proved him too;
Born and bred to the sailor's trade,
Hemp to the core and cable-laid,
Like the nine-strand stuff that a seaman knows
Will hold and hold till the last strand goes.
And whether he 's fighting or sweeping or towing,
And whether it 's raining or hailing or blowing,
Whether he 's out on the U-boat trail
Or saving a crew in a North Sea gale,
There isn't a job that he finds to do
But Lieutenant Shellback carries it through.

C. F. S.



Mess Orderly. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, BILL; THEY'RE THE DIRTY ONES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I THINK that one of the reasons for Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's success with historical romance must be sought in her sense of actual colour. Again and again you will find her writing in pictures, so that the mind's eye is continually at work illustrating her vivid phrases. This capacity has full play in her latest story, *Kings-at-Arms* (METHUEN), which concerns the campaigns and varying fortunes of three monarchs, PETER of Russia, AUGUSTUS of Saxony, and especially that amazing young man, CHARLES XII. of Sweden. This last portrait of the King who "was like an animal—or a god" in his superb, almost inhuman calm, is one of the finest and most haunting pictures in Miss BOWEN's gallery. There is here nothing about him that can be called an arranged plot; facts rule, and the facts concerning CHARLES of Sweden are certainly stranger than most fiction. Episodical love-interest you get in the two women who controlled the destinies of his rivals, and one of whom, the VON KOENIGSMARCK, made so conspicuous a failure of her attempt upon CHARLES himself. But for the rest Miss BOWEN has been content to rely for interest upon the figure of her superman and upon her power of restoring the faded hues to which it has been reduced in the tapestry of history. The result is a series of scenes that have an added interest now, as dealing mostly with the profession of arms in the old chivalrous and pre-Prussian days. My best congratulations to the author.

I can start off cheerfully about *Sunshine Settlers* (UNWIN) by saying that it certainly lives up to its title. In other words, the author, Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN, has written a book of genuine open-air humour, whose unforced gaiety will keep you amused from the first page to the last. The settlement is South African, and the time immediately before the War; which indeed breaks out in the final chapters (as not infrequently with modern fiction) and enables the three chief characters to carry their good spirits to Flanders. But it is their life in Africa that makes up the greater part of the book—the flora and fauna of their surroundings, their servants, pets, sports (including donkey-polo) and adventures generally. I hazard a guess that Mr. GARSTIN is himself an animal-lover—the sympathy with which he writes about dogs and the pleasant anecdote of the infant antelope and the hold-up express would alone prove as much. Naturally no funny book can be at its highest level on every page, and now and then you may find the sunshine of the settlers a trifle overcast; but at its best it is both grateful and comforting. Mr. GARSTIN is destined for popularity with those wise readers who treasure the memory of laughter. I may add that he displays, as it were thrown in, a very pretty turn for occasional verse.

My trouble with Lady STANLEY's story of *Miss Pim's Camouflage* (HUTCHINSON) is that it is an attempt to mix farce and tragedy in a method only possible for dreams; to which category of course the idea of *Miss Pim* and her invisibility really belongs. Indeed, I suppose we have most of us dreamed it for ourselves more than once during the War, as an alternative to exploding Essen with a secret ray, or capturing the All-Frightfullest, or any other of the flattering tales that sleep can whisper to the pillowed patriot. In dreamland all things are possible—and con-

gruous; but when Lady STANLEY transfers her vision of the gentle English spinster, who can render herself invisible at will, and is sent to Germany as a spy, from the unsubstantial fabric that is its proper medium to the solidity of print, at once difficulties appear. Of course as imagination the idea is glorious fun; and nothing that you can expect in the way of adventure for so well equipped a heroine is denied you. Submarine plans, details of HINDENBURG'S scheme of retreat, even the most private papers from the Imperial library, are hers for the taking; nor is anyone allowed to knock at her door with hot water (a *contretemps* that has irretrievably damaged similar exploits of my own) before the fruits of victorious daring are safely garnered and conveyed to the English command. But, here at last I reach my objection: pleasant nonsense like this simply will not mix with the horrors of German bestiality. They call up an atmosphere of loathing in which no dream can live. All of which comes perhaps to no more than this, that the reader who looks, and not in vain, to *Miss Pim* for entertainment should be prepared for a little judicious skipping.

The British heroine of *In Russia's Night* (COLLINS) went to stay in a Russian country-house and married the son of her hostess before she knew anything about Russian or any other kind of life. I found her too negative for my taste; was neither intrigued by her failure to love her husband nor impressed by her precipitate infatuation for another man. On the other hand, *Dmitri Annenkov*, her casual and unfaithful spouse, is extraordinarily well-drawn. The scene of the story is transferred from Russia to Florence, and there *Dmitri* and his wife become acquainted with some revolutionaries. On their return to Russia things happen. It is not OLIVE GARNETT'S fault that these events, reviewed in the light of to-day, seem very mild and insignificant. One feels instinctively that she understands the temperament of the Russian, and one is inclined to accept her evidence that his craving for liberty might have been appeased by ordinary liberal measures. As a novel Mrs. GARNETT'S book is in certain respects unsatisfactory, but the sincerity of her attempt to deal with questions of the first importance gives it a value beyond many better romances.



"GARN, DIRTY FACE!" 'COME OFF IT, SOAP HOG!

I am much prejudiced in favour of books which open like *The Wasp* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) of Mr. THEODORE G. ROBERTS: "James Burnham had been in London a matter of three weeks when, one October morning in the year 1698, he stepped into the doorway of a Cheapside shop to let a company of jail-birds from Newgate go by with their guards." *James* was a bad hat, though the son of a baronet; and had white rages and frightened people "whenever his pale eyes hardened and began to glint crosswise, as if he were trying to examine the tip of his own nose." Also he became a pirate, which is all to the good. But to retain my interest and affection Mr. ROBERTS should not let him ask his unfaithful mistress, "And what think you they'll say when they find him held in matrimonial leash by the wench of the tailor of Wantage?" Anyway, I began to suspect that the author was really not an authentic tusher, and I was confirmed in this impression when I found myself following the adventures of the naughty *James* rather as a matter of duty than from a tormenting desire to know what happened. What did happen was that, after playing a lot of scurvy tricks on all and sundry, he got tired of piracy and squinting down his nose at folk, and became master-gunner on Admiral BENBOW'S good ship *Breda*, quitted him like a man and a true bart.'s son, and went to his account with an excellent final entry on the credit side.

Mr. Webster and Others (COLLINS) is the title of a small and inexpensive volume, in which Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD has assembled ten short stories, four of which are enjoying the dignity of book-form for the second time, and all (I suppose, but am not sure) have previously appeared in print. You know already Mrs. CLIFFORD'S agreeable gift for telling quiet uneventful episodes—incidents mostly rather than actual tales, and concerned with character rather than action. "Mr. Webster" is a somewhat unlikely affair of the miserable marriage of a cultivated bachelor-woman with a tasteless and tactless widower. If *Mr. Webster* were really so bad as the author makes out, or so revolting of aspect as he is depicted on the paper-wrapper, "unlikely" is an inadequate word for such a union. Anyhow, it leads to some cleverly sketched infelicity, and at last to a climax that may occasion you a mild shock of surprise. Of the "Others" I myself preferred "The Red Parasol," a pleasantly atmospheric trifle all about hardly anything, and "Love at Alassio," even though the latter does end with the convenient demise of the elderly obstacle to youthful happiness—a solution for which I observe that the progress of time tends to diminish my enthusiasm. In short, though you will hardly find *Mr. Webster and Others* likely to keep you awake o' nights, it may form a restful companion for a train journey, an office to which its slender bulk renders it, in these five-a-side days, exceptionally apt.

What, no Soup?

'Girl Wanted for Stock.—J. ——, Grocer."—*Sunderland Daily Echo.*

Another Impending Apology.

"At the Vestry Meeting held on Easter Tuesday, the Churchwardens were able to show a balance on the year's accounts. This is more than accounted for by the absence of the Verger, so that in normal times there would have been a considerable deficit."—*Parish Magazine.*

"'He was of Dutch origin, and linked London society, where he was very popular, with some great Continental names, having been a personal friend of Schopenhauer and a student of Spinoza."—*The Star.*

We are very glad that someone has discovered the mis link between London society and the late Mynheer [illegible]

CHARIVARIA.

FIFTY-ONE children were lost on Hampstead Heath during the recent holidays. The fact that they were all restored to their parents speaks well for the honesty of Londoners.

A brown snake measuring fifteen inches long has been caught in County Tyrone. We are sorry to note this evidence of scamped work on the part of ST. PATRICK.

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The Food Ministry has declined to fix a maximum price for Spanish onions. It is predicted that long-range onions of heavy calibre will undergo a further advance.

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With reference to the man who secured breathing space in a suburban train last week a satisfactory explanation is now forthcoming. He was the engine-driver.

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War is a great leveller. The Carl Rosa Company are about to produce an opera by a British composer.

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A Frankfort hotel-keeper has been fined for selling a guest a cigar for 9*s.* 6*d.* which only cost 4*s.* 6*d.* We assume that it was urged in defence that the additional charge merely covered the risk of premature explosion.

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We understand that the KAISER sometimes refers to the Austrian Government as Our Dumb Friends' League.

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A case of sleeping sickness has been reported in Scotland. This seems almost incredible in a country where the bagpipes flourish.

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"No cure for potato wart has yet been found," says an official of the Board of Trade. We feel that everything has not been done which might have been. For instance, have they written to the well-known Editor who went to the Front to tell Sir DOUGLAS HAIG how to win the War?

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A member of the Sissinghurst Mouse Club recently killed six hundred and fifty mice in one day. It is supposed to have been a surprise attack against a weak sector.

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A correspondent of *The Daily Mail* voices a demand for "plainer Bishops." For ourselves we are always glad to see, whether in prelates or others, the gift of spiritual grace combined with that of personal beauty.

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At a London police-court last week the magistrate ordered a sanitary inspector to destroy a cheese which was unfit for human consumption. We learn that the poor fellow asked to be allowed to see his wife and family first.

According to *The Evening News* a butterfly was last week seen fluttering in Fleet Street, though it is only fair to say that the poor misguided creature did not know it was Fleet Street.

A wood-pigeon shot by a Warwick farmer was found to have 737 grains of barley in its craw. The voracious bird, it appears, attempted to evade the issue by affecting to have lost its caterpillar card.

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"The baking trade has reached rock bottom," declared the Mayor of SOUTHWARK last week. Frankness of this kind is bound to disarm criticism except by the most fastidious.



MAY 29TH.

Farmer (to substitute). "AY, THEE BE A VINE VARMER—'VRAID O' A DAWG!"

Land Worker. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. JUST REMEMBERED IT WAS OAK-APPLE DAY AND CAME UP FOR A SPRIG."

A woman has complained to the Acton magistrate that her husband had not spoken to her since September last. In a similar case that has come to our notice the man excuses himself on the ground that he never cares to butt in when his wife is talking.

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"'Nelson,' the greatest naval pageant film ever attempted, will," says *The Daily News*, "tell the love story of Nelson's life and the outstanding incidents of his career, including the destruction of the Spanish armada." No scandal about QUEEN ELIZABETH, we trust.

"The store is occupied by an Italian turner, who on opening the door found that his stock of wood was burning, and immediately burst into a vast conflagration. The fire, which threatened to invade the surroundings, was soon put out."—*Al-Moghreb Al-Aksa (Tangier).*

The turner seems to have been rather put out too.

OUR NEUTRAL NATIONALISTS.

[In a recent interview with the New York Press the Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party is reported to have said, "We believe that the cause of the Allies is the cause of Freedom throughout the world." At the same time, while repudiating the policy of the Sinn Feiners, he admitted that he had co-operated with them in their resistance to the demand that Ireland should defend the cause of Freedom.]

Who dares to say we take the side
Of men with treason-germs infected?
The Ethiop cannot change his hide,
Nor yet can Freedom's own Elected,
Dispensing with their native skin, feign
Approval of the principles of Sinn Fein.

True, we have clasped the traitor's hand,
Leaned to his felon lips and kissed him,
Smiled on his flag, together banned
The law that threatened to enlist him,
And cursed the tyrant when he came
And conjured us to fight in Freedom's name.

A common hatred made us kin;
With one consent we launched attacks on
The alien whom we loathe like sin,
The cruel, autocratic Saxon,
Whose brutal subsidies debase
The spirit of our proud and patriot race.

If William Kaiser's ways are vile,
Lloyd George we deem as great a villain;
So sit we on the neutral stile,
Conducted there by Mr. Dillon;
Though such a course may rouse the choler
Of backers who donate the useful dollar.

Yet to our English foes to-day
And their Allies who strike for Freedom,
"Our hearts, in this high quest," we say,
"Are yours, if you could only read 'em;
Yes, for a cause so fair and right
We will do anything on earth but fight." O. S.

D.A.M.N.

A Nightmare of 192—.

D.A.M.N.—or, to give it its full though less expressive title, "The Department for Abating Ministerial Nuisances"—came into existence about the tenth year of the War, to combat the predatory onslaughts of the Accommodation Committees of the various Ministries.

It was set up by the Government as a result of the popular outcry raised at the eviction, at three hours' notice, of the Royal Family from Buckingham Palace, to make way for the Minister of Inter-Departmental Warfare, a functionary whose activities were first brought to public notice when the Premier raised him to Cabinet rank for his services in saving the Treasury offices from an enveloping movement of the Ministry of Munitions—this department having secured a footing in Downing Street and begun conducting a simultaneous drive southward from the Admiralty Arch.

The growth of Government departments had been allowed too long to continue unchecked, until it had become no uncommon event for whole sections of a department to lose touch with their headquarters and to establish themselves in outlying parts of the Metropolis, whence they harried the unfortunate inhabitants with requisitions for accommodation, and forced labour. In the early years of the War the provision of accommodation for Government departments had been the concern of the Office of Works, but latterly departments had taken matters into their own hands, and, having furniture no longer provided for them and being unable to obtain sufficient staff by voluntary methods, they had adopted the easier course of commandeering houses with their contents and even their occupants.

To combat this state of affairs D.A.M.N. was founded; but it differed in many respects from any other department created during the War, and in every respect from any department created in pre-war days. To begin with, its birth was not heralded by any Press notices; further, it had no generally recognised headquarters, and its staff was almost exclusively composed of burglars, house-breakers and other men nimble with their fingers. Finally it cost the public little or nothing, and its actions, whenever they were brought to light, met with unfailing public approval.

The business of D.A.M.N. was to lop-off the numerous and unnecessary excrescences of Government departments and to reduce them to the limits of efficiency and usefulness, and its method was somewhat as follows: The particular branch or section or group of sections to be "lopped" was first of all isolated from its headquarters by the simple expedients of disconnecting the telephone wires and commandeering the fleet of motor-cars standing in serried ranks about its doors. This done, the next step would be for a special squad of D.A.M.N. representatives, introduced into the building in the guise of furniture removers, to win over or, if need be, to overpower (for violent methods had become usual in those days) the registry and messenger staffs. Pandemonium would then ensue for a short time, as telephones were vainly rung and rung again, while urgent papers piled themselves in every "out" tray and drifted like snow on to the floors. Within an hour however the work of the "isolated" branch would have come to a standstill, and that work being of interest to no one but itself it would be no one's concern to set it going again. With a final powdering of noses the staff would sadly and silently vanish away, and D.A.M.N. would then proceed quietly but effectually to eliminate all traces of their previous occupation.

As no accurate statistics had ever been compiled of the personnel and offices of the larger Ministries, it is not easy to convey an accurate impression of the magnitude of the task accomplished by D.A.M.N. from its creation up to the present time. It may, however, be of interest to record that the Ministry of Munitions has been restricted to two palaces, three railway termini, fourteen hotels and ten streets of houses, and that in the process a male staff equal to two Army Corps and a female staff sufficient to form ten divisions of W.A.A.C.'s have been made available for work of national importance, and sufficient petrol has been saved to restart the majority of the motor omnibus services in London.

The Air Ministry too has been pruned down to such an extent that it is hoped that St. Paul's Cathedral and one or more museums may shortly be reopened to the public, and that the headquarters staff may not be greatly in excess of the numbers of the R.A.F. in the field.

Lastly, with the reductions recently effected at the Foreign Office, Admiralty, War Office, Board of Trade, etc., it is confidently expected that parts of St. James, the Green and Hyde Parks, together with some sections of the Embankment, will be permitted to resume their normal functions as "lungs" of the Metropolis.

"Kaiser as the Hero of the 20th Century.

In time to come the Kaiser may be known as the Herod of the 20th Century."—*Nottingham Evening Post.*

Personally, we prefer the text to the headline.



A SCHOOL FOR CANDOUR.

Scene: Constantinople.

Emperor of Austria }
Sultan of Turkey } (*after exchanging headgear in token of confidence*). "NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK OF THE SO-CALLED ALL-HIGHEST?"

[*They converse freely.*

THE MUD LARKS.

OUR squadron is at the present moment billeted in what the house-agents would describe as a "unique old-world property," a ramshackle pile which looks like a palace from the South and a workhouse from the North.

It commenced its career, back in the long ago, as a glorified week-end bungalow for Doges. In course of time it became a monastery.

When the pious monks took over they got busy with whitewash and obliterated most of the Doges' sportive mural decorations. Most, but not all.

Methinks the Abbot had tripped the boulevards in his youth and he spared some of the brighter spots of the more sportive frescoes in memory of old times and to keep his heart up during Lent. Anyhow they are still there.

To-day our long-faced chums champ their feeds in cloisters where once the good monks told their beads, and our bold sergeant boys quaff their tonics beneath a painted ceiling whereon RACKHAM satyrs are depicted chivvying KIRCHNER nymphs across a LEADER landscape.

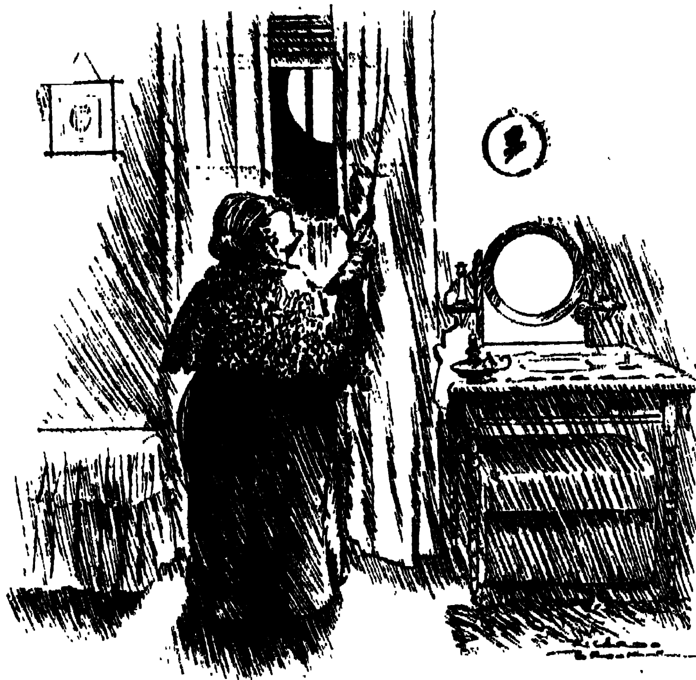
A small portion of one immense wing is inhabited by a refugee lady, who had retired in good order, haling the whole menagerie along with her, calves, fowls, children, donkey, piebald pig and all.

When first we came into residence here we heard strange nocturnal swishings and shufflings overhead, where none should be, and attributed them to the ghost of the Abbot, who had returned from Purgatory with a bucket of lime and was striving to wash out his former lapses. Later on we discovered it was the calves, who from inscrutable motives of their own prefer living in the attics. How Mrs. Refugee hoisted them up there in the first place and how she proposes to get them down again when they ripen are questions she alone can answer, but will never do so because we haven't enough Italian to ask her.

The piebald pig is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and, like many other such institutions, keeps frequent fasts. When he retreated here there was no sty to accommodate him; but Mrs. Refugee, with the practical originality that distinguishes her, routed out a retired dog-kennel from somewhere and anchored him to it. This has had the effect of creating in him a dual personality.

Sometimes he thinks he is just fat old Dolce F. Niente the pig, and behaves as such, and one can tread all over him without disturbing his melodious slumbers. At others the collar and chain prey on his mind and he imagines he is Patriæ Defensor the trusty watch-dog, and mows down all comers.

The children and fowls are doing nicely. They speedily discovered what innumerable fowls and children all the world over had discovered before them, namely, that the turtling dove is a wild beast compared with the British warrior and his war-horse, and they victimise the defenceless creatures accordingly.



Dear Soul (as she hears the air-raid warning). "AH, WHAT DO WE NOT OWE TO THEM HEROES A-BLOWIN' OF THE MACAROONS!"

The result is that the Atkinses get only what husks of their rations the children have neglected, and the fowls only allow the hairies what oats they cannot possibly stagger away with.

Antonio Giuseppe the donkey was also a war profiteer. Commerce might stagnate, armies clash and struggle, nations bleed to death, he did not care. "*Viva la guerra!*" said Antonio Giuseppe. "As long as there is a British unit handy to dine out with I'm all for it." These sentiments, though deplorable, were not without reason, for until we came I very much doubt if he had ever had a full meal—a real rib-straining blow-out—in his life.

He was a miserable little creature, standing about a yard high by six inches broad. By tucking in his tail he could have passed for a rabbit at any fancy-dress ball. His costume was a patchwork affair of hairy tufts and bare spaces. I think he must have been laid away in a drawer without camphor at one time and been mauled by a moth.

A disreputable ragamuffin person was Antonio Giuseppe the donkey, but for all that he had a way with him, and was in his day the Light-weight Champion Diner-out of all Italy—probably of the world.

At night he reposed in the kitchen along with Mrs. Refugee, the *bambini* and fowls. The day he spent in his observation post, lurking behind a screen of mulberries and vines, keeping a watchful eye on the horses.

As soon as their nose-bags were on he commenced to move stealthily towards the lines, timing himself to arrive just as the nose-bags came off and the hay-nets went up. He then glided softly between the horses and helped himself. Being tiny and very discreet he frequently passed unobserved, but should the line-guard spot him he had his plan of action.

Oft-times have I seen a perspiring and blasphemous trooper pursuing the winged Antonio Giuseppe round the lines with a stable broom; but when the broom descended Antonio Giuseppe was not there to receive it. He would nip under the breast-rope, slip in under one horse's belly and out between the legs of another, dodging through and round the astounded animals like a half-back through a loose scrum or a greased pig at a fair, snatching a generous contribution from each hay-net as he passed. Under this method Antonio throve and throve; but the tale of splintered brooms grew and grew and the Quartermaster loved me not.

Yesterday the General intimated that he'd like to inspect us. Always eager to oblige, we licked, polished, brushed and burnished ourselves, pipe-clayed our head-ropes, pomaded our moustaches, powdered our noses and paraded.

We paraded to-day in regimental column in a field west of our palace-workhouse and sat stiff in our saddles, the cheerful sunshine glowing on leather-work, glinting on brass and steel, conscious that we could give any Beauty Chorus a run for its money.

There sounded a shrill fanfaronade of



Myopic Husband (entering suddenly from France). "AH, THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR—JUST THE SAME—NOT CHANGED A BIT. SAME PRETTY HAT TOO."

trumpets, tootling the salute, and a dazzle of gold and scarlet, like a TURNER sunset, blazed into view—the General and his Staff.

At the same moment Antonio Giuseppe espied us from his observation post and, getting it into his head that we were picnicing out (it was about lunch-time), hastened to join us. As the General reached the leading squadron Antonio Giuseppe reached the near squadron and, sliding unobtrusively into its ranks, looked about for the hay-nets.

However the Second in Command noticed his arrival and motioned to his trumpeter. The trumpeter spurred forward and pinked Antonio Giuseppe in the hindquarters with his sword-point as a hint to him to move on. Antonio, thinking the line-guards were upon him and with a new type of broom, loosed a squeal of agony and straightway commenced his puss-in-the-corner antics in and out and round about the horses' legs. They didn't like it at all; it tickled and upset them; they changed from the horizontal to the vertical, giggled and pawed the air.

Things were becoming serious. A hee-hawing tatterdemalion donkey, playing "ring o' roses" with a squadron of war-horses, tickling them into hysterics, detracts from the majesty of such occasions and is no fit spectacle for a General. A second trumpeter joined in the chase and scored a direct prick on the soft of Antonio Giuseppe's nose as he dived out under the tail of a plunging gun-mare. Antonio whipped about and fled towards the centre squadron, ears wobbling, braying anguished S.O.S.s. The two trumpeters, young and ardent lads, thundered after him, swords at the engage, racing each other, knee to knee for first blood. They scored simultaneously on the butt of his tail, and Antonio, stung to the quick, shot clean through (or rather under) the centre squadron into the legs of the General's horse, tripping up that majestic animal and bringing the whole stately edifice ruining down into a particularly muddy patch of Italy.

Tremendous and awful moment! As my groom and countryman expressed it, "Ye cud hear the silence for miles." The General did not break it. I think his mouth was too full of mud and loose teeth for words. He arose slowly out of the ooze like an old walrus lifting through a bed of seaweed black as death, slime dripping from his whiskers, and limped grimly from the field, followed by his pallid staff proffering handkerchiefs and smelling-salts. But I understand he became distinctly articulate when he got home, and the upshot of it is that we are to be put in the forefront of the nastiest battle that can be arranged for us.

And Antonio Giuseppe the donkey, author of all the trouble, what of him? you ask.

Antonio Giuseppe the donkey will never smile again, dear reader. With his edges trimmed and "Welcome" branded across his back he may serve as a mangy doormat for some suburban maisonette, but at the present moment he lies in the mud of the parade-ground, as flat as a sole on a sand-bank, waiting for someone to roll him up and carry him away.

When a full-fed Major-General falls he falls heavily. PATLANDER.

A Sinecure.

"Teacher for small infant school, no children."—*Church Times.*

"The story of the Department of Agriculture shows how an Irish institution, wholly in Irish hands, may flourish when it is withdrawn from the cold and paralysing shoes of the Castle."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Are we to understand by this that there would be no more cold feet in Ireland if Irishmen were allowed full use of their own brogues?

A MATTER OF PRECEDENCE.

Louisa is greatly distressed. She tells me she will never have another moment's peace until the War is over, and she is inclined, unreasonably I think, to blame my conduct in the matter. Recalling the quite uncommon circumstances I do not see how a man of honour and chivalry could have acted otherwise than as I did.

Briefly, the facts are these. Louisa is a slave to superstition. Not a day passes but she does something or refrains from doing something else with the notion of averting misfortune from herself and her family. Naturally I smile at her childishness, but since our only son, Gerald, went to Flanders I have so far humoured her as to cease using my portable shaving mirror, to make doubly secure our hanging pictures, to avoid spilling the salt, or, having spilt it, to throw a pinch over my left shoulder, to remove my glasses before bowing to the new moon, and to forbid admittance into the house of any sprigs of black or white thorn.

Having indulged her whims to this extent it was but natural I should go a step further. When Louisa was laid up with bronchial asthma this spring and was prevented from following her usual custom of going out into the country to hear the call of the cuckoo and thereupon at once opening a gate to "let in the luck," I volunteered to go instead.

Louisa was greatly relieved. "You're almost sure to hear it round Hammer Down Copse," she said, "and there's a gate close by leading to a farm. When you hear it—just one 'Cuckoo'—don't lose a moment; run to the gate and open it. Think of our boy and open it wide and let in all the luck."

It was nonsense, of course, but, after all, opening a gate is a very simple matter, and I am not the man to shirk a promise to a wife with bronchial asthma and a boy in Flanders.

I set out for Hammer Down Copse. For seven evenings in succession I sat on the gate leading to the farm ready to jump down and fling it wide open at the sound of the spirit voice. But no cuckoo broke the silence.

Louisa was in despair. "Try Dipper Dell," she said. I tried it. It was a balmy night, a trifle warm for walking. I took it easily. I was barely fifty yards from the spot when suddenly the clear soft call, "Cuckoo," was wafted to my ears, and facing me, leading to the dell, I saw a five-barred gate.

I ran. I have never run so hard since I ran for the doctor when Gerald was born. I took the road in leaps. But out of the dell's green depths came a man, a bent and grey-haired man, full fifteen years my senior. And he also leapt.

We met across the gate. The introduction was abrupt, and we were both temporarily short of breath. The gate was fastened in the usual simple fashion of country gates. To open it one had merely to jerk it upwards on its hinges. I was about to do so when, with the agility of a monkey, this venerable gentleman climbed upon it and hung with all his weight across the topmost bar. With as much gentleness as was consistent with firmness I took him by the shoulders and obliged him to descend. Instantly he attempted to raise the gate. There was no alternative but to assume a leaning position over the top bar myself. With a dexterity beyond his years he succeeded in dislodging me.

The situation threatened to become undignified. I addressed myself to him with quiet appeal. "Sir," I said, "I have a son at the Front. Need I advance a further claim?"

"One son!" he replied. "I have three, and my youngest just going."

And Louisa blames me because I turned home without a word and left him to open the gate.

THE SUM OF CHIVALRY.

WHAT shall be said of him, your friend,
That very perfect gentle knight
Whose fair life, crown'd with such an end,
No graven scroll could praise aright?

There is a simple line can tell
Of the great spirit proud and free,
Whose steadfast vision still would dwell
Upon the star of Courtesy.

No shining warrior prince of old
Whose glory lit the knightly days
But this brief epitaph had told
The perfect measure of his praise.

Yet him we mourn a courage graced
That finds no ancient counterpart;
What knew they of the deaths he faced
With laughter from a boyish heart?

There needs no marble; just the small
Rude cross of wood that soldiers rear,
And this for proud memorial,
An English Gentleman lies here.

An Appropriate Item.

From a programme of the Municipal Concerts, Bath:—

"DOUCHE REVERIE AND PETIT VALSE
Tchaikovsky.
In the event of rain the Band will play at the Pump Room."

"Educated Girls Wanted for Training in Rabbit Catching in Radnorshire."—*Times.*

Expert exponents of the "Bunny-Hug" specially invited.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XIV.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Richard. Tell us something more about the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Mamma, and the great reconciliation between them in this period.

Mrs. M. Very well; but it is a long story. The antagonism between them was mostly friendly and was expressed in athletic contests, but it occasionally led to harsh mutual criticism. Thus it was said, on the one hand, that Oxford could only produce a manner and a marmalade, and, on the other, that Cambridge was only famous for sums and sausages.

Mary. Well, I think that sausages and marmalade are both very good things. But I hate sums and I don't understand what you mean by a manner.

Mrs. M. My dear child, it is not seemly to speak of food with such enthusiasm, and by abusing arithmetic you render yourself ridiculous. But as you ask for information on the subject of the Oxford manner I will endeavour to enlighten your ignorance. It was supposed to reflect a consciousness of intellectual superiority to those who had been educated elsewhere, and undoubtedly in some instances caused considerable irritation, especially as the majority of the great poets were educated at Cambridge, while three of the most distinguished bards who entered Oxford — SHELLEY, SWINBURNE and CALVERLEY—found the conditions so uncongenial to the development of their talents that they left or were obliged to leave without obtaining a degree. I am bound to admit, however, that two out of the three were decidedly unconventional—I had almost said Pagan in their opinions.

George. Well, give me CALVERLEY every time.

Mrs. M. Your expressions are rather odd, but the sentiment is defensible. CALVERLEY, as you perhaps know, migrated to Cambridge, where he had a brilliant academic career. But to revert to this criticism of Oxford, I find it expressed in a most pointed manner in the writings of an eminent Cambridge professor of the period, BATESON by name, who, after complaining of the neglect of science by the sister university, traces the evil back to the public schools. "Boys who are marked out as leaders," he observes, "rarely have much instinct for science and avoid such teaching, finding it irksome or unsatisfying." And the Professor continues: "These it is who, going afterwards to the Universities, in preponder-



First Amateur Gardener. "HOW ARE YOUR PEAS DOING?"
Second ditto. "SPLENDIDLY—ONLY THEY'RE ALL COMING UP NASTURTIUMS."
First ditto. "THAT'S CURIOUS. I'VE GOT SOME TURNIPS LIKE THAT IN MY PLOT."

ating numbers to Oxford, make for themselves a congenial atmosphere, disturbed only by faint ripples of that vast intellectual renascence in which the new shape of civilisation is forming. With self-complacency unshaken they assume in due course charge of Church and State and Press, and in general the leadership of the country. As lawyers and journalists they do our talking for us, let who will do the thinking. Observe that their strength lies in the possession of a special gift—the gift of speech—which under the conditions of democratic government has a prodigious opportunity."

Mary. Dear Mamma, I think Professor BATESON must be right, because he writes just in the same way you talk.

Mrs. M. I am afraid, Mary, that your opinion does more credit to your filial piety than to your discrimination. Still I am not insensible to the compliment.

Richard. But had all the Oxford men the gift of the gab—I beg pardon—of speech?

Mrs. M. Some of them certainly were distinguished for their forensic and oratorical talents. Mr. ASQUITH and Lord CURZON, for example. But Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Lord BEAVERBROOK and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE were none of them educated at Oxford. In any case Professor BATESON's indictment was rather unfortunate, for, at the very time he wrote, the antagonism that he, perhaps unconsciously, helped to foster was swallowed up in a noble emulation which turned all the undergraduates into fighting-men, all the scholars into crusaders, and enriched the annals of both Universities with countless and imperishable examples of heroic patriotism.

THE RECENT HEAT-WAVE.

(*With acknowledgments to our Snappy Contemporaries.*)

["Owing, it is thought, to the heat a tram-car ran off the rails at Bedworth."
Daily Paper.]

As a result of the warm weather several moths in the suburbs have decided to discard their fur coats.

At Sunningdale last week a ferocious attack was made on a policeman by a butterfly, which actually snapped at the officer while in the execution of his duty.

It is thought that LUDENDORFF was overcome with nervous prostration when he announced in a despatch to Berlin that, "with the exception of the postponement of the offensive, there was nothing to report on the Western Front."

Things got so warm in Ireland that several Sinn Feiners were invited by the Government to go away for the benefit of Ireland's health.

A Sergeant-Major who gave the wrong word of command last week was so overcome by the heat that he absolved the recruits from all blame.

During the rush for the Brighton train at Victoria Station an alien who jumped on an intending passenger, dislocating his shoulder and removing a brace of teeth, went so far as to apologise. It is supposed that he was suffering from a heat-stroke.

We have reluctantly to deny the rumour that, during a warm day last week, Sir HEDLEY LE BAS rushed into a restaurant and ordered iced champagne at four shillings an inch.

A Provident Lad.

Extract from small boy's letter from school:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—Would you send me some more pocket-money? I thought I'd better lay in a store of penny stamps to write to you with—as I hear they are going up in price. . . ."

"I have been killing a pig for our own use for the last fifteen years."
Letter in "The Daily Dispatch" (Manchester).

Like CHARLES II. the pig seems to have been an unconscionable time in dying.



First Officer (in spasm of jealousy). "WHO'S THE KNOCK-KNEED CHAP WITH YOUR SISTER, OLD MAN?"
Second Officer. "MY OTHER SISTER."

TALES TOLD TO CIVILIANS.

THE FLY.

HAVE I been at the Front!—O Lor!
Was I over the bags?—You bet.
They tell me I won the mouldy war
At the Battle of Nouvillette;
The bombs was terrible thick
And the shells was mountain-high,
And many a Bosch went back to Base,
But I can't say much about what took place,
For *I* had a fly in my eye.

We were just getting up to Fritz
When the horrible thing occurred,
And bang in my eye the blighter sits,
The size of a well-fed bird;
"Come on," the Officer says;
I says to him, "'By-and-by;'
It's all very well to say, 'Come on!'
I would if my arms and legs were gone,
But *I've* got a fly in my eye."

Have you been on a bicycle, Sir,
And copped it proper the same,
When the world was only a misty blur
And your eye like a red-hot flame,
So that you wept great tears,
So that you longed to die?
Well, think what it is when there happens to be
A battle you specially came to see,
And *then* get a fly in your eye.

They say as there ain't no doubt
What I ought to have gone and done—
Turned my upper lid inside out
And over the under one;
But I tell you the bombs was thick,
And never a man said "Hi!
Just monkey about with your upper lid;"
So I blew my nose and I wept, I did,
And I *still* had a fly in my eye.

And then, Sir, I just went mad,
I groped for my trusty hype,
And I laid about like a Tyneside lad
With a good blind circular swipe;
They tell me I killed ten Huns
And laid out Corporal Fry;
The Huns they took to their heels and fled,
And even the Company wished me dead,
And I *still* had a fly in my eye.

I fell on my poor old face,
I lay in a hole and swore;
And now they call me a shell-shock case
And tell me I won the War;
They gave me the D.C.M.,
And that's why I seem so shy,
But this is the truth I've told to you,
And you never can tell what a man won't do
With a darned great fly in his eye.

A. P. H.

SPELLING BY "ANALOGY."

Lady (finishing order at telephone). And send it to Two hundred and fifty-three, Tanza Road.

Voice over telephone. Two hundred and fifty-three—where, Moddam?

Lady. Two hundred and fifty-three, *Tanza Road.*

Voice. I'm sorry I can't *hear* you, Moddam.

Lady. Two hundred and fifty-three, Tanza——

Voice (coldly). Spell it by analogy, Moddam.

Lady. T for Tommy, A for apple, N for novel, Z for zany.

Voice. Z for *what?*

Lady. Z for *zany.*

Voice. I'm sorry I can't *hear*, Moddom. Z for *what?*

Lady. Z for *zebra.*

Voice. Ah, that's better.

"Yesterday evening Mr. ——, J.P., auctioneer and farmer, was fired at when driving home. . . Mr. ——, who is an ex-Chairman of the —— Rural District Council, is a most popular man in the district. For some time past he has been subject to a series of annoyances, the most recent of which was the spiking of his lands, and his cattle and horses mutilated."—*Irish Paper.*

Popularity in Ireland would appear to have its drawbacks.



THE NEW ORIENTATION.

Kaiser. "Our future, my dear boy, lies in the East!"

Crown Prince. "Well, father, from what I've seen of the West I think you may be right."

THE NEW SPIRIT IN SPORT.

[Being a few extracts from the papers of the near future, illustrating novel developments in war-time sport.]

"The Clydeside Rivetters' Cup Final was played at Dalmuir yesterday before a crowd of sixteen thousand, and resulted in a draw. Fairfield Furies, who started favourites, gave a great display, putting up a score of one hundred-and-fifty thousand rivets, MacAndrew being top-scorer with eight thousand, which places him at the head of the averages. Set an almost impossible task to win, Brown's Bustlers (Clydebank) tackled the proposition brilliantly, and stood a good chance of drawing level when the supply of ships ran out, and as nothing other than rivetting on shipboard is allowed under Lloyd's rules the game was abandoned. We understand that three members of the Fairfield team have been selected to represent Great Britain against the American team that is to come over next month and attempt to recover the cinders."

"Greater public interest than ever is being displayed in the Naval Gun-laying Tests which opened yesterday in the North Sea. More than forty large passenger liners crowded with enthusiastic spectators accompanied the Fleet, and betting was very keen on the outcome. The forward barbette of the *Queen Elizabeth* stands favourite at present in the heavy section. An exciting incident marked yesterday's proceedings, the Press-boat being mistaken for a target and sunk by a salvo from one of the Super-Dreadnoughts. Fortunately no lives were lost, but in consequence of this mishap we regret that the opening scores have not yet come to hand."

"On Saturday afternoon Tooting beat Clapham in the Planting Section of the London Allotments League. For a time Clapham looked like winning, for they holed out the potato round in record time; but they were eventually overhauled by the Tootingites, who gave a fine display on the greens, their manipulation of cabbages and cauliflowers being considered one of the prettiest bits of play of the season, and drawing forth repeated applause from a large attendance."

"Devonshire Chevrons Club held their first trenching competition of the season on Saturday. It resulted in an easy win for Mudhampton; but the award of the prize is under consideration owing to the fact that the winning team's supporters started sniping at them with a battery of machine-guns, and the other competitors contend that, had they had this incentive to dig themselves in, they also would have made a vastly improved effort."

"Messrs. Laird and Co., contractors for the Forth and Clyde Canal, have very generously offered the proposed canal course for the forthcoming international trenching match between England and Scotland."

"In yesterday's race for Tanks (mixed sexes) up Ben Nevis the indomitable *Marguerite* alone succeeded in attaining the goal. In view of the practical impossibility of negotiating the descent it has been decided to leave her there and convert her into an hotel for tourists desirous of seeing the sunrise from the summit."



Artist (forestalling rustic criticism). "YES, I KNOW THIS ISN'T LIKE A SHEEP, AND THE HOUSE ISN'T LIKE THAT HOUSE UP THERE, AND THE TREES ARE THE WRONG SHAPE AND COLOUR. I'M SORRY!"

National Service Man (from Chelsea). "MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU DON'T DO YOURSELF JUSTICE. YOUR WORK INTERESTS ME EXTREMELY. I SHOULD DESCRIBE IT AS NEO-CUBISTIC VORTICISM, I THINK."

Fair Warning.

Notice put up by the C.Q.M.S. of a cadet battalion:

"INSPECTION OF ROOMS.—The Commanding Officer will inspect No. 3 Coy. rooms to-morrow. Cadets are reminded not to leave anything of value laying on the shelves."

"In our recent report of the entertainment held at St. ——, we inadvertently omitted to mention the name of Miss —— as having contributed two sons."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand that Miss —— has written to the Editor entreating him to publish no further apology.

A SPECIAL OCCASION.

HE had been waiting outside the Tube station for some time, but the expression of his face as he glanced at the clock from time to time was one of whimsical rather than of bored impatience.

Five-and-twenty past one.

A quarter past had been the appointed time; but she was always inclined to be a little unpunctual, though she could never be got to admit it or even to realise it.

Would she ever alter? He was afraid not.

After all, there was no doubt that part of her charm lay in a sort of irresponsible casual attitude towards the minor incidents of life. But in things that mattered he had never known her to fail.

Half-past. Surely no accident could have befallen her? He half smiled at the idea. Kitty was not the sort of person to get run over, and somehow one felt certain she would be sure to emerge smiling even from the most cataclysmic of disasters.

Suddenly he became aware of her coming towards him, threading her way swiftly, alertly, but quite quietly through the stream of passers-by.

How delightful, how fresh she looked; how different from all the other women!

Her smile as she came towards him was a trifle self-conscious.

"I do hope you like it," she said rather breathlessly when she got quite near him. "I'm so afraid it is a *little* too gay."

He surveyed her critically.

"I think it's charming," he said. "Those roses——"

"Silly boy," she said. "They're not roses, they're dahlias. But I'm so glad you like it; one can't afford to have clothes one doesn't wear these days. Where are we lunching?"

He looked a little apologetic.

"I thought, darling, as it was such *very* special occasion, that perhaps——" He murmured the name of a very smart restaurant.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "do you think one ought? In war-time? But of course I shall simply love it. What a good thing the hat came in time. Shall we walk?"

But this was to be a day of real extravagance, and when she realised how much he was enjoying it she let him have his own way. He had been working so hard, poor darling, all these months, and spending nothing, except



THE NEWEST ARMY.

Subaltern. "OF COURSE I CAN'T ASK YOU TO MESS, DAD; BUT GET YOURSELF SOME EXTRAS AT THE CANTEEN WITH THIS." (*Hands his parent half-a-crown.*)

on the most necessary things. And, after all, it *was* an occasion.

The lunch was a tremendous success. Even the waiter seemed to sympathise with their happiness, though one might have imagined he must have grown accustomed to the ways of lovers, and become *blasé* in consequence; but then this was such a particularly attractive pair.

And after lunch they went to a matinée, and he bought her violets and chocolates, and there was more taxi, and finally they had tea in a cosy little very new place which only the extremely initiated had heard of at all.

On their way out they paused a moment in the dark entrance. He had to go back to the City; there were important things still to be done at the office. He kissed her very tenderly.

"It has been lovely," she said. "I'm so glad we decided to keep it quiet; it would have been dreadful to have a fuss, and people, and all the time to feel——"

The tears came into her blue eyes for a minute, but she blinked them away. He knew that she was thinking of those whose gay smiling ways would never again brighten their happy circle, and he held her little hand tightly, keeping it tucked under his arm while they traversed the brief distance between the tea-shop and the Tube station, and again going down in the lift and along the draughty passages.

"I'll try not to be very late," he said, as he put her into the train.

She was smiling again, and the last glimpse he had of her was her bright face beaming at him from the window over his bunch of violets, which she had pinned into her fur. He walked away briskly, his mind full of happy memories. It was their golden wedding day. R. F.

"A Berlin telegram announces that the Reichstag, after the reading of the Colonial Budget, has adjourned till June 4."
Morning Post.

By which time it may have got over the shock.

"Sergt. —— said that he was in London Road, ——, when he saw the defendant in charge of a brown mare and about two tons of stone. The Mayor was restless and under the saddle there was a raw wound about two inches in length."—*Provincial Paper.*

Quite sufficient to account for his worship's uneasiness.

A RONDEL OF WAR-TIME BOOTS.

THE friendly cow, all red and white,
She never gave me boots like these,
Habiliments of little ease,
Where paper (brown) and wood unite
And, anything but water-tight,
Open their seams to every breeze.
The friendly cow, all red and white,
She never gave me boots like these;
Leather she gives (when she has *quite*
Finished with it herself) and cheese
And cream in varying degrees—
But not this cardboard composite.
The friendly cow, all red and white,
She never gave me boots like these.

"235 ACRE FARM: —— Farm, near Rugby and Coventry; chiefly pasture which will fatten a bullock."—*Morning Paper.*

But no single animal ought to be allowed in these times to make a beast of itself.

"Quiet restful holidays at Ilfracombe means Health."—*Daily Paper.*

No doubt they does.

"The ground thereabouts gave natural defences to the village of Ville-sur-Ancre. On the north of it there is flooded ground owing to the damning of the stream."—*Daily Paper.*

Or was it the other way about?



Jill (examining picture of tank). "DOES IT HAVE ANY OPENINGS?"
Jack. "ONLY TWO. ONE TO FIRE A GUN THROUGH AND ONE TO PUT THE MONEY IN."

WHAT THE SUN DIDN'T SEE—FOR FAR TOO LONG.

"ONCE upon a time," said the Sun, who has lately been in a very good humour and full of stories, "there was a meadow surrounded by a flint wall, where I caused the buttercups to shine like burnished gold, and where the grass was high and green and as long as the pony and the donkey who inhabited the meadow would allow it to be. Here and there was a cowslip; while near the house were hen-coops with old hens in them whose anxious heads protruded through the bars querulously shouting instructions to their fluffy children.

"Such," said the Sun, "was the meadow, which was interesting to me chiefly because it was the playground of a small but very vigorous and restless boy named Nobby, whose merry inquiring face it gave me peculiar pleasure to tan and freckle.

"A small boy," said the Sun, "can do a thousand things in a meadow like this, even without the company of a donkey and a pony, and Nobby did them all; while his collection of performing wood-lice was unique.

"But a morning came when he was absent. I was shining at my best, the buttercups were glowing, there was even an aeroplane manœuvring in the blue—which is still, I notice, a certain lure both to young and old—but no Nobby. The wood-lice crept about or rolled themselves into balls, all unnoticed and immune.

"'This is very odd,' I heard the pony say; 'he's never neglected us before.'

"'Passing strange,' said the donkey, who at times affected archaistic speech. 'And on so fair a morn too.'

"So saying they resumed their eternal meal, but continually turned their eyes to the garden-gate through which Nobby would have to pass. I also kept my eyes wide for him; but all in vain; and what made it more perplexing was that Nobby's mother came in and fed the chickens, and Nobby's aunt came in with a rug and a book and settled down to be comfortable; and that meant that the boy was not absent on a visit to the town, because one of them would have gone too.

"'That settles it,' said the donkey, who had, for an ass, quite a lot of sense; 'Nobby is ill.'

"The donkey was right—or approximately so, as I afterwards found out. Nobby was ill. That is to say, he was in bed, because that morning he had sneezed—not through looking up at me, but for no reason at all—and his mother, who was a very careful mother, had at once fetched the clinical thermometer and taken his temperature, and behold it was a hundred. So Nobby was not allowed to get up, but now lay there watching my rays pouring into the room, and listening to the buzz of the aeroplane, and longing to be out in the meadow with the donkey and the pony and the woodlice.

"That, however, would never do; for 'It all comes,' his mother had said, 'of sitting about in that long grass so much, and so early in the year too'—a line of argument hardly likely to appeal to a small and vigorous boy who does not reckon summer by dates and to whom prudence is as remote as Treasury notes.

"Anyway," said the Sun, "he was paying for it now, for was he not in bed and utterly sick of it, while the rest of the world was out and about, and, warmed and cheered by me, completely jolly? Moreover, he didn't feel ill. No self-respecting boy would, of course, admit to feeling ill, ever; but Nobby was genuinely unconscious of anything wrong at all. Not however until his



Sergeant-Instructor (to cadet). "NA, YE'LL NO MAK' AN OFFICER. BUT IT'S JUST POSSIBLE IF THE WARR KEEPS ON A WHILE AN' YE PRRACTICE HARRD—VERRA HARRD—YE MICHT—*MICHT*, MIND YE—BEGIN TO HAE A GLIMMER THAT YE'LL NEVER KEN THE R-RUDIMENTS O' THE WURRK!"

temperature went down would he be allowed to get up; that was the verdict.

"His mother took it again before lunch, and it was still a hundred; and then at about half-past four, when human beings, I understand, get a little extra feverish, and it was still a hundred; and then at last came the night, and Nobby went to sleep confident that to-morrow would re-establish his erratic blood.

"On the morrow he woke long before anyone else," said the Sun, "and sat up and saw that I was shining again, without the vestige of a cloud to bother me, and he felt his little body to see how hot it was, and was quite sure that at last he was normal again, but he couldn't tell until his mother was up and about. The weary hours went by, and at last she came in just before breakfast with the thermometer in her hand.

"'I'm certain I'm all right to-day,' I heard Nobby say. 'I feel quite cool everywhere.'

"But, alas and alack," said the Sun, "he was a hundred still.

"'My poor mite!' his mother exclaimed, and Nobby burst into tears.

"'Mayn't I get up? Mayn't I get up?' he moaned; 'I feel so frightfully fit.' But his mother said no, not till the temperature had gone down. You see," added the Orb of Day, "when Nobbies are only-sons and those only-sons' fathers are fighting the Germans, mothers have to be more than commonly cautious and particular.

"And so all through another long day—and when you are vigorous and robust, like Nobby, and accustomed to every kind of impulsive and adventurous activity, day can be, in bed, appallingly long—and so all through another long day Nobby was kept a prisoner, always with his temperature at a hundred, and growing steadily more and more peevish and difficult, so much so that his mother became quite happy again, because it is very well known among human beings that when they are testy and impatient with their nurses they are getting better.

"But when on the third morning, although Nobby's temper had become too terrible for words, his temperature was still a hundred, his mother began to be alarmed again. 'It's very strange,' she said to her sister, 'but he seems perfectly well and cool, and yet the thermometer makes him still a hundred. What do you think we ought to do?'

"Nobby's aunt, who was a wise woman, although unmarried, went up and examined her nephew for herself. 'He certainly looks all right to me,' she said, 'and he feels all right too. Do you think that the thermometer might be faulty? Let me try it;' and with these words Nobby's aunt shook the thermometer and then put it under her tongue and gave it a good two minutes, and behold it said a hundred; and then Nobby's mother shook it and tried it and gave it a good two minutes, and behold it said a hundred; and the cook was a hundred too, and the gardener was a hundred, and the girl who came in to help was a hundred, and probably the donkey would have been a hundred, and the pony a hundred, if they had been tested, because a hundred was the thermometer's humorous idea of normal.

"So Nobby's mother and aunt rushed upstairs two or three at a time, having a great sense of justice, and pulled him out of bed and dressed him and hugged him and told him to be happy once more.

"And a couple of seconds after this," said the Sun, bringing the story to a close, "I saw him again."

"Ireland has played the brilliant and naughty child, kicking her nurse's shin because she cannot have the moon long enough."
Daily Paper.

Well, for our part she may have it all the time—and the Gothas too.

AT THE PLAY.

"PRESS THE BUTTON."

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Gaily quoting this remark, to ease his conscience, Mr. ROBERT HICHENS proceeds to unbend in a Three-Act "absurdity" of incredible boisterousness. Let no one complain that he does not give full measure. The house "literally" rocked with laughter, as the artless reporter has it.

Lord and *Lady Anthony Fitzurse* are leading a perfectly intolerable life in their luxurious Park Lane mansion, completely under the thumbs of their butler, *Maynard*, a sinister fellow with an evil eyebrow, parchment complexion, thin lips, elastic-sided boots and white socks. Relief suggests itself in the form of an installation of the automatic devices of one *Talbot Bulstrode*, whereby the affluent householder, pressing buttons labelled "Make bed," "Put on coals," "Spread dust-sheets," "Bring rich food from FORTNUM AND MASON'S," can run his establishment with no more than a cook and a clever char. (I suspect the char was introduced as an excuse for bringing in Miss POLLIE EMERY. Good idea too.)

Here obviously is material for fun of a jolly primitive kind. It was seasoned by the introduction of a lady of wayward impulses, *Ex-Queen of the Paradise Islands*, the complexity of whose flirtations had apparently scandalised even the islanders to the point of deposing her. She falls in love with the masterful *Maynard*, and when I tell you that Miss LOTTIE VENNE is cast for this engaging part you can picture the possibilities of the situation. After much play with *Bulstrode's* apparatus, which the inventor had perversely arranged so that it could be thrown out of gear at will to the extent, for example, of delivering great quantities of coal when you pressed for "rich food," the indomitable *Maynard*, who has discovered *Bulstrode's* disconcerting contrivance, remains in possession, and all (for reasons unexplained) is peace in Park Lane.

It was sporting of Miss MARIE LÖHR to give us this absurdity, seeing that constant racket and ludicrous situations do not tend to show a pretty woman at her best. She carried off her part with a lively air that helped to pull the joke through successfully. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH spread himself over his make-up (the other way about, really, but you know what I mean) and produced a genuine triumph in the way of a bizarre butler. This is a real creation of Mr. HICHENS, but Mr. AYNESWORTH, who always manages to convey that agreeable and infectious impression of thoroughly enjoying himself, must share the credit with him.

Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the susceptible ex-queen, asking if every noise (and there were plenty of them) was a revolution, continuing to hint at the depths of naughtiness in the Paradise Islands, and pursuing with a perfect shamelessness the queer object of her affections, was at her excellent best. Mr. E. M. ROBSON as *Bulstrode*, a little Cockney of gorgeous effrontery, inventor, burglar and blackmailer; Mr. STANLEY COOKE as a dyspeptic chauffeur, and Miss POLLIE EMERY as the perfect char, kept the fun going with gust and ability.

I think perhaps that you need to bring some high spirits of your own to keep up with all this to the very end, but if you can do that you will go away refreshed by a couple of hours of easy laughter. And it is emphatically the kind of piece that will improve with frequent playing and the acquired slickness so essential to noisy farce. I ought to add, in justice to a deserving and too little appreciated body of craftsmen, that the stage carpenters did their share of the business quite admirably. T.

HINTS TO YOUNG JOURNALISTS.

["'A. G.' should always remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope and to write on one side of the paper only."
Weekly Paper.]

WE will presume that, having nothing better to do, "A. G." has decided to be an author, having heard that the profession comes within the Wild Birds Preservation Act.

Some writers are born, others do it on purpose, while a number drift into some useful occupation in later life.

Always write on one side of the paper. As to the right side of the paper it is easy to find out. You stand with a sheet of paper in your hand and face the North. Swing round sharply to the right, turn the paper over and the side which is uppermost is the right side.

Do not hesitate to enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Editors are honest folk and will promptly send it back to you.

Do not smile if the Editor "regrets" having to return it, for it appears that quite a number of editors die young of a broken heart.

Always send a long letter telling the Editor why you wrote the MS. you send him. Otherwise he may jump to the conclusion that you did it to annoy him.

Another Sex-Problem.

"A short-horn bull, due to calve in June, was disposed of for £29 5s."—*Provincial Paper.*

BEESWAX AND BENZINE.

Now, being out of pain and bored,
I take a survey of the ward
Wherein for weeks uncounted I
Have been perforce constrained to lie;
And, being one of Nature's saints,
Make singularly few complaints.
I don't complain it isn't quiet;
I don't complain about the diet;
I don't complain about the way
I 'm dosed and tonicked day by day;
I don't complain when night by night
My fellow-patients pillow-fight;
I don't complain of Sisters who,
When they can find no work to do,
Smooth out my counterpane and make
Discomfort for appearance' sake;
The one complaint I can't ignore
Concerns the polish on the floor.

When Sister first awakens me
At six or thereabouts I see
This polish in a little bowl
Delivered to a cheery soul,
Who takes a little on a broom
And chivies it about the room,
And ultimately leaves it where
Its odour permeates the air
(A stink by this politer name
Remains essentially the same).
This polish being base and vile,
Provocative of spleen and bile,
The inner man of me rejects
Its odour—wilts at its effects:
I gasp for air—I choke—I swallow . . .
And sordid consequences follow.

I ought to thank my stars if that
Is all I have to grumble at?
I might enlarge for days and days
Upon my fellow-patients' ways;
I might refer to people's groans
And other people's gramophones
(Whose records all have been of late
Both out of tune and out of date);
I might say almost anything
About the songs that people sing.
I might go on for nights and nights
And still be well within my rights;
But, on the whole, I rather would
Have ONE complaint—and have it GOOD.

Well Named.

"HOTEL FAST, JERUSALEM.

Visitors will greatly oblige the Management by bringing their own Rations with them."
Advt. in "Palestine News."

The War-Horse.

He gains no crosses as a soldier may,
No medals for the many risks he runs;
He only, in his puzzled, patient way,
"Sticks to his guns."

"The jury sympathised with the driver that this should be the first fatal accident he had had in his fifteen or sixteen years as a driver."
Provincial Paper.

No wonder the Government are proposing to abolish coroners' juries.



Farmer. "WHY ARE YOU USING A SILVER-BACKED HAIRBRUSH?"
Land Worker. "YOU TOLD ME TO BE SURE TO USE A 'DANDY BRUSH,' AND THIS IS THE DANDIEST I COULD FIND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. FREDERIC COLEMAN is the gallant American gentleman who, immediately upon the outbreak of the War, volunteered for service with the British Army, and thenceforward was seen wherever shells came thickest and explosives were highest, driving into every imaginable danger. Emerging unimpaired, he wrote, with incredible rapidity, two books which are amongst the best of those dealing with the early phases of the War on the Western Front. It then occurred to him to go to Siberia and to Japan, and to embody his experiences in another book, which is entitled *Japan Moves North* (CASSELL). Mr. COLEMAN advocates the sending of Japanese troops under certain conditions to Siberia; but he points out that Japan is not in the War for the attainment of vague objects. It is necessary for Western statesmen to walk very warily in their dealings with this proud and efficient country, and Mr. COLEMAN's book will help them to clear their minds. It is a lively record and stuffed full with information. Here, by the way, is an episode from a chapter on Russian discipline. Mr. COLEMAN was being rowed out from Port Arthur to a Russian man-of-war—this was long before the Revolution. He was seated beside the coxswain and on his other side sat a Russian officer. The question of discipline was being discussed, and Mr. COLEMAN made some reference to the well-trained crew which was conveying them. "To illustrate just what he meant by discipline the officer turned towards the coxswain and struck the man full in the face with his clenched fist. I winced," says Mr. COLEMAN, "as though I had been the one struck." The coxswain however took the blow unflinchingly, and the officer struck him again twice. "Blood ran down the face of the man at the tiller, but he set his lips and with his eyes straight ahead kept his hands on the tiller-ropes." Mr. COLEMAN lost his temper, and is of opinion that such incidents go far to explain why there is now a relaxation of discipline in the Russian forces.

It seems to me that the life of a King's Messenger, in fiction especially, is full of difficulties. For one thing a capacity of unstaled wonder must be his. It must perpetually astonish him that the attractive young female traveller who shares his compartment proves, if unsuspected, to have designs upon his luggage; and, contrariwise, should he detect in her a sinister purpose, will almost invariably turn out to be a friend in disguise. I have been prompted to these conclusions by a book called *The Red Passport* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), in which Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER has collected a number of stories relating the adventures of one *Gresham*, carrier of despatches. The tales are quite brisk and lively little affairs, suffering of course slightly from the fact that, while the settings vary, the style of the intrigue is of necessity liable to repeat itself. Indeed, for my own part I found my chief pleasure in the scenes. Sir JOHN FRASER, like Cupid, is winged and doth range, and the wanderings of his hero, from Malta to Mandalay, provide incidentally a flavour of Imperialism very agreeable. If I had to select any one as best, I think

I should choose "An Affair at Salonika," in which the mystification is rather more profound than in most; though even here at the end the arch-villain does turn out—but that is another story, or rather a variant of one of those indicated above. I am afraid I shall have to put down despatch-carrying as among the monotonous professions; though this is by no means to say that I found the book about it a dull one.

Penny Scot's Treasure (COLLINS) is an unambitious and agreeable mixture of love, blood, humour and adventure in wilder Canada, blended by Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN's practised hand. Any wholesome boy from sixteen to sixty should find it entertaining, and, as the War, with its swift creation of professional and respected tomboys, will make many a strenuous maid less content than before with the old Garvician formula, our author should increase his circulation. *Penny Scot* was a canny prospector who died out on the road, and big blond Norseman *Olson* and his friend *Jefferies* follow up his track in the hope of discovering a cached hoard. They find more than they bargained for. A skeleton, a will, a knife, the live blackguard that owned the knife, and a little Indian maid who for sudden love of the blond giant sets out to warn him at great peril to herself. All ends well, with wealth quickly gotten—the destined end of all pioneering romance. The two heroes determine never to do a stroke of work for the rest of their lives—a dull and immoral conclusion, I am afraid. . . . In these days of ultra-sophistication Mr. NIVEN's naïve asides are refreshing. Such, for instance, as: "'Yahoo,' by the way, is not slang or journalese or what is called Americanese. It comes from SWIFT's *Gulliver's Travels*."



THE INSATIABLE.

Doris (during deafening noise of air-raid). "PLEASE, DADDY, DORIS WANT TO HEAR THE TICK-TICK."

I admit a certain hesitation over *The Humphries Touch* (COLLINS). There were moments when the central idea tickled me so pleasantly that I had to smile aloud. It was then that I would give it the higher praise of a comparison with *Vice Versâ*. But again there were moments, nay half-hours, when I became conscious that Mr. FREDERICK WATSON was playing a little too obviously for farce at any price, and buying his laughs at the expense of all coherence. The main theme is, as I say, excellently promising; the introduction to an ancient and ultra-conservative public school of a small boy with a genius for, and much experience of, stock-manipulation gives scope for any quantity of admirable fooling, not the less funny for being all of it a little obvious. *George Andrews*, with his entirely mature outlook and vocabulary, facing the perils of an existence which he regards as at once barbarous and contemptible, will inevitably remind you of the deathless *Bultitude*. Even better than *George Andrews* (in whom, of course, one can never really believe) are some quite brilliant caricatures of certain magisterial types, from the head downwards. Upon them Mr. WATSON has exercised so nimble and caustic a wit that I regret the more his occasional lapses into such stale buffoonery as, for example, the cinema company mistaken for brigands. I may add, however, that the gem of satire that ends the tale makes amends for all. If, as is possible, you should grow weary by the way, I counsel you at least not to miss the refreshment of the final pages.

MRS. WINIFRED PECK's *Twelve Birthdays* (MURRAY) contains much thoughtful work and is especially to be commended to mothers who have boys to bring up and no idea how to do it. I am not implying that MRS. PECK is a homilist, but on her way through this story she drops many words of wisdom which are well worth garnering. *Timothy Deyne* was born of an unmoral father and a mother who was something of an iceberg. In a very short time she decided that her marriage was a mistake, and resolved that *Timothy* should be removed from his father's influence. As the approaches to his son were practically mined against him and his wife avoided him as much as possible, one is forced to entertain some sympathy for the indefensible *Mr. Deyne;* and indeed the author is no advocate, but puts the case with a refreshing impartiality and a fine disregard for popular taste. In some essential features this is a remarkable book. The author sees without flinching the sadness of the world as it is to-day, but she also sees the splendour of it. Through these *Twelve Birthdays*, which are happily not consecutive, we have the advantage of following *Timothy* from cradle to camp—and after. At Eton he gave me a momentary shock. Even to-day—and this was a dozen years before we talked like that—surely no Etonian would describe his school as "some place." At any rate I hope not.

The affairs of those who try to climb into American high society—"high" is not quite the correct word: "moneyed society" is perhaps better—do not offer very promising material for the novelist who is not a master-hand at the delineation of character. One has only to read a few pages of *The Fifth Wheel* (CASSELL) to realise that Miss OLIVE PROUTY intends that we shall be more interested in the adventures of her heroine than in a close analysis of her mentality or emotions. The *Vars* family are thrusters of a most ignoble type, and *Ruth Vars* is a pushing young vulgarian whose intrigues to secure the affections of a wealthy but grammarless lout disgust the reader nearly as much as they do the young man's mother. But she is a thruster only by environment, and a series of adventures or misadventures give her an opportunity of developing into a very sane and wholesome young woman and marrying a good if stodgy husband. The transformation occurs very naturally and easily, and the latter part of Miss PROUTY's story is much more attractive than the first, though none of it can strictly be said to be of "gripping interest," as the publishers phrase it. I have a suspicion that this is Miss PROUTY's first attempt. If so there is every reason to hope that, given a subject of greater consequence, its author will soon win a larger measure of popularity than *The Fifth Wheel* is like to earn.

"Empty Edible Oil Barrels, 8s. each."—*Provincial Paper.*

No coupons are required for this delicacy.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office, according to a gossip writer, is experimenting with the telephone. It is not known who first told them about this exceedingly clever little invention.

With reference to the observation balloon which fell on a house at Sittingbourne, we understand that the householder would prefer that in future all envelopes should be pushed through the letter-box.

"This wave of bigamy must be stamped out," said the Common Sergeant at the Old Bailey. We understand that several domestic vipers have already been nipped in the bud by him (if he will pardon our imitation of his flowers of speech).

It is possible that we may have a silly season this year after all. The latest story is that a Margate gentleman has observed a sea-serpent no larger than a small worm. The local theory is that the man has been drinking Government ale.

"The Taxi-Cab to Disappear," says a *Daily Express* headline. We see nothing new in this.

"There is some point in the question," said Mr. BALFOUR, replying to Mr. OUTHWAITE, M.P., in the House of Commons. Members are of the opinion that Mr. OUTHWAITE must have done it for a bet.



'SWEETS.'

"A visit to Scotland," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently, "is an inspiration to an anxious Minister." But then, as the natives modestly point out, the bulk of our Ministers are at home there.

The report that one of the busts at the Royal Academy is so lifelike that the original attempted to raise its hat by mistake for his own is now ascribed to the petty spite of a Futurist clique.

A Civil Court in Berlin is trying Count GUNTHER VON BERNSTORFF on a charge which suggests that he has been behaving like an unmitigated scoundrel. The only defence appears to be that it is hereditary.

"When getting married," says a weekly paper, "always remember the verger." Personally we always do.

From the *Vossische Zeitung* we gather that General KORNILOFF was assassinated on April 18th. We presume that this renders his previous deaths null and void.

"Is Hindenburg Dead or Alive?" asks an evening paper headline. Our answer is "Yes."

"Thousands of cases of Irish eggs," says a news item, "are being shipped from Dublin to England every week." A number of Irish bad eggs were also recently dealt with in this way.

We gather from the Spanish Government that the report of the escape of the U. 56 from Santander is premature.

A farm labourer recently appealed for exemption on the ground that he was so tender-hearted he couldn't kill a worm. But after all he was only asked to kill Germans.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's friends will be pleased to learn that larger waists are to be fashionable this season.

The War-time Spirit.

"A Lady wishes to Hear of a Lady of good social position who would be willing to Receive her (together with her maid) as Sole Paying Guest for 2 or 3 months towards the beginning of July; large country estate preferred, with plenty of garden and farm produce; she is extremely fond of good bridge, so would only go where she would be sure of getting some."
Morning Paper.

"Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude . . ."
Rudyard Kipling (1914).

N.B.—He really wrote it.—ED.

"The dispute between labour and capital ended on Monday, and all weaving sheds are expected to work fully from Tuesday. This ending was hastened by the vow taken by Mr. Gandhi to abstain from food till settlement was reached."—*Times of India.*

We should like to see Labour agitators at home adopt this form of hunger-strike.

DISILLUSION ON THE HOME FRONT.

(*Affectionately dedicated to the Inns of Court Reserve Corps.*)

Blare of bugles and throb of drums
Herald our column where it comes
With rhythmical pulse of hob-nailed feet
Debouching into Victoria Street—
Men, to judge by their martial air,
Ripe for valorous work "out there."

Traffic is stayed; the surging crowd
Threatens to voice its pride aloud;
British tradition alone restrains
The ardour that almost bursts its veins
As it breathes God-speed to a gallant corps
Apparently bound for the seat of War.

Glad eyes down from the windows glance
Where you turn to the left to entrain for France;
Flanking the kerb where the two ways part
We can hear the beat of the flapper's heart.
Brave is her smile, but her cheeks are wan;
The turning comes—*and we keep straight on.*

The glamour pales as the crowds remark
That our main objective is just Hyde Park;
They have spent illusory hopes and fears
On a veteran party of Volunteers
(Very deceptive in warlike guise)
Out for their Saturday exercise. O. S.

THE NEW DRAFT.

Somewhere in England—and, incidentally, miles from anywhere and anything, to the utter boredom of the junior Subs—stands the usual orderly ugly Hutment Camp. On this day of May the sun is shining, the lark's on the wing, the fair breeze blows through the heather, and the dust—but why spoil a pretty idyll? The Second-in-Command stands at the gate of the potato garden and gazes fixedly down the long road over the moor. Presently a pillar of dust, suggesting to his military eye a body of troops on the march, tops the horizon and slowly advances. The new draft is undoubtedly approaching. A raw lot, evidently - not much sign of military formation here. The N.C.O. in charge has all his work cut out to keep his party together. As they draw near, the Major, with an amused smile, notes the lack of march discipline—stragglers down and all over the road, urged on by a perspiring Lance-Corporal (who is none too sprightly himself, for he is a war-worn veteran and carries his three gold stripes); others, the youngsters, larking with one another; others again even halting on their own account, as if the four miles' climb from the station had been far too much of a good thing for independence no longer in the first bloom of youth. The Major however continues to smile tolerantly.

At last the party is rounded up into some sort of formation and halted, while the senior N.C.O. salutes and reports the safe arrival of his charge.

The Major proceeds in a leisurely manner and with the same tolerant smile to look over the new arrivals.

"Not so bad, Corporal, not so bad. They'll be all right after a week or two here. What's that? A lot of trouble in coming through the town? Well, well, a little discipline will go a long way, eh?" (Appreciative guffaws from the Major at this pleasantry and dutiful grin from the Corporal). "What's the matter with this fellow? Sore feet? H'm, better see to that as soon as they've got into quarters. This one's on the small side. Well, well, good food and a healthy life will work wonders with 'em. March 'em off and see they have a good feed as soon as possible."

"Very good, Sir," and off they go, hobbling and shuffling weary feet through the dust, and looking about them with mingled wonder, distrust and apprehension, like so many mothers' darlings dumped down in a big public school for their first term.

The usual fatigue man in the usual slops surveys them with a dreamy eye from his comfortable resting-place under the lee of a hut; then, as the interest of his discovery filters through to his quiescent brain, he removes his short black pipe from his mouth and whistles to a fellow-toiler stretched near by on the heather; and as the kites collect from nowhere out of the blue to share the find of a more fortunate companion so do the "Regimentally Employed," the "Excused Duties," the "Light Duties," the "Quartermaster's Fatigues," and all other and sundry, the bugbears of the Adjutant and the Regimental Serjeant-Major, flock to the scene to take their share in the feast of wit. Somewhat coarse, it is to be feared, and cruelly personal, for the soldier is no kinder than the schoolboy, his father, in his reception of the raw and innocent.

The two N.C.O.'s in charge of the new-comers make no attempt to protect their charges—they even join in the laughter at the more direct hits. But at last the pink rookies have run the gauntlet of comments on their appearance, behaviour and personal peculiarities, and, accompanied only by the less lethargic of their tormentors, have come to a halt at the door of their new home. The Corporal roughly pushes his way through the huddled mob and throws open the door.

"Now then, my beauties, in you go"—and in they go, or most of them, in a scrambling rush, remarking in twenty different and querulous keys on the bare clean-swept floor, the neat piles of bedding and the lime-washed walls. The luckless stragglers, loudly protesting, are whipped in by the Corporal with his stout ash-plant, aided by the well-directed boots of the laughing hangers-on. Then he shuts and bolts the door. "Well, Bill, that's settled the blighters. What about a pint afore we feed 'em?"

* * * * * * *

No, my pacifist friends, it is nothing to write to the papers about—"brutal militarism" and all the rest of it. Any dweller in Hutment Camps could have told you by now, if you hadn't been so ready to rush to hasty conclusions, that the Battalion's pigs, chief pride of the President of the Regimental Institutes and consumers of the "unconvertible" from the refuse tub, are safely installed in their new and commodious home. Come with me and lean on the wall and watch the sturdy little fellows scrapping for a place at the swill-trough.

Our Ammunition Boots!

"Only the uniformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply ——'s Corn Cure and get relief."—*Bermuda Colonist.*

"The Government are fully aware that the policy they are pursuing will be severely criticised in some quarters in Great Britain and will give an unfavourable impression in Ireland, but they were obliged to choose between the lesser of two evils."—*Daily News.*

It sounds a hazardous operation, in which we feel sure no Government would engage from choice.

"When, if ever, the War Office supplies comfits to the army, we shall know that we have really abandoned reliance on our traditional arm, and become a 'militarist' nation in the Continental sense."
Manchester Guardian.

Another illusion gone. We had imagined the supply of "hundreds and thousands" to be quite a speciality of the War Office.



ANOTHER WAR-PROFITEER.

THE MUD LARKS.

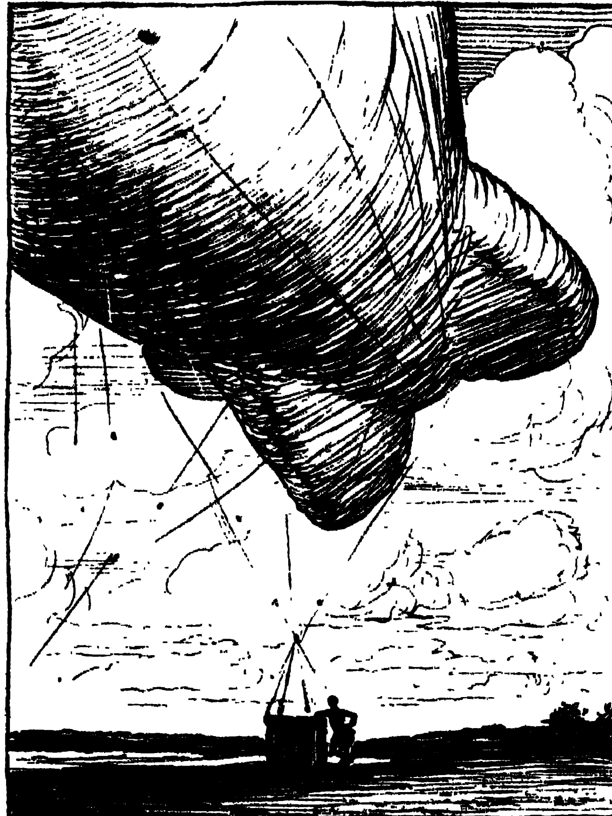
Lionel Trelawney Molyneux-Molyneux was of the race of the Beaux. Had he flourished in their elegant days, Nash would have taken snuff with him, D'Orsay wine—no less. As it was, the high priests of Savile Row made obeisance before him, the staff of the *Tailor and Cutter* penned leaders on his waistcoats, and the lilies of the field whined "Kamerad" and withered away.

When war broke out Lionel Trelawney issued from his comfortable chambers in St. James's and took a hand in it. He had no enthusiasm for blood-letting. War, he maintained from the first, was a vulgar pastime, a comfortless revolting state of affairs which bored one stiff, forced one to associate with all sorts of impossible people and ruined one's clothes. Nevertheless the West-end had to be saved from an invasion of elastic sided boots, celluloid dickeys, Tyrolese hats and musical soup-swallowing. That was *his* war-aim.

Through the influence of an aunt at the War Office he obtained a commission at once, and after a month's joining-leave (spent closeted with his tailor) he appeared, a shining figure, in the Mess of the Loamshire Light Infantry and with them adventured to Gallipoli. It is related that during the hell of that first landing, when boats were capsizing, wounded men being dragged under tentacles of barbed wire, machine-guns whipping the sea to bloody froth, Lionel Trelawney was observed standing on a prominent part of a barge, his eyeglass fixed on his immaculate field boots, petulantly remarking, "And now, damn it, I suppose I've got to get wet!"

After the evacuation the battalion went to France, but not even the slush of the salient or the ooze of Festubert could dim his splendour. Whenever he got a chance he sat down, cat-like, and licked himself. Wherever he went his batmen went also, hauling a sackful of cleaning gear and changes of raiment. On one occasion, hastening to catch the leave train, he spurred the Company Commander's charger into La Bassée Canal. He emerged, like some river deity, profusely decorated in chick-weed, his eyeglass still in his eye ("Came up like a blinking U-boat," said a spectator, "periscope first"), footed it back to billets and changed, though it cost him two days of his leave.

He was neither a good nor a keen officer. He was not frightened—he had too great a contempt for war to admit the terror of it—but he gloomed and brooded eternally and made no effort to throw the faintest enthusiasm into his job. Yet for all that the Loamshires suffered him. He had his uses—he kept the men amused. In that tense time just before an attack, when the minute hand was jerking nearer and nearer to zero, when nerves were strung tight and people were sending anxious inquiries after Lewis guns,



Sent in reply to following request "Darling, do send me a picture of yourself standing by the machine you fly in."

S.A.A., stretchers, bombs, etc., Lionel Trelawney would say to his batman, "Have you got the boot and brass polish, the Blanco, the brushes? Sure?" (a sigh of relief). "Very well, *now* we'll be getting on," and so would send his lads scrambling over the parapet grinning from east to west.

"Where's 'ole Collar and Cuffs?" some muddy warrior would shout after a shrieking tornado of shell had swept over them. "Dahn a shell-hole cleanin' his teef," would come the answer, and the battered platoon chuckled merrily. "'E's a card, 'e is," said his Sergeant admiringly. "Marched four miles back to billets in 'is gas-mask, perishin' 'ot, all because he'd lost 'is razor an' 'adn't shaved for two days. 'E's a nut 'e is and no error."

It happened that the Loamshires were given a job of crossing Mr. Hindenburg's well-known ditch and taking a village on the other side. A company of tanks, which came rolling out of the dawn-drizzle, spitting fire from every crack, put seven sorts of wind up the Landsturmer gentlemen in possession; and the Loamshires, getting their first objectives with very light casualties, trotted on for their second in high fettle, sterns up and wagging proudly. The tanks went through the village knocking chips off the architecture and pushing over houses that got in the way; and the Loamshires followed after, distributing bombs among the cellars.

The consolidation was proceeding when Lionel Trelawney sauntered on the scene, picking his way delicately through the débris of the main street. He lounged up to a group of Loamshire officers, yawned, told them how tired he was, cursed the drizzle for dimming his buttons and strolled over to a dug-out with the object of sheltering there. He got no further than the entrance, for as he reached it a wide-eyed German came scrambling up the steps and collided with him, bows on. For a full second the two stood chest to chest gaping, too surprised to move. Then the Hun turned and bolted. But this time Lionel Trelawney was not too bored to act. He drew his revolver and rushed after him like one possessed, firing wildly. Two shots emptied a puddle, one burst a sandbag, one winged a weather-cock and one went just anywhere. His empty revolver caught the flying Hun in the small of the back as he vaulted over a wall; and Lionel Trelawney vaulted after him.

"Molly's gone mad," shouted his amazed brother-officers as they scrambled up a ruin for a better view of the hunt. The chase was proceeding full-cry among the small gardens of the main street. It was a stirring spectacle. The Hun was sprinting for dear life, Lionel Trelawney hard on his brush, yelping like a frenzied fox-terrier. They plunged across tangled beds, crashed through crazy fences, fell head over heels, picked themselves up again and raced on, wheezing like punctured bag-pipes.

Heads of Atkinses poked up everywhere. "S'welp me if it ain't 'ole Collar and Cuffs! Go it, Sir, that's the stuff to give 'em!" A Yorkshireman opened a book and started to chant

the odds, but nobody paid any attention to him. The Hun, badly blown, dodged inside a shattered hen-house. *Lionel* Trelawney tore up handfuls of a ruined wall and bombed him out of it with showers of brick-bats. Away went the chase again, cheered by shrill yoicks and cat-calls from the spectators.

Suddenly there was an upheaval of planks and brick-dust, and both runners disappeared.

"Gone to ground, down a cellar," exclaimed the brother-officers. "Oh, look! Fritz is crawling out."

The white terrified face of the German appeared on the ground level, then with a wriggle (accompanied by a loud noise of rending material) he dragged his body up and was on his way once more. A second later Lionel Trelawney was up as well, waving a patch of grey cloth in his hand. "Molly's ripped the seat out of his pants," shouted the grand-stand. "Yow, tear 'm, Pup!" "Good ole Collar and Cuffs!" chorused the Loamshire Atkinses.

Lionel Trelawney responded nobly; he gained one yard, two yards, five, ten. The Hun floundered into a row of raspberry canes, tripped and wallowed in the mould. Trelawney fell on him like a Scot on a threepenny bit and they rolled out of sight locked in each other's embrace.

The Loamshires jumped down from their crazy perches and doubled to see the finish, guided by the growlings, grunts, crashing of raspberry canes and jets of garden mould flung sky-high. They were too late however. They met the victor propelling the remains of the vanquished up a lane towards them. His fawn breeches were black with mould, his shapely tunic shredded to ribbons: his sleek hair looked like a bird's-nest: his nose listed to starboard; one eye bulged like a shuttered bow-window; his eye-glass was not. But the amazing thing about it was that he didn't seem to mind; he beamed, in fact, and with a cheery shout to his friends—"Merry little scamper—eh, what?"—he drop-kicked his souvenir a few yards further on, exclaiming, "That'll teach you to slop soup over my shirt-front, you rude fellow!"

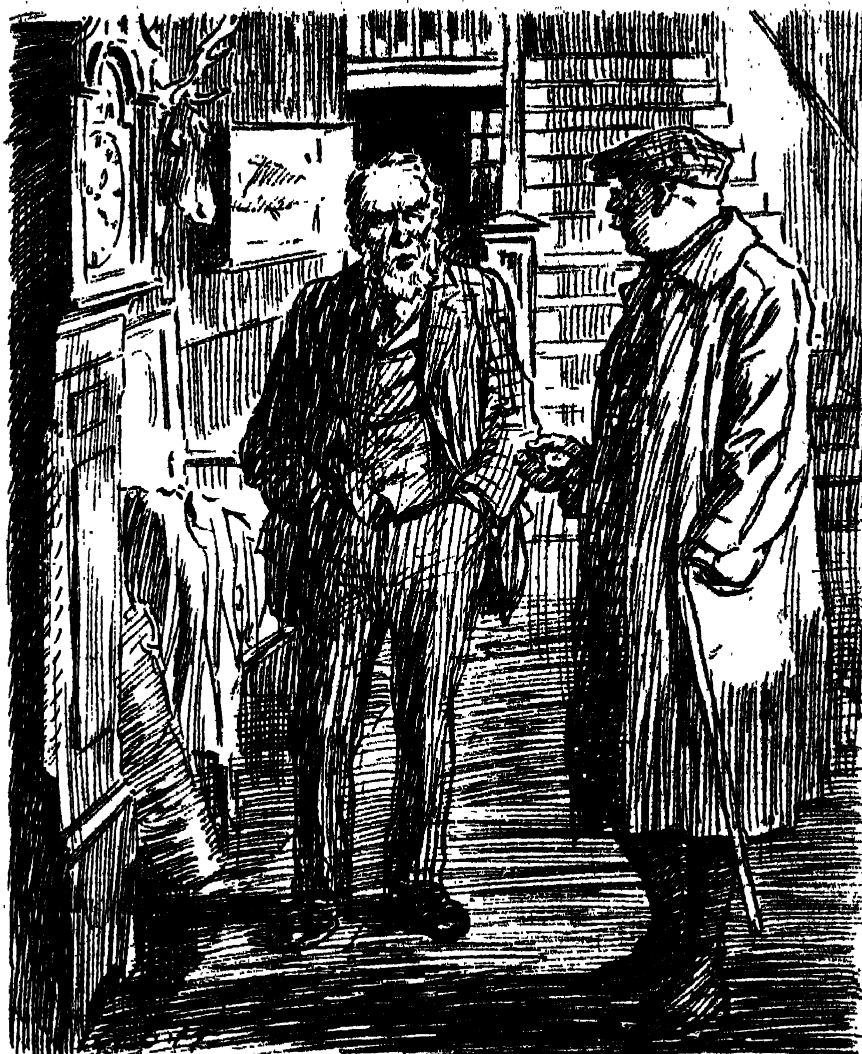
"Soup over your shirt-front!" babbled the Loamshires. "What are you talking about?"

"Talking about?" said Lionel Trelawney. "Why, this arch-ruffian used to be a waiter at Claritz's, and he shed mulligatawny all over my glad-rags one night three years ago—aggravated me fearfully."

PATLANDER.

"A lady having larger house than she requires would like another."—*Provincial Paper.*

Some people are never satisfied.



Guest (at Highland hotel). "YOUR CLOCK SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED."

The Host. "OO-AY. YE SEE, TAMMAS THE BOOTS WENT AWA' TO PALESTINE AND TOOK THE KEY IN HIS POCKET."

WAR HONEY.

I WONDER what the kind of bee
 (And what the nectar from what flower
 He sipped in an unfriendly hour)
That brought this offering to me
As delicacy for my breakfast-table—
 This sad and odorous stuff
 (My dear, you've had enough!)—
Honey, the grocer says; but that's a fable.

Surely some centipede, aroused
 By the allotment-digger's spade,
 Sought solace in a midnight raid
Upon a upas-tree and browsed,
And thence derived those rare and pungent juices
 Which, now that we're subdued
 To any kind of food,
Is made to serve these dietetic uses.

I'm sure it never knew a hive
 Or any sort of bloom; there's not
 A hint of clover in the pot;
A Woolwich chemist might contrive,
As relaxation from his high explosive,
 Some milder synthesis
 Closely resembling this,
Blending in one the glue and the glucosive.

No summer's breath is here; it tastes
 Of Dora and the Country Black;
 Smells of the fetid chimney-stack
And leafless smoke-encircled wastes.
Certainly I for one don't blame Hymettus,
 Nor any herbs that grow
 (Dearest, I told you so!)—
It's time to drop a horrid subject. Let us.

'The Times' new poet—Mr. Dudyard Kipling.

"£8,362 has been handed to Mrs. Lloyd George by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London for comforts for the Welsh troops and assistance for those who are disabled as the result of collections in the City on the Welsh Flag Day."—*Times.*

Flag-selling must indeed be strenuous work.

A LITTLE RETREAT.

Letter from Isidore Steinwicz to Prim, Son & Prim.

Brighton.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send to me list of any houses you may have to let in Beaconsford or neighbourhood, as my lease here ends May 12th. I want a house for three months, with extension if air-raids should continue.

We are two in family, besides self and wife. I can give highest references, and will pay if necessary considerable rent for suitable house.

Yours faithfully,
ISIDORE STEINWICZ.

I suppose you have no air-raids in neighbourhood of Beaconsford?

Letter from Prim, Son & Prim to I. Steinwicz.

Piccadilly.

DEAR SIR,—We enclose a list of houses to let in Beaconsford and neighbourhood, and would particularly recommend No. 3 (Mr. Cayley-Gibbons'), with whom you might like to communicate. Yours obediently,
PRIM, SON & PRIM.

Letter from Same to James Cayley-Gibbons.

Piccadilly.

DEAR SIR,—We have given your name to a Mr. Isidore Steinwicz, of Brighton, who is looking for a house in your neighbourhood, and hope you will be able to come to terms with him for the spring and summer months.

Yours obediently,
PRIM, SON & PRIM.

Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to Prim, Son & Prim.

Beaconsford.

DEAR SIRS,—Thanks for your letter. I don't like the sound of your client's name. Surely Maidenhead would suit him better. I wouldn't let my own house to an alien bomb-dodger on any terms. However, I happen to have heard of a house that might be just the place for Mr. Steinwicz. I will put him on to it if he writes. Though I daresay it is not on your list, no doubt a commission might be arranged if your client proves all right.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

Letter from I. Steinwicz to J. Cayley-Gibbons.

Brighton.

DEAR SIR,—Your name has been given to me by Messrs. Prim of Piccadilly. Please let me know the accommodation and rent you ask, also whether there is a dug-out, as every precaution against these horrible air-raids is necessary for safety.

I am a British subject and of military age under this new Act, which I consider scandalous. But as I am dealing in leather, used to large extent by army, I do not expect to be called up, and am willing to take your house, if suitable, for three months, with right to extend if I desire. Should I, however, be called up, should expect tenancy to end at once, as my wife and children would have to go back to our house at Maida Vale.

I do not mind paying good rent, as I am of ample means, and can give best social and business references.

Yours faithfully,
ISIDORE STEINWICZ.

Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to I. Steinwicz.

Beaconsford.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, but have decided not to let my house for the moment.

I know, however, of a house which might be just the place for you, though it is not in Beaconsford itself, but right in the country some miles from here. I cannot give you definite information about the rent, but fear it is rather a large one. A cousin of mine is the present tenant, but is leaving shortly, I believe. I have never had a chance to visit him there, so have not seen the place, but believe it is roomy, and there are good cellars, which no doubt would serve as an air-raid shelter. I may add that, though it is some little distance from a railway station, there are plenty of near neighbours. I could not give you his address without permission, but I am writing to him to-night, and will ask his leave.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

Letter from Moses Steinwicz to Isidore Ditto.

Maidenhead.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I hope you have found another safe retreat, and am glad to hear that you are leaving Brighton soon, in any case, as I do not think the South Coast will be safe much longer. I hear that the next raid, which I am told may be expected on London shortly, will be more terrible than ever.

I and Rebecca are moving next week to Hampshire, and I am leaving the Stepney factory in charge of my foreman till things have settled down.

Why do not the Government make peace at once, and let us all get on with our business? It is terrible. Thank goodness, I am over age, even for this disgraceful new Act.

If things get much worse our beloved Galicia would be a safer place than England to live in.

Your affectionate brother, MOSE.

Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to I. Steinwicz.

Beaconsford.

DEAR SIR,—Since writing to you I had an unexpected note from my cousin, which must have crossed the letter I sent to him last night. I was not certain before exactly when he thought of leaving, but now find that circumstances may compel him to leave almost at once. I gather from his letter that there are several people after the place, so fear you may be too late, though of course, even if they take it, the new tenants may not remain long.

However, I could let you know further when I hear from my cousin in reply to my last.

Yours faithfully,
J. CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

Telegram from I. Steinwicz to J. Cayley-Gibbons.

Brighton.

Will take cousin's house immediately at any rent asked please wire his address at once. STEINWICZ.

Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to I. Steinwicz.

Beaconsford.

DEAR SIR,—I received your telegram, but in the meantime have heard again from my cousin, saying that he has already left the house, and that the new tenants are moving in.

If you care to make them an offer to clear out I am permitted to tell you that their family name is Fritz, and the address, so far as I know it, is

Blasted Oak Farm,
Somewhere in Flanders.

Hoping you will be successful in ousting the Fritzes, as I think a two or three months' stay at the farm would do you a world of good,

I am, yours faithfully,
JAS. CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

P.S.—The rent is considerable, I hear. It runs all along the roof.

MY BIRD.

"HULLO! Battery speaking. Just heard there's one down on Mudsey Marsh . . . Eh? Yes. I think we can claim. We must have been the last to engage him . . . No, out of range to anybody else; he's ours all right. Let you know more in the morning. Good night!"

I hung up the receiver, holding my features hard in check, and clambered solemnly down from the telephone lorry. I did not want the operator to see me making an exhibition of myself. I wished to avoid, if possible, dancing and weeping in the presence of my men. But, my word, this was glorious, this was heaven. I had fought for



Mistress (as the new troops go by). "Which of them is your cousin?"
Nursemaid (unguardedly). "I don't know yet, Ma'am."

England and I had conquered. I had bagged my first bird; there he lay on Mudsey Marsh a shattered wreck, a terrible warning to Germany. This meant fame. Two or three more dust-ups of the same kind and I should have a back-page photograph in *The Daily Mail;* letterpress, "One of our Wizard 'Archies': the Man who cannot Miss."

Even before I was out between the guns again news had been whispered to the jackpost, thence to the detachments, who broke into a cheer. I quieted their uproar, dashed off my report of action and turned in for two hours' well-earned enjoyment of the British cuckoo's beautiful dawn-song.

A field-instrument in my tent started tinkling briskly half-way through the porridge course. The disturber was Crookeman, of "B" Section.

"Congratulate me, old man. The Mudsey fellow, you know—absolutely mine! I heard his engines go all to pot just after I opened out on him. And the humour of it is that ass Woollerson thinks it was his! Why, dash it all he couldn't have been even in range. . . . Thanks awfully. P'r'aps it'll be your funeral next time. Bye-bye!"

My next caller-up was Woollerson, of "C" Section.

"I say," he began, in deeply injured tones, "has Crookeman been talking to you? Fearful rot, of course, but he's trying to make out the Mudsey 'bird' was his. As a matter of fact I believe both Crookeman's breeches were jammed when the fellow came over, and that he didn't fire a shot. I only hope London has the common decency to let me claim; but you never know. Good-bye, old bean!"

At 10.15 the following message was handed to me: "Reference Mudsey Gotha AAA Fallowfield Guns"—the next line behind us—"have strong evidence AAA H.Q. will probably allow message ends."

An hour later: "Further reference Mudsey Gotha AAA marks of machine gun fire found on fuselage AAA practically certain brought down by R.A.F. very end."

By lunch-time I had learned it was almost definitely established that a monitor patrolling off-shore had shot down the Mudsey Gotha. By noon next day I had lost count of the number of unquestionable victors. Then I remembered young Fatterby.

We all used liberally to punch young Fatterby's head at school. Strange vicissitudes of human fate: young Fatterby now wears tabs.

After an hour's stern telephony I got on to the Intelligence Section, and quakingly asked for a private call to the great young man.

"Ye—es," he said—Fatterby's drawl is owned to be one of the finest on the Staff—"oh? Oh, you? How do? Ye—es . . . Mudsey Gotha? I'll get my notes . . . Hm. Mudsey. Gotha machine. Pretty well intact. Pilot taken alive; shocking beast, very surly. Ye—es; I can't remember exactly what he said, but it was something like this:—

"'I 'af mein pocket-'andkerchief in der engine dropped. Ach, she 'af clogged.'"

"Both the presence of prelates in the Lords and their nomination by the Crown are demi-æval survivals."—*Daily Paper.*

Pas demi, as our Allies would say.

"Wanted, at once; single-handed House-maid; experienced; willing to finish off dinner once a week when cook out."—*Daily Paper.*

There should be no difficulty about this requirement.



WAR AUCTION.

First Caller. "One heart." *Second Caller (tired after serving at a canteen for twelve hours).* "Two poached eggs."

A SONG OF PLENTY.

The shelling's cruel bad, my son,
But don't you look too black,
For every blessed German one
He gets a dozen back—
But I remember the days
When shells were terrible few
And never the guns could bark and blaze
The same as they do for you.
But they sat in the swamp behind, my boy, and prayed for a tiny shell,
While Fritz, if he had the mind, my boy, could give us a first-class hell;
And I know that a 5·9 looks bad to a bit of a London kid,
But I tell you you were a lucky lad to come out when you did.

Plenty of sand-bags now, my son,
Plenty of good trench stores,
Plenty of wire to teach the Hun
To have these mouldy wars—
But I remember a day
When stores were terrible few
And we'd nothing to keep the swine away,
The same as there is for you.
Ditches then at the best, my boy, and a parapet all in rags,
And many a man went West, my boy, for lack of a few score bags;
And it's all the same to an English lad that's fighting for the King,
But you ought to be just a trifle glad you've plenty of everything.

Up in the line again, my son,
And dirty work, no doubt,
But when the dirty work is done
They'll take the Regiment out—
But I remember a day
When men were terrible few
And we hadn't reserves a mile away,
The same as there are for you.
But fourteen days at a stretch, my boy, and nothing about relief;
Fight and carry and fetch, my boy, with rests exceeding brief;
And rotten as all things sometimes are they're not as they used to be,
And you ought to thank your lucky star you didn't come out with me.

A. P. H.

"One of their officers, described 'as temporary,' had been in the board's service for 29 years, and others for 25, 24, 23, and 22 years, said a member of the Holborn Board of Guardians."—*Evening News.*

A "Temporary Officer" writes to suggest that this competition should be held over to the end of the War, in order that he and his colleagues may have a chance of beating the above records.

"In addition to the boating, angling, tennis and other facilities there will be found a French Chef, providing 'the finest possible cookery of the moment,' dancing in the Palm Court every afternoon and evening (barring Sunday)."—*Referee.*

Personally, when we desire to sample "the finest possible cookery of the moment," we shall choose "the day which comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday," when the French chef is not dancing in the Palm Court.

"In connection with balata, an enormous amount of beef and pork, of which infinitesimal quantities have been allowed, are consumed by the bleeders every year. In respect of the 'Consolidated,' the largest balata company operating in the colony [British Guiana], it is understood that some 2,400 men are employed, consuming easily a thousand barrels each of pork and beef annually."
West India Committee Circular.

If the Food-Controller happened to come across this paragraph his regrettable illness is easily explained.



HEAVY SEAS AND A RISING STORM.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, May 28th.—With LUDENDORFF again on the war-path Members returning to Westminster after the Whitsuntide recess were in no mood to discuss trivialities. They readily accepted the intimation of Mr. MONTAGU, just returned from India with a deeper bronze upon his complexion, that his scheme of reform for the Dependency must wait the PRIME MINISTER'S pleasure before it can be revealed; nor were they seriously upset by Mr. BONAR LAW'S announcement that Home Rule for Ireland was still in the draftsman's hands.

With his shining spectacles and his ample corporation the MINISTER OF PENSIONS looks the very embodiment of the spirit of benevolence. Unfortunately there was a very small house to listen to him as he told the moving history of what had already been done to restore, so far as money and care can do it, the broken heroes of the War. Already three hundred and forty thousand men have received pensions. Thousands of them have in addition been supplied with artificial eyes and limbs, taught handicrafts or re-established in business. Already the estimate of the cost is forty-six million pounds a year, and as applications are still coming in at the rate of fifteen thousand a week that sum may easily have to be doubled. But provided the money is wisely and sympathetically administered no one will object. In fact the chief criticism that came from Mr. HOGGE and other Members was that the mouth of the Chelsea cornucopia is still too much narrowed by red-tape insertions.

The House of Lords was engaged upon a cognate work of war-benevolence. Some weeks ago Lord NEWTON announced that France had suddenly, and without notice to its Allies, entered into an agreement with Germany for a large exchange of able-bodied prisoners; and at the same time intimated that the British Government would shortly enter into similar negotiations. Since then a section of the Press has been conducting a violent agitation with the object of forcing an open door, and has not scrupled to suggest that Lord NEWTON himself was an obstructive.

What his Lordship has done to deserve this treatment nobody in the Upper House seems to know. Even Lord DEVONPORT, who produced a milk-and-watery version of the newspaper attacks, absolved Lord NEWTON personally from blame; and most of the other Peers who spoke paid a high tribute to his work for the prisoners.

My own impression is that Lord NEWTON owes his unmerited position as whipping-boy to the fact that he does not suffer fools gladly, even if they come in the guise of newspaper-reporters; and that, unlike his illustrious namesake, he has no use for the theory of gravity.



ANOTHER ASIATIC MYSTERY.
MR. MONTAGU.

His speech to-day, for example, was a little light in tone for so serious a subject, and some of his audience would have liked to hear less about the Press and more about the prisoners. Among his critics was Lord STAIR, who, having been himself in the hands of the Germans for two years, advocated the widest possible exchange of prisoners, on the ground that none of our men, after what they had gone through, would ever allow themselves to be captured again, while the pampered Germans would be ready enough to repeat the cry of "Kamerad." That expert view should help to dispose of the military objections to the exchange.

Wednesday, May 29th.—The Government were asking for trouble when, not content with upsetting the time of day, they sought to interfere with the "Seasons." Mr. WARDLE had to withstand a chorus of protests from champions of various sections of "commuters," as Americans call them. Even Colonel WILL THORNE'S warning that this question might bring the Ministry to grief failed to move him.

Perhaps, if rightly interpreted, Mr. CHURCHILL'S explanation of the Army Council's refusal to adopt the MADSEN machine-gun may be regarded as cheerful. It might be a better gun than our present one—he rather implied that it was—but it could not be produced in the enormous numbers immediately required. Better a LEWIS in the hand than two MADSENS in the bush. May we infer from this explanation that, in the opinion of the Army Council, the War is not going on long enough to make it worth while for the gun-factories to alter their machinery?



MR. HODGE GETS GOING.

The ill wind blowing across the Aisne had the negative merit of enabling good progress to be made with the Education Bill. Members were too busy in the smoking-rooms and on the Terrace airing their opinions of the Allied strategy to pay attention to the proceedings within the House.

There was a little discussion on Clause 4. Mr. TYSON WILSON objected to the phrase "young persons . . . enjoying the benefits of education," and moved to substitute the word "receiving," which does, I am afraid, more accurately express the juvenile attitude of mind. At any rate Mr. FISHER, however reluctantly, accepted the amendment. The next three Clauses were added to the Bill almost automatically, and when Clause 8 was reached the sub-section abolishing the "half-timer" went through without a hostile word from Lancashire and with only a feeble protest from Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.

Thursday, May 30th.—Mr. SHORTT made his official *début* under unusually favourable conditions, for not a single Nationalist Member was in his place. Mr. KING, seizing the opportunity of adding Ireland to his extensive *répertoire*, attempted to deputise for Mr. DILLON, and put a few questions about the Sinn Fein prisoners. The only result was to show that the new CHIEF SECRETARY has a clear voice and a crisp manner.

Further progress was made with the Education Bill. A belated protest from Lancashire Labour against the abolition of the "half-timer" was not followed up in the division lobby; but there was a good deal of opposition to the proposal to limit the right of parents to send their children to private schools. Mr. WILSON FOX's remark, that of all cranks the pedagogic variety was "the most unpractical, stubborn and ferocious," met with a good deal of approval.

An active part in the discussion was taken by Mr. PETO, in spite of an accident which had temporarily lamed him and compelled him to speak from his seat. But the Government declined to accept his utterances as *ex cathedrâ*.



NATIONAL ANXIETY.

'MAMMA, IS IT SAFE TO LET OUR SOLDIERS SLEEP?'

ALBERT'S VICTORY.

IT was Friday. Not a speck
Stained the spotless quarter-deck.
Fleet-Paymaster X. was there
With his table and his chair.
One by one came sidling by
All that good ship's company,
Smartly holding out the flat
Top-side of each sailor hat;
And a writer as they came
Loudly called each rank and name.
When the name of Gray was heard
The calamity occurred.
Came a pause of blank dismay——
Able Seaman Albert Gray
Said he didn't want his pay!

Fleet-Paymaster X. has fainted
On a stanchion (newly painted).
Duty servant, always handy,
Comes from nowhere with the brandy,
And the Bloke, who's standing by,
Drops his eye-glass from his eye
And in accents fierce and cold
Says, "The Captain must be told!"
Straightway someone lightly ran
Aft to tell the stern "old man."
And his face was very grim
As he muttered, "Send for him!"

* * * *

But whatever he could say
Able Seaman Albert Gray
Simply wouldn't take his pay.

When the Owner failed to find
What was on poor Albert's mind,
He despatched him finally
To a hot and tired A.P.;
For at sea it's overbold
Not to do as you are told.
Albert still refused to mention
Why he clung to his intention.
Silent was he to the end,
So that none could comprehend
His unique contempt for pelf
(P'r'aps he didn't know himself).
Though that hot Assistant Pay
Argued with him half the day,
Obstinate was Albert Gray.

Then the jolly P.M.O.
Said, "He'd better go below;
Let him on a boiler sit,
That should make him think a bit."
On that boiler Albert sat
Till the Chief suggested that,
Though the treatment might be rough,
Yet it wasn't hot enough.
"He is sitting in a draught,
Cold aloft, but hot abaft;
That's unwholesome, I've been told;
He will catch his death of cold.
Can't you pop him *into* it?"
Which they did—a perfect fit.
("Every worker's worth his hire,"
Quoth the Padre; "poke the fire.")
Though he stayed there all the day
Able Seaman Albert Gray
Still refused to take his pay.

Then the Owner secretly
Signalled to the C.-in-C.,
Who, afraid of further trouble,
Answered, "Bribe the rogue with double."
Albert Gray, as you'll suppose,
Simply tilted up his nose.

Then the canny C.-in-C.
Cabled to the Admiralty,
Who, afraid to rile the rebel,
Answered, "Bribe the man with treble!"
You'll imagine, I suppose,
That he just turned up his nose.
No, he wasn't *quite* half witted;
Albert took the bribe—and flitted.
Silently, at fall of day
Able Seaman Albert Gray
Left—with just three times his pay.

Our Erudite Advertisers.

"Let me give you a French lesson, for 'Can Fairy Anne' is really 'C' na faire rien,' and being translated means 'It doesn't matter.'"
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

THE AGATE BOX.

ONCE upon a time there was a charming lady whose friends all vied in giving presents to her. It is an attractive form of rivalry for the recipient to watch, and she enjoyed it immensely. They gave her gold things and silver things and tortoiseshell things; Bond Street and Beauchamp Place were ransacked for her. Some of these things she carried, to their great content; others she kept in a glass-topped occasional table, where they moped and grumbled. There were boxes of all kinds; from a large gold one with a little blue bird in it, which at a touch sprang up and trilled out a tiny song, to a very ordinary minute casket, composed of silver and two pieces of translucent agate, such as might have come from Brighton beach. This agate box had no longer any beauty, although, when it was made some fifty years ago, it was probably a treasure of elegance and taste, and the other occupants of the occasional table treated it with disdain and contempt.

The lady herself had by now forgotten all about whatever sentimental associations had once belonged to it, and there it lay, on a bed of old-rose velvet, no longer of any use to anyone, but coming under the general heading of curiosities; nothing, it felt, would ever happen to it again, and it had given up all hope. Children visiting the house and given the freedom of the table picked up and examined everything else, and uttered cries of delight when the absurd little bird pretended to sing; but they never touched the agate-box. A peculating butler, who once made a raid on the collection, was careful that his pockets should not be incommoded by any such trash, so that it had none of the fun and adventure which befell the others, who not only were pawned all over London but were collected again by the police and subsequently reassembled on the table—all but one very conceited turnip-watch, which could not be found again and was regretted by nobody.

"What you're doing here at all is a problem," a gold snuff-box, which had belonged to Beau NASH, would say when, in the small hours, conversation became general. "Silver is just tolerable so long as it is old; but agate!"

"Yes," a silver box (WILLIAM AND MARY) would say, "age is the test. Young silver is impossible. But agate!"

"From some vulgar beach too," a shagreen case would say.

"Who could have given it to her is the mystery to me," Beau NASH's snuff-box would resume. "Her friends have such taste as a rule."

"A poor relation probably," a gold needle-case would suggest. "Anyway, it doesn't matter. There it will be for ever and ever."

But the needle-case was—as needle-cases, no less than statesmen, often are—wrong. For a war chanced to break out, and when there is war there is change. Nothing is quite the same any more, and everyone and everything sooner or later are affected. The occupants of an occasional table in a charming lady's drawing-room might be expected to be immune if anything could be; but no. For it happened that as the War proceeded the supply of sea-borne necessities became more and more restricted, and among these was sugar, so that saccharine had to be prepared as a substitute, and everyone hunted about for some little receptacle to carry it in, the charming lady among them.

"I'm sure," the boxes heard her say as she lifted the lid of the table, "I've got something small enough. I hope so, for Heaven knows I can't afford to buy anything new, and all my generous friends are fighting."

"They look a little big to me," said her companion, picking up one gold and silver box after another. "They'll make your bag so heavy."

"Don't worry about that," cried the gold snuff-box which had belonged to Beau NASH, for he longed to resume active life again; but the lady couldn't hear him. It is terrible the things that are said to us by our possessions which we can't hear.

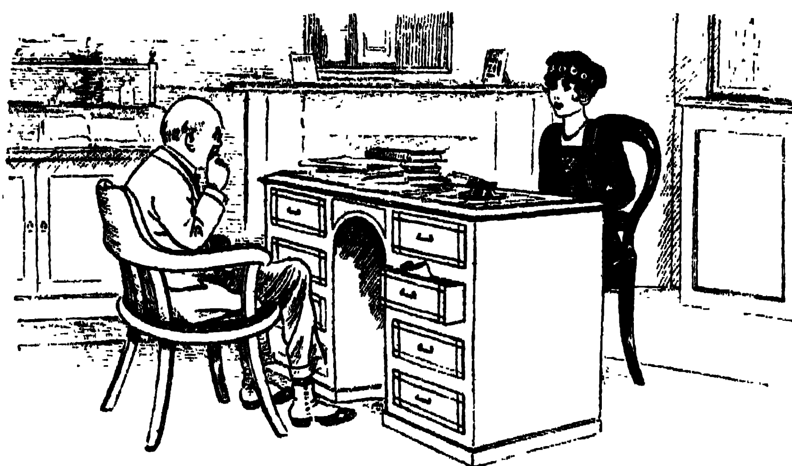
"Yes, they are rather too big," she said. "All except this little agate one."

"Agate! Could you carry an agate box?" the other asked.

"Why not?" she replied. "Besides, I like those funny Victorian things they're so ugly and quaint. No, I shall keep my saccharine in this," and she placed the agate box in her bag.

"Stap my vitals!" said the snuff-box, "what is the world coming to?"

But the little agate box was swooning with pride and rapture.



Collector of Customs and Excise (to applicant for temporary employment). "AND HAVE YOU ANY KNOWLEDGE OF CUSTOMS WORK?"

Fair Applicant (sweetly). "WELL, SIR, FROM CHILDHOOD I'VE BEEN A GLUTTON FOR SMUGGLER STORIES."

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"French troops drove back the enemy on a front of 10 kilometres. . . . A millimetre is about three-fifths of a mile."—*Toronto Evening Telegram.*

"Three or Four Unfurnished Rooms required by two ladies; 88 years in present rooms."—*Local Paper.*

Ah, well, an occasional change is good for everyone.

"The men of the North know that the Welsh wizard never speaks without saying something."—*Daily Paper.*

In which respect he differs from some of our journalists, who often write without saying anything.

"Lost on arrival of midday train from Maritzburg, SMALL BLACK DOCTOR'S HANDBAG."

Natal Mercury.

It is pleasing to note this evidence that South African natives are adopting the learned professions.

TO A DEALER IN TOBACCO.

(*From a common smoker of the same.*)

No sign of distress or distraction,
  No panic, no pendulous thumb;
You smile at that beastly exaction
  So pregnant with crisis for some;
The swag that the CHANCELLOR snatches
  With claws that have scarred not a few
Don't matter a ha'p'orth of matches
  To you.

In these times that are not very fruity,
  Most men, with expenses to curb,
Deplore that additional duty
  Stuck on to the heavenly herb;
But you sit on your bliss-heap, unheeding
  The vulture who preys and devours,
For it isn't your neck that is bleeding;
  It's ours.



REGIMENTAL SPORTS. THE MULE DERBY.

Officer (to famous millionaire jockey now in khaki). "YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND. FIRST MAN PAST THE POST GETS HALF-A-SOVEREIGN."

MENTALITY.

AT Bow Street yesterday Miss Amelia K. Slottery was prosecuted under the new Purification of English Act for that she, in a thesis written for her degree at Swottenham University, had made use of the word "mentality," contrary to the provisions of the said Act as laid down in Clause 1, sub-section 25.

Sir ARCHIBALD BODKIN, who appeared for the Crown, said this was a very bad case. The prisoner, it appeared, had caused her name to be entered for the examination in modern English, of which one of the chief features was the submission of an original essay on the Revival of Poetry in War. She had expressed her intention of using the word "mentality" in connection with the KAISER, but had at first been dissuaded by her friends, who pointed out to her that it was the duty of patriotic citizens to obey the law without hesitation or question. The word against which the Act was directed had obtained great vogue in America as well as in this country.

The Magistrate asked for enlightenment as to the formation of such a word. Did anyone propose to say "gentality" when referring to a nation, or "dentality" when speaking of teeth?

Sir ARCHIBALD. No, Sir.

The Magistrate. Very well, then, what is the defence? It is a most disgusting word. Mentality—pah!

Mr. Jones said his client was carried away by the ardour of composition. She now recognised the folly of her action and undertook not to offend again.

The Magistrate said he could not altogether overlook the charge. The prisoner must pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and might consider herself fortunate to have escaped so lightly.

CAROLINE.

WHEN office hours are weary with the heavy work they bring
And we strive to close our hearts against the coaxing voice of Spring,
Comes little Cockney Caroline on brown and sturdy wing.

She has no truck with Green Tabs and she doesn't hold with Red,
They never take a sandwich lunch and think they're fully fed;
It's the little lady-clerks she seeks and begs for luncheon bread.

Down among the table legs, along the floor she comes
With shrill undaunted friendly chirp, the song of city slums,
Dainty in her sooty grace, she flirts with us for crumbs.

No more we praise the nightingale, withdrawn from human cares,
But the magpie on the battlefield, who like a soldier fares,
And Caroline, who perkily our war-work rations shares.

Our Strum-Truppen.

"After the fight at Ville-sur-Ancre last Sunday two Australians had been playing a piano in a cottage there for 20 minutes, when a cellar flap opened and a German sergeant-major surrendered with 10 men."—*Daily Mail.*

"A deputation from the Master Bakers' Association was given an interview on the question of the use of 15 lb. of potatoes per ounce of flour for bread making. Their case was that the quantity of potatoes was excessive."—*Evening Times and Echo (Bristol).*

We are inclined to agree with them.

THE ADVENTURERS.

The other day, when I was out with the Junior Run, I felt an awful stitch in my side, due to potato scones, just at the bridge that crosses the stream through Highwayman's Copse, and sat down on the mossy parapet to rest. There isn't any copse at all now, for the trees have been cut down for the War and carted away, and that part of the world is completely spoiled. Presently two people came walking along and stopped at the bridge. One was Major Hewlett, who fought at Mons, and went on fighting till he lost his leg on the Somme, and the other was old General Morrison, who won the V.C. in the Boer War and has whole rows of war medals. Both of them were at my school once, and so they nodded to me politely and asked about the run. Major Hewlett won the Ten Mile Cross-country Championship of the school when he was here, and General Morrison often watches the Big Sides, so we were all friends, sort of. They stared at the stumps of the trees, just as I was doing, and then General Morrison said in his husky old voice, "By Jove, Hewlett, I remember my most exciting adventure to-day as vividly as if it had taken place yesterday. I shall never forget it. My heart still jumps to think of it."

"Tell us, General," said Major Hewlett, looking a little puzzled: "you never would give me the yarn of your V.C., you know."

"V.C.? Tut!" said the General. "Listen. At the time I have in mind I was in command of a band of hunters in the depths of Brazil. We were searching for a famous Blue Tiger, and no peril of savage man or beast could daunt us. I was known as Rolf Surehand, and was equally expert with rifle, revolver, sabre, boomerang and scalping-knife.

"For weeks we followed the spoor of the Blue Tiger, which was easily recognisable by its enormous size and the piled skeletons of rival hunters which marked the monster's meal-hours. We lived on what we killed and gathered—moose, ibex, armadillo, wild turkey, turtles, salmon, breadfruit, yams and custard-apples."

"Had you no pemmican?" asked the Major.

"*Of course* we had pemmican," the General snapped, very crossly, I thought—"and also the liquorice and cake we had saved from the wreck. Did I tell you we had been wrecked? Anyhow, we had, while seeking for Captain Morgan's treasure amongst the West Indian Keys. A brother pirate of mine named Bunface—now Bishop of Highchester—having discovered a chart in an oaken——"

"General," interrupted Major Hewlett with a funny smile, "you have reminded me of an exploit of my own which won't wait. I must tell you about it at once, and this other ruffian here. At one time I was the leading spirit of a band of Gentlemen Adventurers who spent their time roving all over the world. Sometimes we fought naked cannibals in Fiji, sometimes bartered for silver fox with the flat-nosed Esquimaux. One day we careened our schooner beneath the tossing palms of a tropic lagoon, the next our camp-fires scared the prowling timber-wolf in the hard North-West. At length finding ourselves in the heart of New Guinea, we chanced upon a stream sanded with gold, but crowded also with alligators, devilfish and water-snakes, and fringed by virgin forest ceaselessly whispering with stealthy savage life.

"Our ship—we too had been wrecked—was far behind us, but we had salved the brass what-d'-you-call-it?—ah, carronade—and planned to build ourselves a stockade secure against attack. But, alas! my lieutenant, Amyas of the Iron Arm, who was also the crew, was stricken down with the mumps, and I was put in quarantine. Then came the holidays, and the project was abandoned.

"And now they've cut down my New Guinea forest, General, and your Brazilian bush, and the palms and the banyans—just look at the place!"

They both stared at the tree-stumps and the stream as if they saw other things.

"There's the very pool where we knew the Blue Tiger slaked his thirst. Didn't just drink, mind you," said the General; "he was superior to that. He slaked his thirst."

"It's the same pool, Sir," said Major Hewlett, "where I was nearly caught by the Giant Python."

And what do you think? They were both pointing to a little pool in the stream which used to be hidden from the road by the trees and which I call, just for fun, of course, the "Black Lagoon."

And they didn't say a single word about the War.

"Rome, Friday.—The Prince of Wales this afternoon called first on Queen Elena Nexton, the Queen Mother Marcherita, and lastly on the Duke of Ogenoa. Afterwards H.R.N. went for a short stroll."

Manchester Evening News.

The identity of "H.R.N." is not revealed, but from his last initial we are inclined to believe that he is a relative of "Queen Elena Nexton."

THE OLD MATRON.

A stone's-throw from the College gate
There lives a very noble lady;
A cottage-lawn her whole estate,
Without a tree to keep it shady;
For thirty years she served the school
In quite a number of positions,
And by her character and rule
Upheld its very best traditions.

School generations came and went,
Head followed Head—but in this story
'Tis foreign to my main intent
To say which gained the greatest glory;
Enough that minds of every size,
Hustlers and scholars, bloods and boobies,
All came in time to recognize
Her price was far above all rubies.

For, though immersed in household cares
And such extremely mundane matters
As washing, packing and repairs
Of wardrobes normally in tatters,
She found with unobtrusive tact
A hundred ways of help and healing,
And never overlooked an act
Of cruelty or double-dealing.

Her office and her Spartan breed
Forbade her to be sentimental,
But in an hour of real need
She could be wonderfully gentle;
To fashion, to the swift or strong
She was incapable of truckling,
But helped the lonely soul along
And comforted the ugly duckling.

Robust in body and in mind,
Free from all feminine caprices,
Seeing the best in all her kind,
Though loving nephews more than nieces,
She made no pets; if haply one
Appealed to her beyond another,
It was the orphan or the son
Neglected by a selfish mother.

Too fond to quit a scene so dear,
Too wise to fancy she was slighted,
Loth to intrude or interfere,
Though always helpful when invited,
She is the first whom boys on leave
Greet when they seek their *alma mater*,
The last they part from on the eve
Of their return to trench and crater.

For in her strong and homely face,
Her life supremely self-forgetting,
They see the Genius of the Place
Incarnate in a human setting;
And, though they readily would own
Their debt to Founder, Saint and Patron,
Keep in their heart of hearts a throne
Of special glory for the Matron.



The Squire. "Well, Daniel, I came to congratulate you on your hundredth birthday. Splendid, isn't it?"
Daniel. "Oh, I doan' know, Zur. It took I a turrible long time to do it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Government and the War (Constable) is not an example of "wisdom after the event," for most of its chapters were written before August, 1914. They represent the considered opinions of a man who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the nature of war, and the best part of a generation to the endeavour to persuade his countrymen to follow his example. It would be tempting, did space permit, to try to sketch what would have been the probable course of the present conflict if the principles that Professor Spenser Wilkinson enunciates with so much force had been a part of the mental equipment of our political rulers. Unfortunately our statesmen, with very few exceptions, were so much immersed in domestic and party problems that they never seriously considered the question of war. They did not realise that war is a continuation of policy—"one of the modes of human intercourse," the author calls it; that a State intending to retain its independence must always be prepared for a conflict in which all its resources may have to be engaged; and that consequently it is necessary for the Government at all times to have at hand and constantly refer to "a thinker-out of wars" if policy is not to end in disaster. Under the rough tutelage of Germany our rulers have perhaps learned these lessons; but there are other teachings of military history that they do not seem yet to have fully assimilated, *e.g.* that there is no limited liability in modern war, that the problem of making an army is the problem of the education of officers, and that the temptation to dissipate energy must always be resisted. One of Professor Wilkinson's most encouraging statements is that "the fundamental condition of success is a vital cause"; one of the most depressing, that "victory cannot be won by a Government of amateurs." With the view of ensuring that our cause should meet the success it deserves I should like the Prime Minister to insist that every member of the War Cabinet—himself included—should devote a couple of hours before its next meeting to reading a volume whose clearness and cogency entitle its author to be described as the British Clausewitz.

I cannot but think that, so far as plot is concerned, *Mary Plantagenet* (Cassell) shows some retrogression from the themes, both original and strong, which I have hitherto associated with the name of Mr. J. C. Snaith. The present is what one might not unfairly call a Romance of the Housekeeper's Room, and turns very largely upon that antique problem of fiction—ought the scion of a ducal house to marry a heroine of mysterious parentage? In this case the heroine, *Mary* of the title, is a foundling, discovered on a doorstep of Grosvenor Square by a kindly policeman, who arranges for her upbringing as one of his own family. Afterwards she becomes what the publishers call a "famous actress," and is beloved by the heir of the Bridport strawberry-leaves. Naturally in an affair of this kind you will not expect that the heroine's origin is going to rest permanently on a doorstep; nor does Mr. Snaith allow you to be disappointed of any of the obvious eventualities. The whole thing, with its concern over coronets, strikes me as belonging really to the least expensive type of fiction, though here disguised by the skill of an author who has shown himself able to handle material better worthy of him. We know from the poet that hearts just as true and rare may beat

in Belgrave (here Berkeley) Square, as anywhere else; but the cardiac activities of *Mary* and her exalted connections certainly impressed me as dependent rather upon mechanism than any human blood, blue or other. Surely the author of *The Sailor* can hardly have regarded them altogether seriously.

Mr. PHILIP GIBBS maintains his standard as chief interpreter of the day-to-day moods, actions and *argot* of our armies in France. The history that will be written will contain many things which the hamstrung correspondents of these days either do not know or may not say; but it will not give us the pathetic or savage or humorous streaks of intimate local colour, the very heat and hurry and desperate fatigue of these and those actually fighting men. So that *From Bapaume to Passchendaele*, 1917 (HEINEMANN) will be a good book to have by one as a detailed commentary on battles too hopelessly big to allow of any but general treatment. This is a book of victory with scarcely a set-back, and whatever the imperturbable long-view strategists may say it is mournful to read of the heroism that gave us Kemmel, Messines, Wytschaete and a score of storied places now, alas, lost to us. But the moral of these pages is that the men whose tails "you couldn't get down with a crowbar" are still carrying on with the laughing courage which Mr. GIBBS illustrates in a hundred anecdotes. Let me say that there's not a page in this record that doesn't make the pulse beat faster and the proud tears rise; but also that the writer sees, below the brilliant heroic surface of the great struggle, the grim depths of horror, terror and decay. His fundamental seriousness corrects any tendency to Fleet Street flamboyancy and prevents abject surrender to the telling headline and the artless alliteration.



Lieut. Smythe (of the V.T.C. who is an allotment enthusiast). "I WANT YOU IN ROWS, PLEASE."

I know no book better calculated to provoke a *nostalgia* among shooting men for the scenes and incidents of the sport they love than *Shooting Days* (MURRAY), by Captain ERIC PARKER. For four seasons there has been virtually no shooting. Shooters old and young have been after bigger game. They have almost succeeded in beginning to reconcile themselves to the abandonment of their favourite sport, when, lo, here comes Captain PARKER with his book, and revives our regret in all its keenness. And Captain PARKER is Shooting Editor of *The Field*; he knows what to write about and how to write it; he can touch the spot more skilfully than another. He can speak of "the chances of covert-shooting at its best . . . the accidents, the unexpected, the wilder, happier part of it all," and can think "again and again of wet boots, the joy of being utterly tired, and sunset lighting orange lamps in the mosses and the pools of the bog." Briefly, Captain PARKER has written a most delightful book in a very charming style of pleasant reminiscence. It is a compendium of sporting information, and a mine of knowledge which can be minted into agreeable conversation in the long evenings of winter. I assume, you see, that some day we shall shoot again and discuss such questions as "Do partridges drink?"

One might say that from a literary point of view the Principality has lately been coming into its own, with perhaps a further guess that the inheritance seems likely to be a not altogether agreeable one. Already one very candid critic has dealt faithfully by the dwellers in South Wales; and now Mrs. EDITH NEPEAN follows with a story, *Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills* (STANLEY PAUL), whose characters abide in the country round Moel Siabod. There is however little resemblance, beyond certain tricks of literally translated idiom, in the two writers. Not for Mrs. NEPEAN the stark realism of Mr. CARADOC EVANS; rather one might describe her as a romanticist who has listened to *Bow Bells*, and in whose ears the silver trumpet of *The Family Herald* has sounded not in vain. Aptly does the wrapper-artist depict *Gwyneth* as standing tip-toe upon a mountain top, clad in a scarlet cloak and a tall hat. *Gwyneth* was that kind of heroine; the kind, moreover, that will enter a story as a foundling and leave it as the daughter of a lord. I wish I had space to tell you of her adventures between these extremes. She was pushed into a lake once; this was by a bad young man who had married her, and now for financial reasons wished to repeat the ceremony with somebody else. Which he did. When I add that *Gwyneth* was so far from being drowned that, having secretly emerged from the lake, within a comparatively short time she was being presented by her noble sire to the nephew whom he considered her suitable mate; and that this individual was none other than the gentleman who had originally submerged her—well, you will perhaps endorse my verdict about realism. If the Land of My (or rather of MRS. NEPEAN'S) Fathers is in fact anything at all like this, much seems to be explained.

The nine sketches to be found in *Windswept Farm* (ROUTLEDGE) are dainty enough and quite well written; they reveal a loving intimacy with domestic animals and birds, and occasionally a nice sense of humour. But they are very slight, and more than once the attitude of the recluse into whose mouth they are placed by Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT borders dangerously upon affectation. If the author does not make us believe in his creations he succeeds, at any rate, in convincing us that the animal-world would be more interesting if it realised his pictures of it. And that is something to his credit. The last sketch has for its heroine the lady who captured the recluse's heart and made him repent of his reclusion, so I am left wondering if the sub-title of this volume, "A Book of Beasts for Grown-up Children," is quite as tactful as it might be.

A Mislaid Bantam?

"Lost, between New Brighton, Seacombe Ferry and Woodside, Miniature Soldier Officer."—*Liverpool Echo.*

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that since his fine tribute to Scotland the PREMIER has been elected an Honorary Scotsman, with special permission to be excused the haggis.

Ice puddings, says the FOOD-CONTROLLER, may now be made, provided no milk, cream or sugar is used. With indiarubber at its present price these delicacies are likely to remain out of reach of all but the very wealthy.

Lord RHONDDA is recovering, we are happy to say, from an operation for pleural effusion. This malady must be distinguished from plural effusion, a virulent disease very prevalent at Question-time in the House.

It is proposed that dinners costing more than 6s. 6d. shall be taxed as luxuries. People who prefer tea and kippers at one of our smart restaurants to lobster mayonnaise at home may well be required to pay for their vulgar ostentation.

French courts have denaturalized a German-born citizen who, though naturalized in 1853, still keeps a signed portrait of the KAISER in his drawing-room. His explanation that he kept it because it made the dog laugh was not accepted.

"Why should manual workers constantly receive increases of pay," asks a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "while draughtsmen are left out in the cold?" The name, of course, may have something to do with it.

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* demands that the Turks shall seriously tackle the task of turning the British out of Mesopotamia. The Turks retort with some bitterness that *their* processions get bombed every time.

Bigamy is stated to be on the increase. This is a sorry blow to those who have insisted that we are a race of cowards.

We are asked to deny the story that a man last week was so short of matches that he stopped a fire-engine and asked for a light.

The last horse-drawn engine in the London Fire Brigade has been replaced by a motor. The news has been well received by busy people who suffer from fires.

In the matter of the young man who was knocked down by a taxi-cab last week, we understand that a satisfactory arrangement has been arrived at. He has apologised to the driver.

There are twelve centenarians in Rome, we read, and it is proposed to open a club for them. The terms for life-membership are to be very moderate.

Since the increased postal rates it appears that people have taken to sending more messages by telephone. In several cases it has proved a much quicker method of communication.

Last week a monkfish was caught which measured five feet long and weighed over half-a-hundredweight. It was caught in a London evening paper.

The toy Pomeranian for which a reward was recently offered through the Press is now stated to have found its way home, very dishevelled and dragging an enormous caterpillar behind it.



Old Lady. "TELL ME, MY POOR FELLOW, HOW DID YOU GET YOUR WOUND?"
Fed-up Tommy. "IT WEREN'T A WOUND, MUM, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT."
Old Lady. "HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"
Fed-up Tommy. "WELL, YER SEE, MUM, I WAS LEANING UP AGAINST A BARRAGE, THOUGHTLESS LIKE, WHEN IT LIFTED AND I FELL INTO THE TRENCH."

The Ministry of Food is getting out a leaflet explaining the various methods of employing fat cuts of bacon. Beyond giving it to teething babies and rubbing it on the ears to keep mosquitoes away, the public has hitherto found no satisfactory use for the stuff.

With reference to an article which appeared in a weekly paper under the title, "Familiar Policemen," a gentleman writes from an address in the New Cut to complain that only the other year a policeman took him quite familiarly by the arm, in spite of the fact that they had never been formally introduced.

"Mint sauce is correct with lamb," says a writer in *The Evening News*, "but we seldom stop to ask ourselves why." After all it is more the lamb's concern than ours, yet he has never found a satisfactory answer to this conundrum.

"Young German wishes any kind of position at night; would like to sleep at home."
American Paper.

For ourselves we always prefer the recumbent position for purposes of sleep.

"—— kills lice, fleas and other parasites. Keeps off mosquitoes and sandflies. Supplied in large quantities to H.M. War Office."
Strand Magazine.

Where it is hoped, in time, to get rid of the Tape-worm, red.

"Mr. George Cowland's timber is arriving any day now, so his house will soon be rising 'sphinx like' from the ashes of the old one."
Taranaki Herald, N.Z.

A nasty knock for our old friend the Phœnix.

"It is a superhuman task to save merchant vessels when the submarines are out, as they can steam under water for twenty-four years."
Western Pacific Herald (Fiji).

We are looking forward to 1942.

From a report of the presentation of Drill Efficiency medals:—

"Nothing, however, could damp the pride of the prize-winners, with each of whom General —— shook hands, and subsequently congratulated them collectively."
Dublin Evening Mail.

Very good of the General, but we do not know how the University authorities will take this infringement of their prerogative.

TO AN IMPERIAL PEACEMONGER.

[A new Peace offensive is anticipated in the Teuton Press.]

From where the bounding Hohenzollern Ark
Rides on the high wave's crest replete with Culture,
Under an empyrean very dark
With flapping wings of eagle and of vulture,
Your dove, emerging once again,
Investigates the vast inane.

A little soiled and suffering from a cough
Through having been exposed to various weathers;
Mottled with dabs of paint that won't come off
Where previous camouflage disguised its feathers—
The tough old bird contrives to wear
A fresh and undefeated air.

Peace hath her own offensives hardly less
Renowned than War's, but not such likely chances;
For, when upon his battle-front you press,
The foe must needs respond to your advances;
Whereas, when threats of Peace are made,
No sort of notice need be paid.

Turtles may come, but not, I think, to stay.
Your War—the one you launched with *Hoch* and *Prosit!*—
Found us unready; grown more wise to-day
We wait the hour when we're prepared to close it:
Time, that was yours, is now our friend;
And Time and we will fix the end.

As for this bird, for which we have no use,
Knowing from Russia what a German dove is,
A fowl too apt at playing fast and loose
Through evil intercourse with carrion coveys—
Take back the dirty little Bosch
And see he gets a thorough wash.

O. S.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

LET me confess at once that I was not popular in the battalion. The unfortunate and involuntary habit of saying "Thanks" to the person who transferred my allowance of "swipes" from his pail to my tin earned for me the name of Algy the day I joined up at Winchester, and it was as Algy that I, a true son of County Cork, landed in France. I did my best to retrieve my first mistake, but an incautious admission that I could speak French completed my ruin, and after that a firm resolve not to use words of more than two syllables failed to redeem my character.

My arch-enemy (when the Huns were not about) was Private Brown. Twice within a week he practically saved my life, but I knew him too well to thank him: indeed he threatened to stand on my face if I did. I suspect he preserved me in order that he might have an objective for his devastating sarcasm.

"Yer lookin' rotten, Algy," he said cheerfully the day we arrived at what was called with fine irony a rest camp.

"I'm really ill this time," I said, and wondered why my body did not rattle when I shivered, "and I shouldn't be surprised if I died in a bed after all."

"That's jest the sort o' thing you would do," he retorted in shrill ill-humour—"dyin' comfortably in bed when every other chap is stoppin' a 'Un bullet! But you always was particular, Algy."

A sleepless night made me decide to seek out the M.O. on the morrow. I had hitherto hesitated to call on that over-worked autocrat, for "swinging the lead" was the most popular of pastimes, and the M.O. was seldom sympathetic; but our hut contained thirty-two beds, and the hard work of the "rest" camp did not prevent the occupants forming themselves into debating societies and holding violent meetings far on into the night.

I was wandering back from the M.O.'s quarters, having failed to do more than receive a promise from the doctor that he would "look at me" later, when I ran into Private Brown. I gingerly protected my swollen neck with my left hand. He stood still for a fraction of a second, stared hard at me, and then without a word he turned and fled.

When I reached our hut he was talking loudly, his remarks being punctuated by many "Algys." Plainly he was telling my fellow-huttites about his encounter with me, and I was endeavouring to solve the puzzle of his retreat when two Scotties from No. 14 stopped to ask me if there was a chance of interviewing the M.O. Simultaneously a hoarse shout came from the window of No. 15.

"Bliny," cried Private Brown, "the blighters are tryin' to steal our Algy."

The next moment I was surrounded by a dozen of my hut-companions, who pressed upon me cigarettes, *café au lait* in various stages of temperature, oranges and cake, at the same time heaping insults on the inoffensive Scotties.

"Good old Algy!" said Brown, linking his arm in mine affectionately; "you belong to us, and we don't mean to let you go. You won't forgit yer old pals, will yer?" Forty-eight hours previously he had offered to present me to the KAISER in exchange for a lighted match!

I thought it was one of his heavy jokes, for Brown hails from Aldgate; but when he insisted upon changing beds—mine was in the draughtiest position near the door—I came to the conclusion that his heart had been touched by our common danger.

For the remainder of that day Brown and the others never let me out of their sight, taking turns in fours to accompany me wherever I went. It was done very nicely, and they made me feel that it was inspired by personal regard. All my needs were supplied from a common fund, to which I was not permitted to subscribe, and my conversation was listened to with studied respect.

Then I realised that I was popular at last, and I was the proudest man in the battalion. I revelled in the unique sensation. It pleased me immensely to notice how jealous my pals were if anyone from another hut came near me. Intrusive strangers were elbowed off, and an unfortunate Tyke who asked me for a light nearly lost his life in the argument that ensued. His eloquent disclaimer of the rôle of Algy-snatcher was the only jarring note in that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon.

Next morning I asked Private Brown for an explanation. He was lying lazily on his back in the hut, orders having come that not a man was to be allowed to leave it until the M.O. had been: indeed there was a sentry on guard to prevent us going to work.

"Why am I popular, Brown?" I asked, seeing that he was in an expansive mood.

"Why, you silly perisher"—this expression was clearly intended to be genial—"you've got the mumps, 'aven't you? I spotted 'em at once. And your mumps means that every man in yer 'ut is in quarantine for ten days. Ten days doin' nothin' 'cept eatin' an' drinkin' an' sleepin', whilst the other blighters are workin' theirselves to death in this—I don't think—rest camp. We wasn't goin' to let anyone steal yer an' smuggle yer into their 'uts. Algy, yer done us a good turn, and we shan't forget it."

From that day forward I was the darling of the battalion.

"Discharged Soldier is open to receive Lime Washing and Colouring, outside or in."—*Provincial Paper.*

The internal camouflage sounds very conscientious.



A GERMAN "PEACE."

(FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF OUR PACIFISTS.)

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXIV.

My dear Charles,—Pausing in the heat of the battle a man may well ask himself, "For what am I fighting?" There can only be one answer: "The cause of Freedom." And wherein consists the evil thing standing between humanity and this natural right? In that most narrow and most malicious of all tyrannies, militarism. What do we mean by militarism? That harsh control of the individual by the bureau which prevents the former going his ways as a free man and developing himself according to his innate tendencies. And who is the typical representative of this oppression of the People? Leaving Ludendorff out of the question for the moment, I think I may fairly say that the Accusing Finger points at myself.

I, Henry, am for the moment a Military Control Officer. It is I and my sort that the world is out to exterminate, that I myself originally armed myself to do down. I am the oppressor who prevents honest Englishmen going where they want to or coming back again, if they happen to have slipped through when I wasn't looking. It is to me that trembling applicants address their moving prayers for permission to go and join their families, to seek out and save their ruined businesses, to move to healthier climes where alone, as their doctors certify, they can hope to recuperate their broken health. It is I who subject them to every form of delay, inconvenience, annoyance, pettifogging routine, interference and impertinence, only at the end to refuse their just claims and throw them relentlessly out of my diabolical office. I will tell you how I do it.

To give the most lurid reality to the description of the brutal business we will take, for choice, a female applicant. It gives the last touch that militarism should be seen trampling on the weaker sex. Besides which the people who are under this pressing necessity of going to and fro seem to be almost entirely of that gender.

There is the sense of bitter unsympathetic encounter from the very beginning of the interview. Ten minutes' impatient waiting in the outer room has shown the lady that she is up against something essentially unjust and harsh. It is the first of very many bits of mere nonsense, our not giving immediate attention to her case. The indignant applicant therefore, rejecting the proffered hand of false friendship, takes up a firm attitude on the other side of the inquisitor's table and gives the inquisitor a look, as if to say, "Now, get on with your oppression of the defenceless, for I am in a hurry to be going."

The first thing to be done is to accept the whole responsibility for the absurd system of passports and visas and to defend it and yourself as best you can. You then rise from your seat, go round to the other side of the table and pick up from the floor the odd papers, letters, five-franc notes and trinkets which the lady has scattered in her search for her passport. Even thus early in the interview I am in that state of mind in which I count myself a lucky man in not being given a rap on the head with her umbrella for my impudence. I am indeed happy to be on my hands and knees beneath my own office table; it is a sort of respite from that terribly uneven argument I know I am about to maintain.



"Dear Mr. Punch,—I write to appeal to you to put forth all your influence to check the irritating use, except, of course, when military matters are referred to, of the word 'camouflage.' Yours, etc., etc., One who has suffered."

In my efforts to carry out instructions and practise the arts of oppression I have tried many devices. The process of reasoning is the one first attempted. But I don't know what it is about. Military Exigencies—they always fail to make any impression as against harrowing family histories. What is a mere war compared with the necessity for a lady to be with her sister-in-law who is very much feeling the absence of her husband all day at a Munitions' office? If all the boats coming from England are full of men going to battle, then surely there must be many a one going back empty enough to carry a lone female to her much-needed dentist? Of course *you* would be able to make the real position understood; but then you are not a bigoted and narrow-minded militarist, are you?

My second idea was, at any rate, original. I let the lady talk; I encouraged her to go on talking. We went into the whole facts of her case from beginning to end, and then from end to beginning. And so we got to closing time, and I was very sorry, but I was afraid it was now too late and she would have to come again to-morrow. To-morrow was Sunday, and we don't open to the public on Sundays. I had a sort of hope she would not last out till Monday, but would send her application by post and give me the chance of refusing by letter. I am a fair devil at refusing by letter. But no, she came on the Monday all right, early in the morning, bringing her small daughter with her, and we spent the day together getting everybody else to visa the passports, booking her tickets, looking up the trains, discussing the food question, getting her luggage registered and tipping the porters. She reported me, of course, for not knowing my business and so causing her delay. I got told off for ever allowing her to go at all. But there, what am I for but to be reported for one thing and told off for the other?

Once I tried the simple ruse of losing the rubber stamp for "Granted" at the critical moment, but the Oppressed, one of the smiling artful sort, was sure I wouldn't mind her coming round to my side of the table and helping me to look for it. And before I knew where I was or where she was she had found it and done the stamping herself. She smiled



"FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE, 'ERB, PULL UP YER SOCKS AND LOOK CHEERFUL. YOU'LL BE IN THE TRENCHES IN ANOTHER TEN YEAR."

at me so nicely as she went out and told the lady secretary at the door what fools men were.

Yes, Charles, I have had the idea of setting a thief to catch a thief, and when one dangerous young thing had lost the argument and was about to resort to tears I called in the lady secretary, old enough to be her mother, to hear the case and decide. She heard it all and decided against me. Women don't believe in militarism.

I hit upon the solution by luck. In a desperate moment I evolved a rubber stamp of my own and had it made at my own expense: "GO WHERE YOU LIKE, WHEN YOU LIKE AND HOW YOU LIKE, AND IF ANY MAN SUCCEEDS IN STOPPING YOU *EN ROUTE* I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO HIM." The lady secretary objected to this; women are tidy creatures who love regulations for their own sake. When she insisted on my exercising discrimination I told her that anyone who had a hard case (they all have) and who knew the PRIME MINISTER personally (they all do) could not be refused. She said they could; I said it was impossible. She said she would do it herself if I would let her handle the rubber stamps. I passed the whole lot to her and said that if she applied the "APPLICATION REFUSED" it would be against my whole sense of reason and justice. Since then she has used no other. "Sign, please," she says to me, and stands over me while I do it. Then she shows the distressed victim out, kind and sympathetic to the last. "I am dreadfully sorry this should have happened," I hear her say at the door; "but then you know what men are."

And that's how I've become a Militarist—one of the strong silent sort.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"He said he was asleep when the collision occurred, and immediately turned out in his pyjamas, in which he had to remain in one of the boats for some hours until another vessel took them off."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

We assume that this vessel, which thus added insult to injury, was an enemy craft.

"The bodice was deftly finished at the waist by a folded sash and small turnover collar."
Weekly Paper.

If you can't get your waist high enough, you can always bring down your collar to meet it.

FLOWERS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

FIELDS of corruption, ravaged, waste and dead,
A storm-rent void no power shall e'er renew;
Yet see, the poppy flaunts its daring red
And smiles upon the cornflower's misted blue;
The pimpernel gleams through the gleaming dew;
The yellow charlock glistens in the sun;
Lest you should think the earth's glad work is done
The speedwell thrusts its name upon your fears—
"Now joys will rise, new comfort for your tears!"
And should you cry, "What of the lost and gone?
Shall all their memory be buried deep,
Their sacrifice in victory be forgot?"
Peace, doubting heart, for see, where soft they sleep,
A starry heaven of forget-me-not!

CAP'N CALEB'S CAMOUFLAGE.

He was an object of interest in the bar of "The Sloop," for he was one of the crew of a vessel which had been torpedoed off the headland during the night, and he had been landed with other survivors at the fishing village that morning.

"Yes, it gives yer a shock being torpedoed," he said in answer to a question; "but I'm orlright now, and I'll be better when I've 'ad some more beer. I ain't lost my thirst, not that you could notice, though I was blown up in the air when the torpedo 'it us, and came down in the sea."

The questioner took the hint and ordered another pint of beer, which the shipwrecked mariner drank deliberately with the air of a connoisseur.

"It ain't bad beer that, boss," he remarked politely to the landlord; "but I reckon a man would get water-logged before 'e could get drunk on it."

The landlord smiled and discreetly turned the conversation back to the subject of the submarine menace.

"No, I ain't afraid o' submarines, but my missus is," said the mariner; "that's why I'm 'ere. I've been torpedoed twice this year, and my missus is to blame. But it serves me right for listening to 'er and leavin' the old *Saucy Anne*.

"It all comes o' this cammyflage idea," he went on with a heavy sigh. "If it 'adn't been for old Cap'n Caleb's a-cammyflagin' the *Saucy Anne* the missus'd never've got the wind up about submarines and I'd never've been torpedoed. And I wouldn't be standin' 'ere now with a empty glass in me 'and."

It was the landlord who took the hint this time and hastened to remedy the defect.

"It was like this, y'see," resumed the victim of camouflage when he had again refreshed himself. "I was third mate on the *Saucy Anne*—not that third mate meant much, 'cos the crew was only four all told and the *Saucy Anne* was a little old steamer o' two hundred ton gross. But she was a nice little craft, and old Cap'n Caleb Collins, what was master and owner, was one o' the best—treated us more like pals than a crew, 'e did.

"Five year I'd been third mate on the *Saucy Anne* when the War started, bringin' coal from Cardiff to Port Carbis, and home reg'lar every ten days. Cap'n Caleb 'ad been doin' that for twenty year, and he jest went on doin' it and never worried hisself about the War.

"Then the German submarines started their dirty work and sunk a Port Carbis boat; but our old man took no notice and kep' on sailin' reg'lar—said he'd like to see any blinkin' German tryin' to sink 'im. Well, two more Port Carbis vessels was sunk, and some o' the other skippers starts what they calls 'protectin' themselves'; but Cap'n Caleb never did nothin'. Then a chap in uniform comes down to Port Carbis and he starts explainin' this 'ere cammyflagin' idea to the owners."

He paused to empty his glass once more, wiped his mouth with the back of his hairy hand and proceeded with his story.

"The officer, or whatever he was, tells Cap'n Caleb about paintin' the *Saucy Anne* to cammyflage 'er, and the old man listens attentive. 'Yes,' says 'e, 'I sees the notion, Sir. The old ship could do with a coat o' paint, 'er not 'aving 'ad much this seven year, and I'll see about cammyflagin' 'er myself. We've got some artist chaps 'ere in Port Carbis,' says the Cap'n, 'and I'll 'ave the *Saucy Anne* cammyflaged proper,' 'e says.

"So Cap'n Caleb 'e lays the old ship up for a week, runs 'er inter a boat-builder's yard and gets an artist and a sign-painter from the town to come and 'ave a go at cammyflagin' the *Saucy Anne*. He never let none o' the crew nor nobody see 'er, and when the painters was done 'e 'as 'er refloated, but with big tarpaulins 'anging down 'er sides to protect the new cammyflage paint, 'e says. Not till we was loaded and casting off from the quay does 'e let us reef them tarpaulins.

"I knowed there was something funny about us as soon as the *Saucy Anne* starts steamin' out o' the 'arbour, 'cos the crowd on the jetty starts runnin' along to watch us, and some of 'em cheered and waved their 'ats. So I takes a good squint overside to see what our new cammyflage looks like—and I nearly fell overboard with the shock when I sees what Cap'n Caleb 'ad 'ad done.

"There was a big Union Jack painted right down the bows o' the *Saucy Anne*; 'er sides was painted bright blue; and in white letters on 'em—big white letters you could have read a mile away almost —right along from the bows to the stern, there was painted:—

'BRITISH—AND DAMN YOUR SUBMARINES!'"

The listeners in the bar of "The Sloop" gasped, restrained an inclination to cheer, and some of them almost struggled for the privilege of buying the shipwrecked mariner more beer.

"Surprised? You're right," he resumed with a reminiscent grin. "I was surprised, so was the rest of the crew, and so was everybody in Port Carbis. When the bloke at the Admiralty station on the point outside the bay saw us 'e nearly 'ad 'ysterics and starts wagging flags at us; but Cap'n Caleb takes no notice. 'I'll give 'em cammyflage,' he says, looking as proud as Punch.

"Well, we gets to Cardiff, and a fine how-d'-ye-do there was there, I can tell yer. 'I reckon they think the *Saucy Anne* is the Royal yacht,' says the Cap'n solemn-like, when they starts cheerin' us from other ships and blowin' sirens, and a crowd comes down to the wharf to welcome us. We all had plenty o' free beer that night—all 'cept the Cap'n, 'im being a teetotaler and never drinkin' nothin' but gin.

"In the morning down comes an old chap with gold braid and brass buttons to the wharf, just as Cap'n Caleb was standin' admirin' the *Saucy Anne*. 'E takes a look at our ship, then 'e goes red in the face.

"'Wot does this mean, Cap'n?' 'e says.

"'That's my cammyflage, Sir,' says Cap'n Caleb, 'and that's my motter on the ship's side.'

"The old bloke in the gold braid starts argyfyin', but I could see 'e was laughin' inside, and presently he shakes 'ands with our old man, gives 'im a cigar and goes away.

"Well, to cut a long story short, we sails back to Port Carbis, and there's a crowd to meet us, cheerin' like billy-oh; but when I gets ashore there's my missus on the quay, cryin' 'er eyes out. Said she'd never expected to see me again, and begged an' prayed me not to make another voyage in the *Saucy Anne*. She said it was temptin' Providence to sail in a vessel painted like that, and we'd get torpedoed next trip as sure as sure.

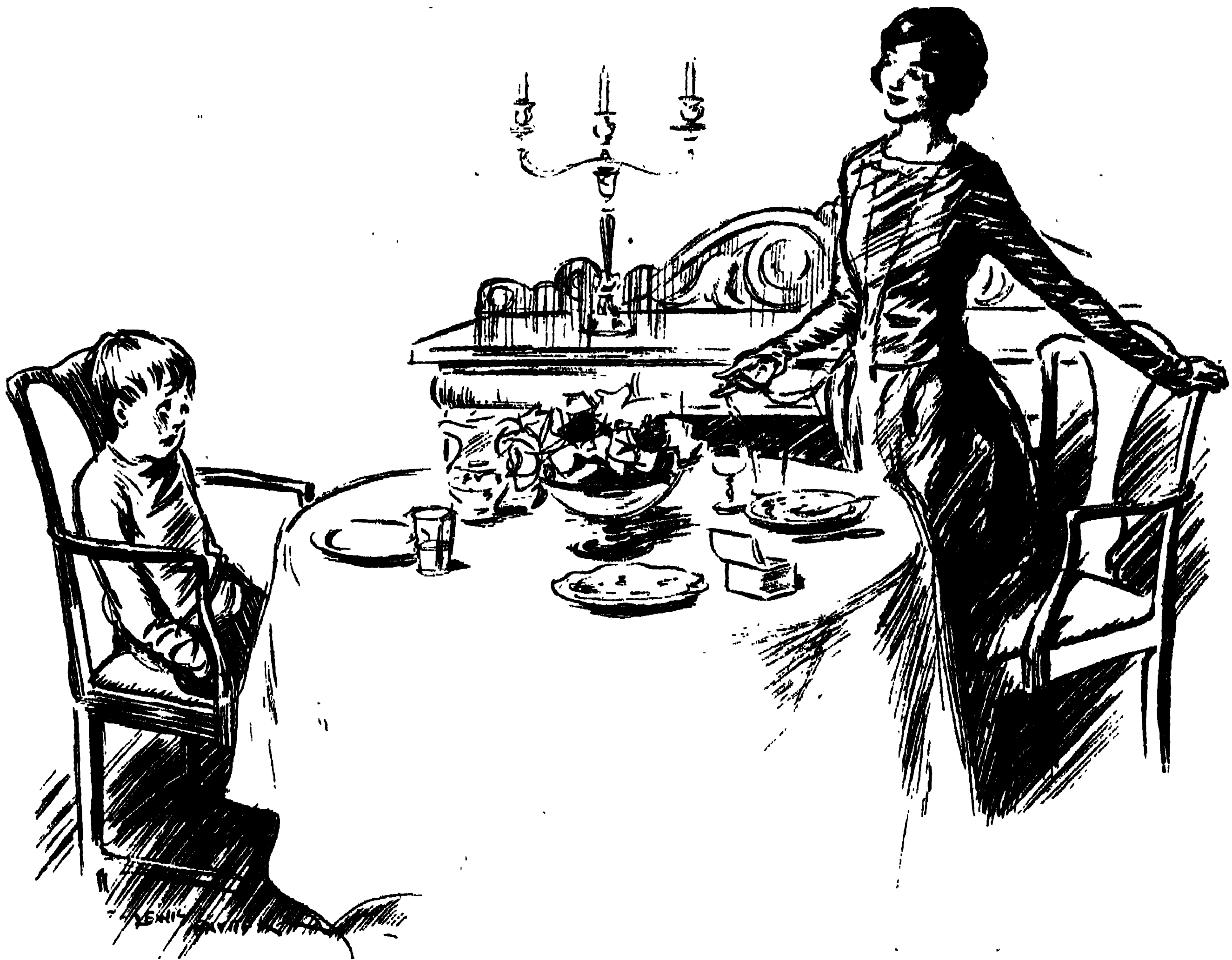
"I argues with 'er till I was nearly black in the face, then I gives way and does what she asks for the sake of peace and quiet. Cap'n Caleb 'e said it was like deserting in face of the enemy, but I left 'im for the sake of the missus and got another ship."

He gazed into his glass and mournfully shook his head.

"Yes, it's all the fault of the missus," he concluded with a sigh. "I tried another ship, and got torpedoed first voyage, and now 'ere I am torpedoed again. It's almost enough to make a man turn teetotal. The *Saucy Anne*'s still runnin' reg'lar and never been touched; but I did 'ear as the Admiralty made Cap'n Caleb put some other kind o' cammyflage on her."

"Wanted, a Girl, to attend to Motor and act as House Boy."—*Local Paper*.

Well, well. Girls will be boys nowadays.



Bobby (at the conclusion of dinner). "MOTHER, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS, BUT I NEVER SEEM TO GET THAT—THAT—NICE SICK FEELING NOWADAYS."

FATE.

A SONG OF WISDOM.

THEY tell you it ain't no good
 A-wondering when you 'll die,
Or lying low as a soldier should
 When aeroplanes is by;
For whether it comes in a sudden way,
 Or lingering long and late,
You won't go under until the day
 That 's settled before by Fate.

Ah, well, and it may be true—
 But the lads I like to see
Are the ones that do as they 're told to do
 And stay where they ought to be;
For Fate may fix on a far-off date
 And a death of an easy kind,
But it ain't no use *encouraging* Fate
 To change her feminine mind.

I 've been out many a day
 And seen too many a mate
With a leg or an arm blown clean away
 By a thing he thought was Fate;
But when six men will monkey about
 With a rusty old bomb gone bad,
Then what is it knocks the six men out?
 Not Fate, but folly, my lad.

So I keep my rifle clean
 And I use my eyes and ears,
And I don't go wandering off the scene
 A-looking for sooveneers;
And may-be the bullet that bears my name
 Is meant for a distant day,
But I don't get playing the idiot game
 When the other ones come my way.

And it 's better alive than dead
 You 'll serve the old platoon,
So try to do as the officer said
 And not to die too soon.
Though you may not add to your earthly span,
 It 's a thing worth trying to do;
You take good care of yourself, young man,
 And Fate won't matter to you.

A. P. H.

From a recent book on South America:—

"On the rugged shore of San Julian the English mariners discovered a grim object—a giblet prisking up gauntly against the desolate sky."

An offal sight.

"The Great Offensive."

"THE VISIT OF THE BISHOP.
Clergy in Retreat."
Provincial Paper.

Extract from letter written by a native of India to his solicitor:—

"Please get me this money by fair means if possible, if not, then by legal proceedings."

"General; 15 months' character; £26; take London."—*Daily Paper.*

Reply to WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, Potsdam.

"Food Control Committees in seaside areas are asked by Lord Rhondda to take steps to organise amateur sea-angling, in order to increase food supplies."—*Daily Telegraph.*

They also serve who only sit and bait.

From a concert-notice:—

"Mrs. —— apologised for the unavoidable absence of Mr. —— and Miss ——. Miss —— had arrived, but was unable to play owing to her piano being hung up on the line. In the interval the Mayor cordially thanked the extinguished artistes."—*Provincial Paper.*

We congratulate his Worship on his happy selection of the right word.



General. "THAT'S A GOOD HORSE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD HIM?" *Private R.F.A.* "'IM AND ME IS MONS, SIR."

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The* GERMAN CROWN PRINCE *and the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns.*)

The Crown Prince. To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit? Why do you maintain yourself so closely veiled? Let me at least see your face for a moment. No? Then tell me as briefly as possible who you are and what you desire.

The White Lady. I am the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns!

The C. P. Himmel! But no, it is impossible. If you are the White Lady why are you robed from head to foot in black?

The W. L. Imbecile! Can you not see that I am robed in black because, fortunately for you, this visit is unofficial? If I were in white nothing could save you. Having been warned by my appearance, you would inevitably wither away and die. Even as it is I am not quite sure that the rules guarantee your safety *absolutely* even when I am robed in black.

The C. P. Oh, come, Madam, this is going beyond a jest; and, to tell you the truth, I am not at all ready to die. Papa is a much more pious man than I. Couldn't you take him now—or EITEL FRITZ or JOACHIM? The fact is I have a lot of business to get through, and cannot, I regret to say, spare you any more time.

The W. L. Halte là! It is not permitted to run away from a lady, and even if it were you could not thus avoid your fate. But I give you my personal assurance that this is an unofficial visit and no fatal consequences need be expected from it.

The C. P. Well, then, I ask again, Madam, why have you come?

The W. L. Because I desire to give you notice that I am tired of being connected with your family. Even apparitions have their feelings and like to see things done decently and in order. Now I have come to the conclusion that there is not one of you Hohenzollerns who is properly entitled to the services of a first-class ghost.

The C. P. Are you not a little too hard on us? Now, Papa is very proud of you, and I myself feel that the possession of a family ghost confers on us the very highest status amongst royal families.

The W. L. Yes, that is so. And therefore I beg to inform you that your family spectre is now withdrawn from you and will no longer officiate at your deathbeds. The Hohenzollerns henceforth must make up their minds to die without the assistance of a White Lady or any other respectable apparition. I order you to communicate this decision to your emperor and father.

The C. P. He won't be pleased, of that I can assure you, for he likes everything that is theatrical and feudal.

The W. L. That merit—for so I regard it—cannot be allowed to weigh against the many evil qualities for which he has been judged unworthy of possessing in his family a transparency so honourable as myself. He must learn to do as best he can without me.

The C. P. I don't think I dare to mention the matter to him.

The W. L. You must execute my orders without fail on pain of seeing me appear a last time and in white.

The C. P. Very well then, I will do it, but under protest. Luckily I happen for the moment, through no particular fault of my own, to be in papa's good graces.

Rubbing it in.

"On Clause 36, which increases the stamp duty on cheques from a penny to twopence,

Mr. —— characterised the increased duty as a retrograde step, and said it would interfere with the2 further2 development2 of2 the2 banking system."—*Daily Paper.*



"IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY."

Irish-American *(from the Fighting Front).* "SAY, YOU 'RE MISSING THE SCRAP OF YOUR LIFE."

Pat. "AN' HOW D' YE KNOW I 'LL NOT BE IN IT YET, NOW THEY 'RE MAKIN' CONSCRIPTION VOLUNTARY?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 3rd.—The war-situation may be as serious as the newspapers represent it, but to look at the House of Commons no one would think so. With traditional British phlegm Members devoted themselves to such topics as the ukase forbidding brides-elect to cross the ocean for their nuptials. Dr. MACNAMARA explained that it had been issued simply out of regard for their personal safety; but a Scots Member thought it illogical that women who now possessed the franchise should not be allowed to go to the Polo if they want to.

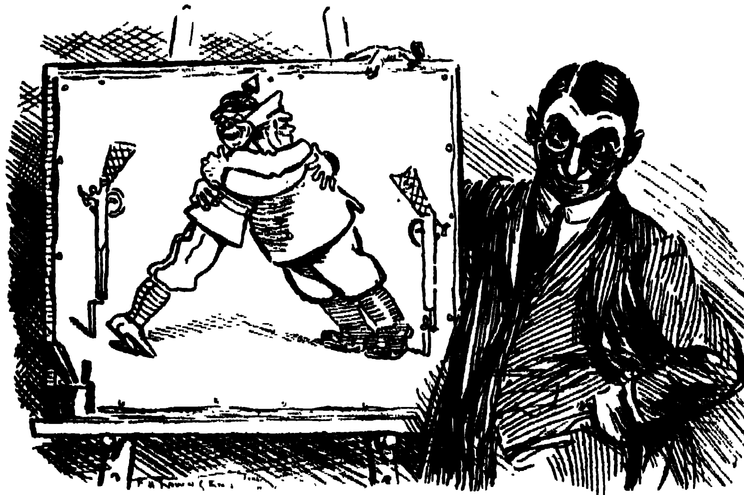
There was much criticism of the Government for undertaking not to bomb the German towns on Corpus Christi Day without insisting upon a reciprocal pledge from the enemy. One Member observed that the Germans must think we are a lot of fools! Mr. BONAR LAW did not attempt to deny the implication, but quietly remarked that in acting as they did the Government had not attempted to make a bargain, but had simply done what they thought right. This seemed to strike the House as a novelty in official procedure, for no more questions were asked.

A request made by Mr. HOLT that the posters issued by the War Aims Department should be exhibited in the Tea-Room, so that Members might see for themselves their "disgraceful character," was refused by Mr. LAW. It is difficult to imagine any sort of advertisement in support of war-aims which would not outrage the eminent Pacifist's delicate artistic sensibility.

Sugar is a form of carbon which, as Mr. BALDWIN observed, "often generates a certain amount of warmth." Strenuous efforts to induce the Government to drop the increase in the tax were made by Mr. LOUGH, who in his zeal for sweetness, if not for light, committed himself to the statement that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had already got a great deal more money than he wants; and by Mr. ADAMSON, the new Privy Councillor, who developed an ingenious theory that the *moral* of the nation depended upon its consumption of sugar.

After listening for an hour to complaints of the meagreness of the Income Tax allowance for wear-and-tear, Mr. BALDWIN confessed that he felt as if nobody loved him. But being a man of courage as well as humour he did not go into the garden and eat worms; he went into the Division Lobby instead, and found that he still had enough friends left to defeat the opposition.

Tuesday, June 4th.—Several weeks have elapsed since Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, the *doyen* of the House, passed away at the age of ninety-six. Since then East Cavan has been without a representative in the House of Commons. In the ordinary course it would be for the Nationalist Whip to move for the writ, but Mr. DILLON apparently no hankering for an election in present circumstances. The Sinn Fein M.P.'s, though spoiling for a fight, are immobilised by their refusal to come to Westminster. So Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, never averse from putting a spoke in Mr. DILLON's wheel, has despatched one of his "Independent" henchmen to do the needful.



MR. HOLT WOULD LIKE TO DESIGN OUR WAR-AIMS' POSTERS

The lot fell upon Mr. CREAN, who evidently felt his position acutely as he rose from the Nationalist Benches, "whence all but he had fled," to recite the customary formula. No opposition was offered, so East Cavan will shortly be able to add another recruit to the Irish Parliamentary army of absentees.

Recruiting for the other Irish army—the one that does not run away—is to be stimulated by grants of land. Sir JAMES CRAIG wanted to know the exact location of the Promised Land, but Mr. SHORTT could not at present inform him; and Mr. PRINGLE's pertinent inquiry as to whether British soldiers would have equal access to it was also fruitless.

Mr. HOLT protested against the CHANCELLOR whittling away his resources by certain trifling abatements. All he wanted was the abolition of the Excess Profits Tax. Unfortunately Mr. LAW could not see his way at the moment to abandon three hundred millions of revenue.

In the House of Lords, Lord SOUTHWARK moved the Second Reading of his Bill to establish a decimal system of coinage. The motion was supported by some ingenious arguments, but the majority of the Peers shared the historic opinion of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who never could understand what those d——d little dots meant," for they unanimously agreed to the adjournment of the debate.

Wednesday, June 5th.—Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, fresh from his strange triumph in the law-courts, was early on the scene and plainly anxious to put himself in evidence. But the SPEAKER is not Mr. Justice DARLING, and successfully suppressed most of Mr. BILLING's Supplementary Questions.

A white hat of remarkable dimensions adorning the capacious brow of Sir ARTHUR FELL gave rise to a theory that the worthy knight is the gentleman who went to Epsom yesterday to see the Derby run. But there is no more truth in that than in the other story that the unusual size of his headgear is due to its containing a section of the Channel Tunnel, with which he essays to convert the sceptical.

The War has produced no stranger paradox than the case of the gentleman who within the space of seven days was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a breach of the Defence of the Realm regulations and recommended for the Order of the British Empire on account of good service to the country. The fact that the recommendation was withdrawn hardly justified Mr. OUTHWAITE's assumption that a sentence under the Defence of the Realm Act was regarded as the higher honour of the two.

Thursday, June 6th.—None of the Birthday Honours was more worthily earned than the Privy Councillorship bestowed upon Mr. CLYNES. The Ministry of Food is immensely indebted to the unassuming manner and sound commonsense of its Parliamentary Secretary.

His review of the work of his department was clear and encouraging. The queues have gone, the U's are going, potatoes are plentiful, bread is cheap and should soon be more appetising, bacon is superabundant, and the meat-coupon is honoured as surely as the bank-note.



Absent-minded V.T.C. Officer (by profession a schoolmaster). "Late again, Perkins! Brought an excuse from your mother?"

As the next step in the course of its rapid development into a Universal Provider, the Ministry will shortly undertake the wholesale collection, distribution and utilisation of milk. Mr. Clynes's explanation that this was necessary "in order to avoid overlapping," was not intended, I believe, to throw any special reflection upon the habits of the domestic cat.

POLYGLOT POLITICS.

[Discussing Mr. Asquith's Latin speech at Winchester, reprinted in his volume of *Occasional Addresses*, a writer in *The Cambridge Review* suggests that perhaps if Mr. Lloyd George wrote his speeches in Latin it would conciliate some of his critics.]

If good Lloyd George should think it worth his while
To cultivate the "lapidary style,"
The change would certainly secure supporters
In certain critical or captious quarters.
But why confine this striking innovation
To only one of those who guide the nation?
Why not extend the rule to all and each
Who elevate us by their pen and speech?
And why give preference to a single tongue
When there are plenty more, both old and young?

Think of the boons and blessings small and great
That would at once beatify the State
If Winston should assume the terse laconic
Cæsarian style, instead of the Thrasonic;
If Lynch, whene'er he caught the Speaker's optic,
Addressed the House in Jugo-Slav or Coptic;
And, best of all, if Pringle, Hogge and Co.
Expressed their hostile comments in dumb show.
Again, our journalism might grow more sane
If experts in their strictures should refrain
From the vernacular, and write in Attic
Whenever they desired to be emphatic;
Or if they nobly schooled themselves to mask
Their discontent in Sanskrit or in Basque;
Or, better still, if they expressed their views
In symbols such as men of science use.
So too in letters; Yeats's plaintive verse
Ought to be written obviously in Erse;
The Laureate, too, might dissipate our tedium
By choosing Esperanto for his medium;
While Chesterton could stand upon his head
As well in any language that is dead.

A WAR VICTIM.

"Fall out for ten minutes," said the Sergeant in a spasm of mercy.

Words of balm these to middle-aged recruits on a torrid May morning. Moist and weary and surfeited with militarism, I threw myself down on a green level where the long grass looked cool and inviting; and there I lay, smoking a cigarette and picking daisies and dandelions abstractedly. Suddenly I became conscious that I was being addressed.

"Thank you, Sir. You're a gent. It's very kind and thoughtful of you, Sir. It isn't my fault that I am as I am. I wasn't always like this, Sir. No, Sir. I used to be regular spruce and smart and take a pride in my personal appearance. But look at me now, Sir—bloated, flabby, ragged and dirty and a two-years' growth on my dial.

"That's what the Army's done for me, Sir. Not that I grumbles. I'm proud to serve, Sir; and I've seventeen brothers all doing their bit. But I can't get accustomed to all this tramping and charging. If it wasn't for the language of the Sergeant—ah, Sir, it's the language of the Sergeant [here the voice grew husky] what comforts my heart and braces my fibre, what soothes me with memories of the happy past—yes, Sir, and what strengthens my faith in the future. You see, Sir, in civil life I was the Eighteenth Green."



The Man at Arms. "Are you wounded?" *The Valiant Warrior (in a muffled voice).* "No; but I was foolish enough to count my enemies as I vanquished them and bit my tongue saying, 'Three hundred and thirty-three.'"

A BOTTLE OF CLICQUOT.

My hostess and her daughter met me at the station in the little pony-cart and we set off at a gentle trot, conversing as we went. That is to say, they asked questions about the War, about London and about the great wicked world, and I endeavoured to answer them.

It was high if premature summer; the sky was blue, the hedges and the grass were growing almost audibly, the birds sang, the sun blazed and I walked up two or three hills without the faintest enthusiasm.

Just after the top of the last hill, when I had again resumed my seat (at the risk once more of lifting the pony into the zenith), the ladies simultaneously uttered a shrill cry of dismay.

"Look!" they exclaimed; "there's Bunty!"

I looked and beheld in the road before us a small West Highland terrier, as white as a recent ratting foray in a wet ditch would allow.

"Bunty! Bunty! you wicked dog!" they cried; "how dare you go hunting?"

To this question Bunty made no reply, but merely subsided under the hedge, where a little shade was possible, into an attitude of exhaustion tempered by wariness.

"How very naughty!" said my hostess. "I left her in the house."

"Yes," said the daughter, "and if she's going to go off hunting like this what on earth shall we do? There'll be complaints from everyone. She's never done it before."

"Come, Bunty!" said my hostess, in the wheedling tones of dog-owners whose dogs (it is notorious) obey their slightest word. But Bunty sat tight.

"If we drive on perhaps she'll follow," said the daughter, and we drove on a few yards; but Bunty did not move.

We stopped again, while coaxing noises were made calculated to soften the hearts of rocks but Bunty refused to stir.

"She'll come on later," I suggested.

"Oh, no," said her elderly mistress, "we couldn't risk leaving her here, when she's never gone off alone before. Bunty! Bunty! don't be so naughty. Come along, there's a dear little Bunty."

But Bunty merely glittered at us through her white-hair entanglement and remained perfectly still.

Strange dogs are not much in my line; but since my hostess was no longer very active, and the daughter was driving, and no one else was present, there seemed to be a certain inevitableness about the proposition which I then made that I should get out and bring the miscreant in.

"Oh, would you mind?" my hostess said. "She won't bite, I promise you. She's a perfect dear."

Trying hard to forget how painful to legs or hands can be the smart closing of the snappy jaws of dogs that won't bite, I advanced stealthily towards Bunty, murmuring ingratiating words.

When I was quite close she turned over on her back, lifted her paws and obviously commended her soul to Heaven; and I had therefore no difficulty in lifting her up and carrying her to the trap.

Her mistresses received her with rapture, camouflaged, but by no means successfully, by reproach and reproof, and we were beginning to drive on

again, when an excited voice called upon us to stop, and another lady, of the formidable unmarried kind, with a very red face beneath a purple parasol, confronted us.

"What," she panted, "is the meaning of this outrage? How dare you steal my dog?"

"Your dog, Madam?" I began.

"It's no use denying it," she burst in, "I saw you do it. I saw you pick it up and carry it to the trap. It's—it's monstrous. I shall go to the police about it."

Meanwhile, it cannot be denied, the dog was showing signs of delight and recognition such as had previously been lacking.

"But——" began my hostess, who is anything but quarrelsome.

"We ought to know our own dog when we see it," said the daughter, who does not disdain a fight.

"Certainly," said the angry lady, "if you have a dog of your own."

"Of course we have," said the daughter; "we have a West Highland named Bunty."

"This happens to be my West Highland, named Wendy," said the lady, "as you will see if you look on the collar. My name is there too—Miss Morrison, 14, Park Terrace, W. I am staying at Well House Farm."

And it was so.

It was on the tip of my tongue to point out that collars, being easily exchangeable, are not evidence; but I thought it better that any such suggestion should come from the owners.

"It is certainly very curious," said the daughter, submitting the features of the dog to the minutest scrutiny; "if it is not Bunty it is her absolute double."

"It is not Bunty, but Wendy," said Miss Morrison coldly; "and I shall be glad if you will give her to me."

"But——" the daughter began.

"Yes, give the lady the dog," said the mother.

SOLOMON would, of course, have cut the little beast in two; but in his absence there was nothing for it but to surrender; and the pair went off together, the dog exhibiting every sign of pleasure.

Meanwhile the daughter whipped up the pony, and we soon entered the gates.

In the drive we found Bunty awaiting us.

"There!" cried the ladies, as they scrambled out and flung themselves on her.

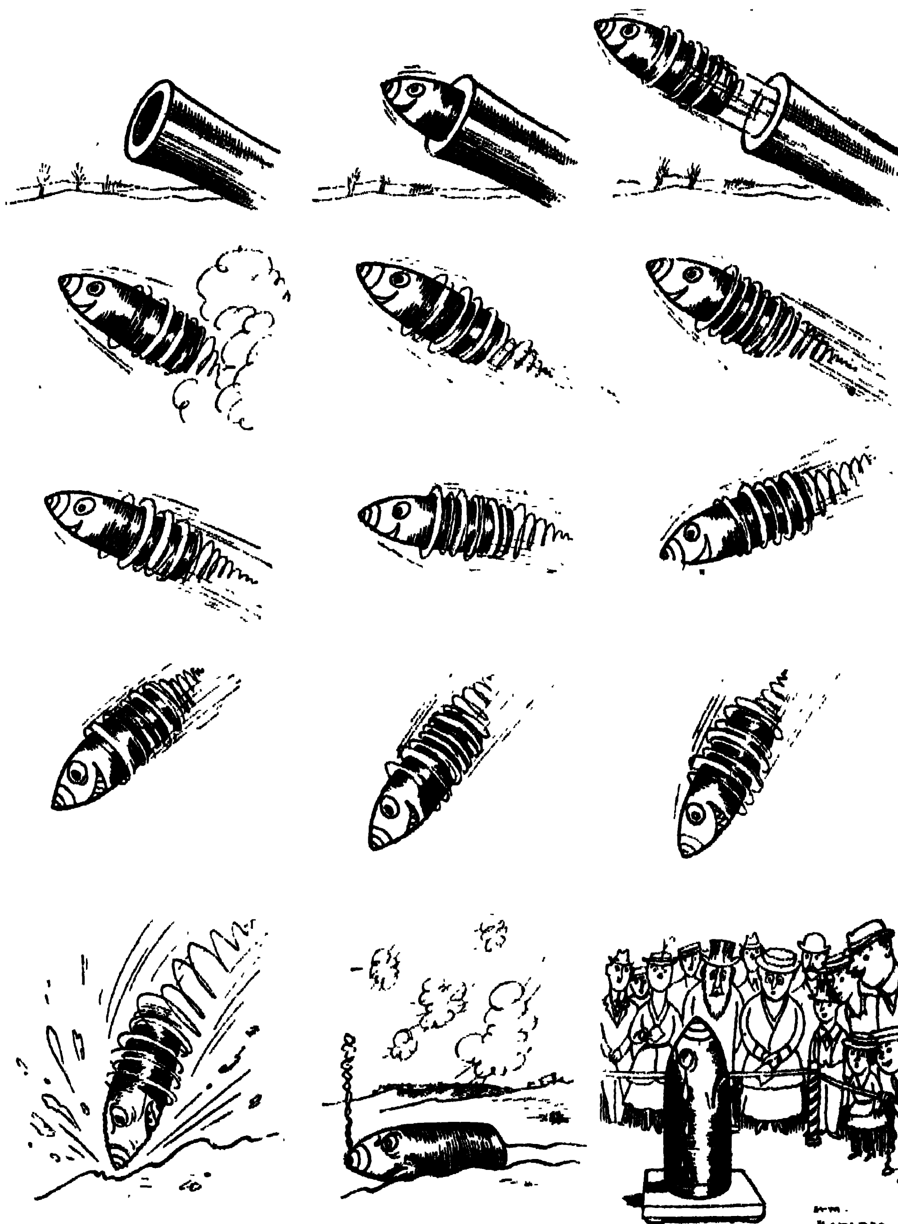
"Of course she's not a bit like that Wendy thing really," said the mother.

"Now that I come to look at her I can see heaps of difference," said the daughter.

"None the less," I interjected, "you turned a very honest man into a thief, and a dog-thief at that; and he insists on reparation."

"Yes, indeed," said the mother, "it is really too bad. What reparation can we make?"

I don't pretend to be satisfied, but the Clicquot 1904 which took the place of claret at dinner that evening was certainly very good.



THE DUD.

"FRENCH LEAVE SUSPENDED."
Evening News.

But was it ever officially recognised?

"A Wellington grocer was fined £5 for selling honey which was not plainly marked with the net weight and the manufacturer's name."—*The New Zealander.*

The bee has been warned.

Our Cynical Statesmen.

"Dr. Macnamara stated in the Commons yesterday that requests of women who wished to go to America or any other part of the world in order to get married were only granted in the rare cases in which the refusal would involve real hardship."—*Daily News.*

How to Preserve Infant Life.

From a letter received by a Dairy Company:—

"Please send a pint of special milk every morning, as we are just going to bottle the baby."

"Major-General —— inspecting British soldiers interned in Holland at Chateau d'Oex."
Daily Mirror.

We have often been told that "the Dutch have taken Holland," but were not aware that they had annexed Switzerland as well.

THE LITTLE RIVER.

Let mighty pens praise mighty rivers—
The Yang-tse-Kiang or Hoang-Ho,
In climes that desiccate the livers
Of foreigners who come and go.

Some may prefer the Mississippi,
Others the Nile, whose genial flood
Enriches the industrious "Gippy"
With gifts of fertilising mud.

Bates found the Amazon amazing;
But, all unfit for lordly themes,
I choose the simpler task of praising
One of our humble Berkshire streams.

Here are no tropical surprises,
No cataracts roaring from the steep
No hippo your canoe capsizes;
No rhinos on the bather creep.

Here, as along the banks you potter,
The fiercest creature is the gnat,
You may perhaps espy an otter,
You 're sure to see a water-rat.

The kingfisher, a living jewel,
On halcyon days darts in and out,
But never interrupts the duel
Between the angler and the trout.

Hard by, the plovers wheel and clamour;
The gold is still upon the gorse;
And mystery and calm and glamour
Brood o'er the little river's source;

Where, in a pool of blue-green lustre,
The water bubbles from the sand,
And pine-trees in a solemn cluster
Like sentinels around it stand.

And thence, through level champaign gliding
Past cottages with russet tiles,
Past marsh and mead the stream goes sliding
For half-a-dozen tranquil miles;

Till, with its waters still untainted
And fringed with trailing starwort stems,
With towns and factories unacquainted,
It merges in the silver Thames.

"Scorn not small things; their charm endears them,"
So once an ancient poet sang;
Great rivers man admires but fears them;
We love our homely little Pang.

"Sergt. R.G.A., has sent a letter to his home, stating that he has been awarded the Military Medal for devotion to duty on May 9th. He enlisted in October, 1914, and has been in France two years and eleven months and this is his first injury."

Wakefield Express.

We presume that he was hurt in the chest. They should be more careful how they pin those medals on.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Man from Toronto."

One dimly recalls from the early days of the War the parrot-cry, quickly discredited and abandoned, of "Business as usual." But it takes more than Armageddon to disturb the traditions of the stage: and in Mr. Douglas Murray's play at the Royalty there is a great deal of very usual business. We have a mistress masquerading as her own maid; we have a preposterous will; we have a series of interrupted kisses. Of these the will is the worst. An old Canadian millionaire, who has been rejected on board a liner by a charming young English widow, dies and leaves his wealth to a nephew on condition that he marries the identical lady within a year. Whatever his motive may have been, whether irony or generosity or revenge (I rather think the last was intended, though I don't know why), it remained hidden with him in the obscurity of the grave. *De mortuis nil disputandum.*



A KISSING ASYLUM.

Perkins (Miss Iris Hoey) *to Mr. Priestley* (Mr. Eric Lewis). 'You'll have to kiss me, old thing, whether you want to or not. It's our turn to be caught at it."

It was one of those plays which are really over by the end of the First Act. But I gladly stayed on to see the other two for the sake of Miss Iris Hoey's charm and quick intelligence. Delightful as *Mrs. Calthorpe*, the mistress, she was still more fascinating as *Polly Perkins*, the maid, partly because the latter's costume included a high crescent cap (apparently translated from the Russian) which was most becoming. Nor did the decline in her social position affect her speech in the very least. It retained all its fluency and correctness.

This seems to have struck the man from Toronto as well as me. "How beautifully you talk!" he said, but without a trace of suspicion; so innocent are these big children of the West, who live twenty-eight miles from the nearest railway station. By the way, they must have moved the depôt at Toronto. It had a much more central position when I was there.

Mr. George Tully played the title rôle with a very pleasant solidity and an easy unforced humour. Mr. Eric Lewis, as guardian, legal advisor and uncle-by-marriage to the heroine, had the kind of Eric Lewis part with which we all, including himself, are happily familiar. Not enough credit was given to the actual parlour-maid, *Martha*, nicely played with an occasional Irish accent by Miss Margaret Moffat. It was her interrupted kiss (delivered by a not-too-ardent youth who had exhausted the limited diversions of Teignmouth) that first inspired the widow with a sense of the amorous possibilities of a menial sphere; and when he transferred his affections at sight to a bouncing Amazon from Toronto (sister of the hero) the generous *Martha* (troubled about much service) made no attempt to press her prior claim.

In fine, a simple honest play for simple honest folk; dialogue bright with a natural gaiety; and always the irresistible charm of Miss Iris Hoey. Just that.

O. S.

"BIRTHS.

Box.—On the 23rd March, 1918, at Nurse Major's, Home Street, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Box, of Ormondville—a daughter.

Cox.—On the 26th March, 1918, at 55, Kent Terrace, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cox—a daughter; both well."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"And Box and Cox are satisfied."

"Pony.—Good home offered to old cob Pony, able to mow and pump. Small payment given if necessary."—*West Sussex Gazette.*

These accomplished animals surely deserve a living wage.

"YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE at 2.30,
presided over by Mr. W. H. Parrott.
Address by Rev. C. W. Screech.
Special Singing by the Scholars."
Local Paper.

It should be a harmonious gathering.

"Fifteen boys obtained the certificate of the London Schools' Swimming Association for ability to swim 100 years without interruption."—*Richmond and Twickenham Times.*

Before accepting this statement we should like to know who took the time.



Annoyed Allotment-holder (to owner of adjoining plot). "Look here! What's your game? This has happened to every blessed tool you've lent me!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Return of the Soldier (Nisbet) is really a story of a single situation; but that situation is so full of dramatic possibilities, and, I may add, so well handled by the author, that on every page I kept asking myself how it was to end. There are not many pages, less than two hundred all told, so that you can quite easily see the thing through at a sitting; and I shall certainly be surprised if you do not. Let me briefly give you a start with the situation, avoiding, in justice to Miss Rebecca West, any hint as to its development. Shortly, then, it concerns a very charming officer, verging upon middle-life, who lives in the home of his ancestors with a pleasant sister and a pretty, rather too fastidiously perfect wife, both of whom adore him. Now suppose the man to incur a form of shell-shock which obliterates from his mind all events of the past fifteen years, so that, while retaining his own individuality, he regards his perfect wife as an entire stranger, and (worse than this) reverts to a youthful passion for the daughter of a riverside inn-keeper, a lady who (worst of all) proves to be living, quite unattractively to eyes not love-blinded, within far too easy proximity to the perfect home. Well, there you are. As I say, I shall leave you to pursue the intrigue for yourself; the delicacy and skill of its working out will abundantly reward you. Miss West writes strongly and with an agreeably sure instinct for the right word; her comparisons in particular are both original and trenchant. It was therefore the greater shock to find her employing that hideous and detestable vulgarism, to "swank," whose admission to any considered prose (however modern in tone) is nothing less than a betrayal of the cause of letters.

It has been said that anyone should be able to write at least one readable book, the story of his own life. When the writer is a person who has not only been successful beyond the ordinary measure in his chosen profession, but is able to bring to what is clearly an agreeable survey trained literary tastes and perceptions, the result is assured. Sir Edward Clarke, in *The Story of My Life* (Murray), adds to these qualifications the last touch necessary, a most admirable frankness. He asks for neither praise nor blame; denies neither his exceptional gifts nor his fair and favourable opportunities; is nowise concerned to minimise defeat or to under-rate victory, but presents his history with a completeness of philosophy as marked as his freedom from the habit of philosophising. In the result he gives, however unconsciously, an impression of real British independence and solidity, more sane than brilliant, rather balanced than constructive, made lovable by a touch of obstinacy, saved by a wealth of common sense. With such a character it is perhaps no wonder that he succeeded more completely at the Bar than as a politician. It might even have been foreseen that sooner or later he was bound to separate from any stereotyped political party, and it is a tribute to his honesty (whatever the merits of the particular controversies) that on at least three notable occasions he refused to follow his leaders. Sir Edward Clarke's chapters bring back memories of many famous trials, the Penge mystery, the Baccarat case and others; but to-day, when it is not very easy to realise the possibility of concentration on matters relatively so trivial, it is the man himself, sturdy old warrior that he is, whom one cares most to meet in his pages.

It is not as a short-story writer or as a humourist that

"BOYD CABLE" chiefly excels; indeed I sometimes think his humour a little laboured. He is the constructive historian of the heroic detail of the War—detail that helps the civilian to understand, and detail that will be crowded out of any future history, and might therefore be without record if it were not for such an imaginatively truthful chronicle as *Front Lines* (MURRAY). I don't see how any direct account of a dress-rehearsal attack, of an ordinary crawling reconnaissance, of the work of a labour battalion, of gunners in a water-logged area, or of the Red Cross rank-and-file could be as actually informing as "According to Plan," "In the Mist," "A Roaring Trade," "Bring up the Guns!" and "Stretcher-bearers." You get an astonishing effect of truthfulness quite beyond the range, it seems to me, of a more artful story-teller. We owe it to our fellows out there at least to understand what they are going through, and to ourselves lest at any time we should think of the ludicrously trivial inconveniences of the war-régime on the home front as anything to grumble about. And "BOYD CABLE" gives us this understanding.

Since to shepherd a play to successful production is, even in ordinary circumstances, among the most baffling of enterprises, I have the greater admiration for the hero of *Lord John in New York* (METHUEN), whose triumph as dramatist—"when the applause forced the curtain up again and again"—was won under conditions which it is only fair to call altogether exceptional. This *Lord John* had written a detective play, or rather a novel from which somebody else had made a detective play; and on the eve of its American production he received a cable saying that one, *Roger Odell*, an all-powerful press-magnate, had sworn, for no disclosed reason, to smash the entire show. What was *Lord John* to do? Personally, being of a cautious nature, I should have abandoned New York as unpromising and despatched the play to WYNDHAM'S in the hope that *Roger Odell* and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER might be mutually unacquainted. This, however, was not the method of *Lord John*. On the contrary, invalid as he was, he caught the earliest boat to the States, and by the end of the first chapter (mark me, the first chapter!) of his adventures there he had not only settled the play difficulty but tracked down a double murderer and united *Odell* to the girl of his heart. Chapter Two brings us to the opening night, whose brilliance was something marred by *Odell's* sister, who fainted in a box because (so far as I could gather) she had observed a gentleman in the stalls with an eye at the back of his neck. Somewhere about also were a lady in a grey mask and a child in a collapsible trunk; but do not ask me who or why, since before the end of this episode I had abandoned all hope of keeping pace with the incredible absurdities of the intrigue. Its publishers call this farrago of impossible melodrama a "typical" C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON book. In mere justice to the reputation of two clever writers I protest against the epithet.



Critical Butcher. "WHO EVER SAW FEATHERS ON A SKEWER?"

I am beginning to be impatient with authors who write books and then apologise for publishing them. In nine cases out of ten this deprecatory tone is quite unwarrantable, and *By-Ways on Service* (CONSTABLE) is certainly not a tenth case. Very quietly and shrewdly Lieutenant HECTOR DINNING relates his experiences in the Australian Imperial Expeditionary Force, and his chapters on Egypt alone make his apology superfluous. He sees things with fresh and observing eyes, and he has a most receptive mind. From Egypt he went to Gallipoli, thence back again to Egypt, and from there to France. And all the time he was taking notice, and now he gives us his impressions straight from the shoulder. "War is *not* fun; neither is it ennobling," he writes, and his whole attitude is a protest against the fluff and flummery with which some of our writers have tried to hide its agonies. But no one can read these pages without feeling that, although Mr. DINNING realises the horrors of war, he also is proud of the share the Australians have taken in it and will take in it until the evil is scotched. Perhaps in these hurrying days it is hopeless to expect a popular acclaim for a book so thoughtful as this, but some day it will come into its own.

In the early days of the War, when the United States were being drenched with German war literature, a remarkable series of articles by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, a special correspondent of *The Saturday Evening Post*, did much to acquaint Americans with the Allies' war efforts. At that time British officialdom regarded propaganda as bad form and was playing stolidly into German hands. It was as a novelist, however—one of that brilliant galaxy of story-tellers which has built up, chiefly through the medium of *The Saturday Evening Post*, a spirited school of American fiction—that Mrs. RINEHART made her reputation. I wish I could go on to say that *Long Live the King* (MURRAY) fully sustains that reputation and does ample justice to the art of the creator of the inimitable *Tish*, but the fact is that what may be called the "Ruritania" novel, though it still has power to entertain, no longer offers scope for brilliant or imaginative writing. *Long Live the King* has the finished manner of the accomplished novelist, but the characters are all out of stock. Karnia is the semi-Balkan principality seething with revolution, *General Mettlich* the blood-and-iron Chancellor; and we have all the other old puppets, the unscrupulous lady-in-waiting, the necessary anarchist, the princess (heroine) and handsome young lieutenant (hero). Of course one is always young enough to enjoy this sort of story and Mrs. RINEHART tells it well, but I hope she will go back to *Tish*.

"Three later attacks . . . tfoytpop poptpop poptp popt yopt . were completely broken."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

We admire the printer's sporting effort to reproduce the effect of machine-guns.

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to a weekly paper to ask how he can make pigs pay. Why not take out a County Court summons?

* * *

Dealing with the Birthday Honours a contemporary asks in a head-line, "Who's Who?" But Who isn't Who nowadays?

* * *

It appears that a North of England gentleman still sticks to his story that he has never been mentioned in any Honours List.

* * *

We are informed that owing to the unexpected prolongation of the War Mr. H. G. WELLS will re-adjust his ideas on the subject quarterly instead of twice a week as heretofore.

* * *

A Parisian, finding a burglar in his rooms last week, thrashed him with a dog-whip, threw him out of a third-floor window and then fired a revolver at him, wounding him in the leg. The police incline to the theory that the Parisian must have been vexed with his visitor.

* * *

We are asked to deny the report that a Surrey pacifist was brutally mauled by a caterpillar last week.

* * *

Sir F. W. DYSON, the Astronomer-Royal, declares that there is no danger of the new star colliding with the earth for at least one hundred years, and the nervous alien who went in and bolted his front-door at Maidenhead is to venture out again shortly.

* * *

FORD tractors, it is announced, can now be purchased by the public. The report that they have been known to bite children must be attributed to the jealousy of competing breeders.

* * *

"The Government," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL at Bradford, "are considering the extension of standard clothes." They are convinced, for example, that a line of pea-green fedoras would go like hot cakes.

* * *

The case of the locomotive that climbed on to the platform of a suburban station the other day has been explained. Its idea was to reach a man in a standard suit who, it imagined, was trying to intimidate it.

* * *

Fifty thousand tons of feeding stuffs have been released by the Ministry of Food for hens hatched since January, 1916. It is feared that, while a certain amount of compromise is anticipated from the older ones, the bulk of them will not wish to abandon the diet of sardine tins, bottle-stoppers, scrap india-rubber, etc., on which they are now fattened for the market.



BADINAGE OF THE MOMENT.

". . . . AND IF YER 'APPENS TO WANT A SMACK ACROST THE FICE, YOU CAN 'AVE IT WIVOUT A COUPON."

* * *

An order fixing the price of officers' metal buttons has been made. The rise in price is attributed to competition between the W.O. and the Ministry of Food.

* * *

One hundred and sixty-nine fewer people were killed on railways last year than in 1916. The number that reached a ripe old age while travelling between suburban stations shows a gratifying increase.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to clear up the mystery surrounding the case of a man who, having written to a Government department, had a reply by return of post. It appears that it was sent in error.

* * *

New York has opened a club as a home for widowers, but nothing is being done for men whose wives are still alive.

* * *

Giving evidence at a North of England police-court a witness stated that some mutton purchased locally gave off a phosphorescent glow. Economical people are encouraged to read their *Evening News* by the light of Sunday's joint.

* * *

A Consular report refers to the incessant thefts of elephants in Siam, and natives with bulgy pockets are being carefully searched.

* * *

Owing to the paper shortage we understand that there will only be two record vegetable marrows this year.

* * *

A member of the Stock Exchange reports the capture of a 3 lb. pike with a punt pole at Hampton Court. The story of another fish which just got away after biting the pole in two is awaiting confirmation by the Committee.

From a school magazine:

"We are sorry to report that Private H.— has been wounded, but we are glad to record that his wound is not serious. A spoon tucked in his puttees saved him from worse. He had a stirring time before he was wounded."

The spoon seems to have been very useful.

"Wednesday, June 19th, at 3.15 and 7 p.m. (if wet on Thursday), a Village Pastoral Play will take place in the Vicarage Garden."

We wish we always knew on Wednesday what Thursday's weather is going to be.

"KENT.—Lady with nice house and garden wishes for Paying Guest or 2 children. Home produce."—*Church Times.*

So no aliens need apply.

"The Kaiser's sudden summons to Baron Von Hertling to postpone the speech he intended to deliver in the Reichstag is attributed to the disclosures made in the Emperor Charles of Austria's letter. All the German newspapers publish a semi-official note, calling on the Australian Government to explain the letter."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

We are sure Mr. HUGHES will be delighted to accept the invitation.

A LARGE ORDER.

THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

I DISAPPROVE of profiteering;
Though envy never stirred my bile,
I own I've done a lot of sneering
At patriots who have made their pile;
Virtue (I hold with him who said it)
Its own unique reward should be;
But still I count it no discredit
To pouch an M.B.E.

I camouflaged my sense of duty;
It's not my fault if I have been
Selected as a thing of beauty;
I did my best to blush unseen;
But merit, though you may disguise it,
Will out at last and earn the fee
Bestowed on worth by those who prize it,
And so I'm M.B.E.

Others in manhood's prime were tempted
To challenge fate across the foam,
But I preferred to be exempted
And help my country nearer home;
I felt that I could better serve her
By noble deeds this side the sea;
And now they've recognised my fervour
And made me M.B.E.

I had a friend who took a fancy
For the delight of battle's shock,
And, being shelled to bits in France, he
Got his discharge—a hopeless crock.
How was he paid for all that racket?
He got no ribbon—only three
Gold stripes on his discarded jacket,
While I'm an M.B.E.

And when my child shall ask me, "Father,
What did you do to win the War?"
I shall not give details, but rather
Expand my chest a little more,
Saying, "Observe this decoration
Conferred on just a few like me;
As tribute from a grateful nation
I won this M.B.E.!" O. S.

Our Precise Advertisers.

"To sell one she cow."—*West Indian Paper.*

"A gent's 3-wheel tricycle, in very good condition."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Tablemaid, where butler, hall-boy, required shooting."—*Scotsman.*

It seems to be what the playwrights call "a dramatic situation."

From a missionary society's report:—

"Padre —— took a large parcel with him in his return to N. Rhodesia last April, though in thanking us for it, they declared they could and must manage without garments out there . . . We sent three blouses, three knickers, four chemises, three overalls, seven pinafores to the Rev. A. ——, Medicine Hat, Canada.

We congratulate Canada on its higher standard of ethics.

VESTAS LIMITED.

I AM an inveterate pipe-smoker. I find that tobacco has a soothing effect on the brain, though my greatest friends tell me that I smoke a good deal more than is absolutely necessary for the purpose indicated.

My actual needs in matches are one big box every two days, and during the shortage I have made a rule of asking in every tobacconist's for a box. The answer has been almost invariably the same, but as there is usually a lighted gas-jet on the counter I come away satisfied—for the time being.

This is, however, a tiring amusement, so when, the other day, I discovered a shop with a good supply of wooden vestas I bought a box and kept the information to myself.

Two days afterwards I went in for another box.

"Oh, no, Sir, not to-day," said the tobacconist. "We're rationed. I must let my other customers 'ave some. I don't mind if you come, say, twice a week." As I went out he fired off: "There's a war on."

"Two more matchless days," I said; "never!" And, my mind working quickly, I went westward to a theatrical costumier's.

Making my way to the face-fringe counter I asked for a complete set of hirsutes.

After a good deal of adverse criticism (from the proprietor) of my features as a setting for his artistic growths, I chose a slightly forked beard with upper and side panels to match, and called a dress-rehearsal for eleven o'clock.

I debated with myself as to a favourable person on whom to test my disguise, and finally selected my old friend, Harold Potter, as being innocent and without guile; a solicitor—need I say more?

As an amateur actor I have always prided myself on my elocutionary powers, and, arriving at Sloper, Son, Nixon & Nephews (under which title my friend solicits), I summoned from the vasty deep the bass voice I keep for "Third Citizens" and "Voices Without" and inquired for Harold.

I was ushered into the presence under the name of Tomlinson. Fortunately the voice held as I said, "Mr. Harold Potter, I believe?"

"That depends," he said. "If you've anything to do with a subscription I'm only Mr. Potter's clerk, and if you're connected with the Income Tax people I'm simply 'out.'"

"In the matter of Vestas Limited," I said briefly.

"Ah, that's better," said Harold, brightening visibly and going through a vigorous course of ablutions with invisible soap. "Yes, I'm Mr. Potter. You wish to consult me about this case, I suppose?"

"I merely wish," I said, "to make sure of my ground before appealing."

"Ah, I see," he said, "you are acting for one of the parties and——"

"I'm acting for you, my dear old sport; and I think I've acted jolly well," I added, working the control lever and removing the hirsuflage.

When Harold had recovered from his seizure I re-entrenched myself behind my wire-entanglement and moved on.

I received additional evidence of disguise *en route* to the tobacconist's. I passed, unrecognized, several acquaintances and even obtained a light from one of them.

Boldly I entered the vestal halls, boldly I asked for a box of matches, leaning at the same time, from force of habit, towards the gas jet to light my pipe.

I do not think it fair in these days, when nerves are not what they were, that motor tyres should be allowed to burst with a noise like the first-fruits of a daylight air-raid close at hand. Such an explosion occurring at the moment when I was leaning almost over the gas jet, my body responded to the shock by a forward movement, and nothing short of the instant removal of my expensive face-fittings prevented a serious conflagration. My exposure was complete.

The tobacconist said nothing; he just smiled an easy smile of recognition. But as I regained the street the old formula floated after me through the open door: "There's a war on."

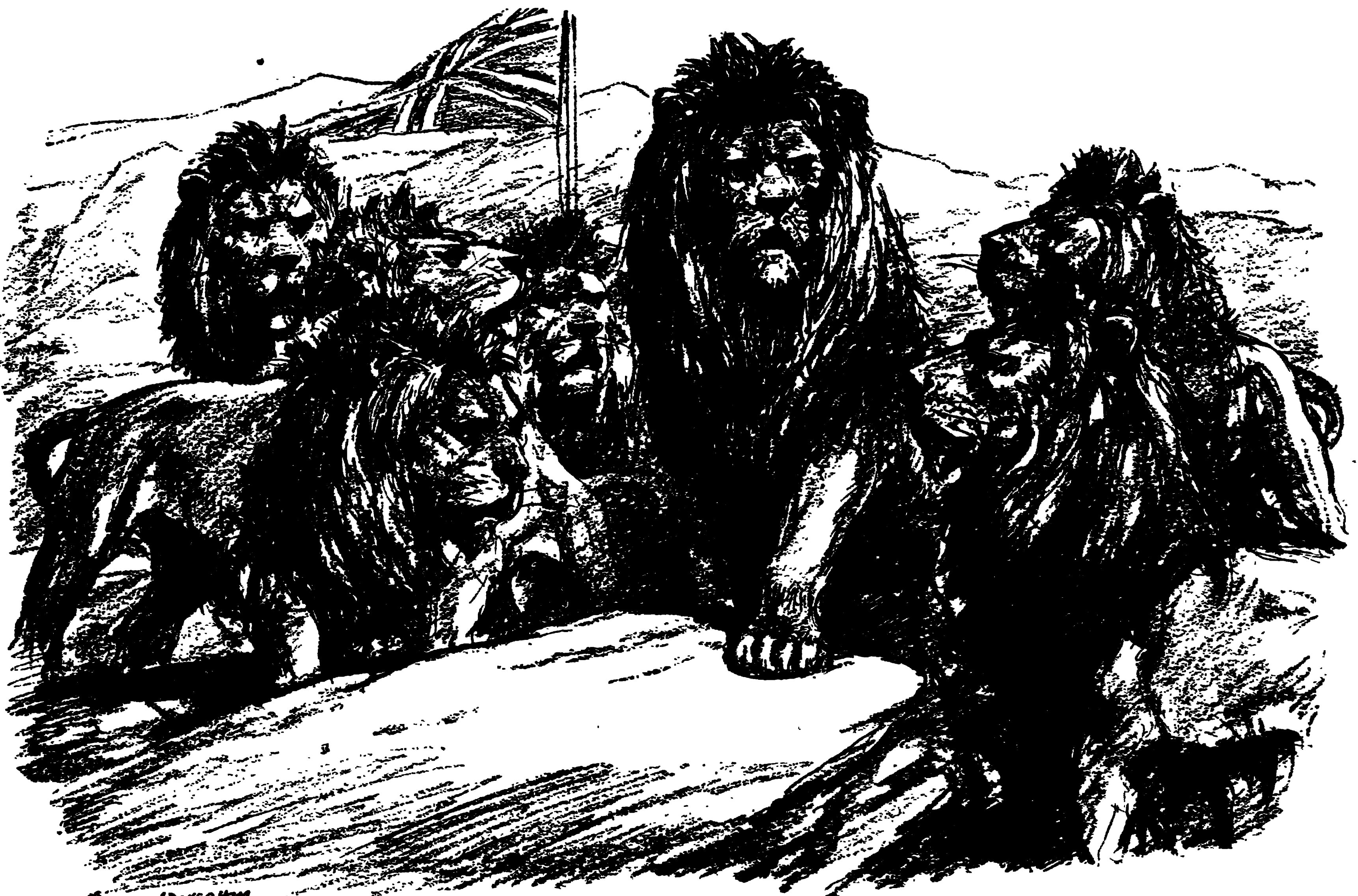
CEDRIC.

THERE are times when I feel I could say something very cutting to Cedric. Cedric came into my life a few weeks ago, and I have a suspicion that he came in because somebody left the garden gate open. As a matter of fact we are running an allotment between us, and I can honestly say that his ideas are not mine. When I saw him at work the other morning I turned over a flower-pot and sat down thinking hard things about Cedric.

Then I decided to give him a stiff drink of germicide, and Cedric merely looked up and asked for more.

But there is a bad time in store for him. I have just painted an iron stick to look like a cabbage-stalk. Now, I am going to sit down and watch him gnash his teeth after he has taken a running jump at it.

You have to be very firm with caterpillars in war-time.



A FAMILY COUNCIL.

THE IMPERIAL WAR CABINET IS NOW IN SESSION.

THE MUD LARKS.

SHE was the Queen of the range, rounded like an Arab, coal-black, with a silky tail reaching to her fetlocks, white stockings and star. "Pretty" we called her.

"Run her in and bust her," said the boss one day. "She'll fetch any money." Accordingly I ran her in, roped and saddled and mounted her. Harvey pulled the blind off and let go her ear. I clamped my knees and breathed a Paternoster. The mare had a rolling white eye. But she never budged.

"Leg her up," shouted Harvey, waving his hat and whooping.

I legged her tentatively; I legged her aggressively; and then I pricked her with the spurs. The next instant I was shooting towards a large fat cotton-wool cloud that was loitering across the blue. I remember congratulating myself that, anyway, it would be soft falling, that cloud. However, we came back to this world with a jolt about twenty yards further on, and by a miracle I was still more or less in the saddle. Then away we went, touching ground only here and there and with a jar that shook my spine into a jelly. I wished to heaven I had a job in a bank or a grocery store.

A gleam of blue water flashed ahead. Splash! and we were into it, girth deep, and the mare had up-ended head over heels. When I came up to breathe she was a hundred yards away, trying to scrape the saddle off against a tree. I stood up, the slough water lapping about my waist, and cursed her faithfully from poll to croup and back again. Then I waded out minus one spur (Mexican silver-plated) and a hat (Stetson—ten dollar), my shirt bosom loaded with mud, my nice new Angora chaps festooned with weed, caught her and rode her till she was sick and sorry.

A month later the boss sold her to one T. Polkinhorne Bohlen, a real-estate shark in the town twenty miles distant.

"He was dead crazy on her looks, wouldn't consider no other," the boss explained. "Passed over two-fifty without a murmur. I guess he wants to cut a dash before the dames. 'Is she quiet?' he asks. 'Wa-al,' says I, 'she *has* been rid,' and he up and clinched the deal *pronto*. Wa-al, it's his funeral. He ain't married. I done warned him. I ain't got nothin' on my conscience."

Three days later a range rider came in laughing to say that Pretty was back again, running with the Pinto bunch, plus a saddle and bridle.

We caught and stabled her, pending instructions from T. Polkinhorne. But from T. Polkinhorne no word came; in fact he was being gradually re-assembled in a Medicine Hut Nursing Home, and the doctors were afraid to mention the mare to him for fear of a relapse. We turned her out on the range, and next Spring a woolly black foal was wobbling at her flank. About a week after his birth we had one of our periodic thunder-storms, and next morning I found Pretty lying in a scorched bed of pasque-flowers, the black foal wobbling round and round her, bleating miserably. She didn't move as I rode up, didn't whisk her plumy tail, show her teeth or the white of her eye; in fact she was dead, poor beauty, struck by lightning.

I pulled the indignant orphan across the saddle and took him home. Harvey christened him "Sambo" and undertook his upbringing, feeding him out of a baby's bottle. Before long he would drink straight out of a pail and throve exceedingly, waxing very bold, not to say impudent. If he felt hungry (which was nearly always) he said so in no uncertain whinny. If his food was not immediately forthcoming, he would push into the bunk-house and pester the occupants till he got it. He had no fear of men at all. Why should he? We were his vice-fathers, his foster-mothers, his acting brothers and sisters. Other foals of his season who were properly provided with real functioning mammas and kept the open range had plenty of companions to romp with; but Pretty's son, loafing alone about the yards, had none; so, being a high-spirited youth, he used us as playmates and used us sorely.

His favourite diversion was to lurk behind the corner of the barn until a saddle-burdened, bow-legged cow-puncher came up; then he would dash out and endeavour to fell the honest bread-winner with strokes of his sharp little forefeet. Your only hope was to grapple him by the fetlocks and wrestle for dear life. If you were quick enough you had a good chance of rolling him on his back in the litter. If you weren't you got a poke on the solar plexus which was liable to displace a rib or two. It was a splendid game.

At midsummer came a telegram, and a frantic furbishing up of the ranch-house ensued. Our owner, the great Hon. John E. Blaithwate, M.P., was bringing his bride out West to introduce her to his wild and woolly constituency. They arrived late one night, and the boss called next morning to pay them his respects. He returned to the bunk-house chuckling.

"She's some filly," he reported; "must be twenty years younger than old John E. But he's aimin' to act the dashin' bridegroom. Got on a fancy vest, white pants and yaller hoofs—all dolled up like sweet seventeen. Pranced round me like a two-year-old, though I could see his feet hurt him in them boots—he can take sixes, mark you, but elevens fits him better. He'll likely be showin' the skirt over the outfit to-day, so watch out and nix on the language, boys."

With one accord we saddled and rode up for the uttermost edges of the range. That evening as we lounged against the



Colonel (to friend entering Club). "I'M OFF. I REFUSE TO STAY ANOTHER MINUTE IN THE PLACE WITH THAT INFERNAL PRO-GERMAN, JONES. HE HAD THE AUDACITY TO DENY TO MY FACE THAT ONE ENGLISHMAN WAS WORTH TEN GERMANS."

Friend (sympathetically). "DEAR ME! WHAT DID THE FELLOW SAY?"

Colonel. "SAY, SIR? HE SAID HE COULDN'T ADMIT MY FIGURES. HE THOUGHT SEVEN GERMANS WOULD BE NEARER THE MARK."



At the present exhibition of the Royal Portrait Society a portrait of a dog is shown. Mr. Punch predicts a portrait show of the future.

straw pile, waiting the call to supper, we asked for news of our lord and master. A dejected yard-hand shifted his position against the rails and spat. "He 's been armin' the dame round the lay-out all day, oratin' on the objects of interest, like a rubber-neck guide in Noo Yark. 'This here is one o' my Cochin-China hogs—ahem ! That there is one o' my Berkshire cocks,' scaring the day-lights' outer the animals with his fancy vests and all."

"Are they still tourin' round, Bud ?" a range-rider asked uneasily.

The yard-hand spat again. "Naw. Old John 'is feet have given in. He 's up on the verandah now reposin' 'em on a chair."

He spoke too soon. The gate clicked and the Hon. John waved a benediction towards his retainers and began to enlarge on the Doric architecture of the barn.

"This, my dear, is the barn. In the upper story—or loft—we store hay. In the lower——" I listened no further, for I had seen a small black muzzle and two crescent ears protruding round the corner of the barn. Sambo! As I looked, he ambled out and pranced gaily towards the unsuspecting couple. I should have shouted a warning, thrown a brick, done something, but I didn't; I gaped, fascinated.

"Ha, what a jolly little chap!" laughed the Hon. John in his best electioneering manner.

"What a duck," crooned the bride.

"Cluck, cluck," went the Hon. John, like a man luring hens. Sambo capered towards them as pretty as a lambkin at play, neck arched, head tossing, devilry in his eye.

Nearer and ever nearer he gambolled, his tail switching ominously. The Hon. John put out a plump hand to stroke his velvet muzzle, and simultaneously Sambo reared up and smote him full on the fancy waistcoat. I turned to run. Four cow-punchers and a yard-hand rose up out of the litter and, skimming the nine-foot rails like fairies, disappeared into the bush. Cowards! I turned back. In the yard Sambo was dancing a triumphant *pas-de-joie* on the stomach of the prostrate politician. . . .

Harvey (Lieutenant Canadian Cavalry) made a slight movement on the stretcher.

"Light a cigarette for me, old man ; my arm—— Thanks."

"When did you get hit ?" I asked. His eyes glinted. "We had a skookum time of it, Jim ; wonderful ! wonderful ! --sort of thing you dream about. I had two troops and we caught 'em in the open. Charged 'em twice and then a *mêlée*. Oh, bully !"

"When did you get hit ?" I repeated.

"In the mix-up. I was trying to stick a Hun Officer, but he winged me in the sword-arm with an automatic. He'd have had me next shot but for old Sambo—you remember Sambo, Pretty's son ? I brought him over and have had him right along."

"What did Sambo do ?" I asked.

"Don't you remember him pawing old John E. in the waistcoat, back on the range years ago ?"

I nodded, chuckling.

"Well, he did it again, only harder, and the Hun folded up like a pocket-knife." Patlander.

THE BEST SMELL OF ALL.

When noses first were carved for men
Of varied width and height,
Strange smells and sweet were fashioned then
That all might know delight -
Smells for the hooked, the snub, the fine,
The pug, the gross, the small,
A smell for each, and one divine
Last smell to soothe them all.

The baccy smell, the smell of peat,
The rough gruff smell of tweed,
The rain smell on a dusty street
Are all good smells indeed;
The sea smell smelt through resinous trees,
The smell of burning wood,
The saintly smell of dairies—these
Are all rich smells and good.

And good the smell the nose receives
From new-baked loaves, from hops,
From churches, from decaying leaves,
From pinks, from grocers' shops;
And smells of rare and fine bouquet
Proceed, the world allows,
From petrol, roses, cellars, hay,
Scrubbed planks, hot gin and cows.

But there's a smell that doth excel
All other smells by far,
Even the tawny stable smell
Or the boisterous smell of tar;
A smell stupendous, past compare,
The king of smells, the prize,
That smell which floods the startled air
When home-cured bacon fries!

All other smells, whate'er their worth,
Though dear and richly prized,
Are earthy smells and of the earth,
Are smells disparadised;
But when that smell of smells awakes
From ham of perfect cure,
It lifts the heart to heaven and makes
The doom of Satan sure.

How good to sit at twilight's close
In a warm inn and feel
That marvellous smell caress the nose
With promise of a meal!
How good when bell for breakfast rings
To pause, while tripping down,
And snuff and snuff till Fancy brings
All Arcady to Town!

But best, when day's first glimmerings break
Through curtains half withdrawn,
To lie and smell it, scarce awake,
In some great farm at dawn;
Cocks crow; the milkmaid clanks the pails;
The housemaid bangs the stairs;
And bacon suddenly assails
The nostrils unawares.

Noses of varied width and height
Doth kindly Heaven bestow,
And choice of smells for our delight
That all some joy may know;
Noses and smells for all the race
That on this earth do dwell,
And for a final act of grace
The astounding bacon smell.

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

"Hullo, my boy-oo!" came from the O.P. to the battery; "that you, Mumbo-o?"

And then suddenly the voice changed to a deep basso profondo:

"Oom-ah—your—Commander—salutes you!"

"And *who* are you, my good man?" replied Mumbo in a voice evidently meant for a counter-imitation of the same voice, although it lacked something in timbre—"*who* are you? Oom-ah, yes, the Forward Observer. Do you know what you are, my good fellow? You are the eyes of the guns—remember that. Shake hands with me. Now write home and tell your people about it."

"Rotten; absolutely rotten imitation; not a bit like him," came from the O.P. "Now listen to this."

But Mumbo did not listen, for, turning, he had caught sight of a pair of splendid sparkling field boots descending into the dug-out. Breathlessly he waited for the rest to appear. Heavens! it was the Great One himself.

"Well, my boy," said the well-known voice, "and where is your battery commander?"

"He's visiting the battalions, Sir," said Mumbo, thanking Heaven that probably the gas-proofing blanket had prevented his being overheard.

"Oom-ah!" (Heavens! it *was* like Steve's imitation, astonishingly so). "Sorry to have missed him. Tell your Battery Commander that your General has visited the battery. Let all the men whom I have not seen know that I, their General, have visited them."

Burr-burr went the telephone.

"Oom-ah! who is that?"

"Only the O.P., Sir."

"Ah, the Forward Observer. Let me speak to him. Are you there?"

"Is that you, Mumbo?" called Steve in the distance.

"No, no, my boy," roared the General heartily, "this is not—oom-ah, Mumbo; it is your General speaking. It is your General ringing up to congratulate you personally. You, my boy, are the eyes of the guns, remember that . . ."

"Rotten" was the word that cut short this eulogy. "Rotten, old son; not a bit like it."

"What!" The pained surprise in the General's voice sent a cold shiver down Mumbo's back.

"Not a bit like it," reiterated Steve decisively.

"Not a bit like what, Sir? Do you know who I am? It is I, your General, ringing up . . ."

"Oh, chuck it, old bird; you'll damage your larynx."

"What—what the *devil* do you mean, Sir?"

"That's a bit better," admitted Steve grudgingly. "You've got the intonation all right; but the voice, my boy, *the voice*—put more *body* into it, try a little E.F.C. port."

"I—I—I—" began the General.

"No, no, no, don't hurry it; do it by numbers. On the command 'One,' lay back your head on your collar; 'Two,' press down the uvula; 'Three,' open the mouth wide and—and pull the string, as it were, and let the voice *roll* out from the chest."

"*Look* here, Sir——"

"No, no, you'll never do it like that. *Listen to this now*: Oom-ah, and *who* are you, my boy?" (and at the sound of his own voice, apparently, the General started violently). "A sentry? No, my boy, you are *more than that*, my boy. You—are one—of the furthest outposts—of the whole—British—Empire, my boy! Remember that. I, your General—salute you! That's a bit more like it—what?" he broke off triumphantly.

"Confound your impertinence!" came the full-blooded explosion of wrath.

"Ha! ha! Splendid—that's *ever* so much better, old cock."

"What!" the tone rose to a squeak.

"There, now you've gone off again," said a disappointed voice. "You must—lay—your—head—back on your collar and——"

"Cease this damnable impersonation, Sir."

"Damnable! It's better than you could ever get it, anyway."

But Heaven in its mercy, through the medium of the infamous Hun, decreed that a perfectly good General should not throw away his life in a mere attempt to express the inexpressible. At that moment the line to the O.P. went to bits.

It appeared (after a befitting pause) that the General had a sense of humour. He admitted as much; he also stated that he could always see a joke, even against himself; but just as Mumbo was beginning to breathe more freely it also began to appear that this was not one of those particular jokes. It was in fact a clear case in which disciplinary action should be taken. Discipline, he feared, seemed to be lacking throughout the whole battery.

Meantime, far off, and by devious routes unknown to Great Ones, there scurried an orderly, hot and perspiring, to bring the news to the O.P. that it had been the General himself speaking



Jock (hitherto silent, rising to leave during a discussion on the merits of different regiments and countries). "MPH! I JUST ASK YE, WHAT WAD YOU CHAPS DAE IF SCOTLAND WAS TAE MAK' A SEPARATE PEACE?"

and that a personal visit to the O.P. was projected. It was a lonely and depressed Mumbo who returned to the dug-out after seeing a suspiciously polite General off the premises.

Burr-burr—through at last to the O.P.! A gleam came into Mumbo's eyes. The opportunity was too good to be missed, and the General could not be at the O.P. for half-an-hour at least.

"Hullo-oo! Is that D.K.?"

"Is that O.P.?" said Mumbo gruffly.

"Yes, who—who is that?" asked Steve with extraordinary politeness.

"It is I, your GENERAL, speaking," said Mumbo ominously.

"Oh! I—I—I'm sorry, Sir. I'm afraid I didn't know your voice just now."

"Oom-ah! You seemed to have a very fair idea of it," replied Mumbo, grinning at the absolutely helpless humility in the other's tone.

"I—I'm sorry, Sir. I—I had no idea you were coming to us, Sir. I mean to say, as they had been shelling us, I—I couldn't possibly expect that you would."

"Confound it!" roared Mumbo, "do you think that I, your GENERAL, fear to go where my men can go? Do you think that if my place were not elsewhere I should wish to be anywhere but in the line?"

"I'm—I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't mean that——"

"Then what the devil did you mean?"

"I—I don't know, Sir. I'm awfully sorry, Sir. I hope you won't take it as disrespectful, Sir; it was only a joke, Sir—bad joke, Sir, of course, Sir, but meant—er—kindly, you know, Sir. I'm sure we're all very—er—proud that you should come to see us, especially when there's shelling going on—no, I don't mean that; I mean we're glad you're here because the enemy's shelling—or rather we're glad they're shelling because you're here—that is, I'm sure you would—er—come through *a barrage*, Sir, to see us if you thought we'd like it——"

This was too much.

"Idiot!" howled Mumbo in his own voice. "Who said my imitation wasn't any good?"

"What—is that Mumbo? I say, wasn't it *awful?* Did he catch you at it?"

"No, I'm all right, but you're for it, my boy," gloated Mumbo; "he was very nice to me, but I expect he's saving all the other things for you. Did you tell the old boy to lay his head back and get it off his chest?"

"Lordy, I told him to try E.F.C. port for his voice."

"If you could have seen his face—'Oom-ah! disgraceful. Thank God I can see a joke, even against myself—oom-ah, but this is no joke, as that young officer will find out—oom-ah!' Steve, your Commander *degums* you, my boy-ee. Now—now write home and tell your people about *that!*"

"Oh, shut up. I say—(pause)—I say, Mumbo." (No answer.) "Mumb-o-o-o! Where are—you-oo?"

But answer came there none. For standing in the doorway was the Battery Commander, and behind him? Behind him was the General himself! L.

"U.S. TROOPS USE THE BAYONET."
Star.

We already had a suspicion that our gallant cousins had heard of this penetrating little weapon.

"Wild Duck, quite tame, just fit for turning down on pond or lake, 3s. 6d. each."
Dublin Paper.

The Irish wild duck appears to have something in common with the Irish bull.

"After a three hours' fight with a U-boat, the position of which was disclosed by lightning, a London steamer's gun recently made two hits in the enemy's bow, damaged her, and escaped."—*Daily Mail.*

It would be interesting to know whether the steamer went off after the gun.



Guest (who has just been introduced by his hostess to her niece, gazing fixedly beyond her). "How do you—— Is that butter!"

THE N.L.P.

["Will not some person found a League of Politeness before it is too late?"—*Lady Troubridge in "The Daily Mail."*]

Ever ready to oblige we desire to call attention to the newly-formed National League of Politeness, the object of which is the propagation of good manners among the people. For the guidance of the public we quote the following from amongst its rules:—

When about to knock down a pedestrian a motorist should first say, "By your leave," and, in the case of a lady, raise his hat. Should there be no time for these little courtesies it is correct, after knocking the person down, to stop the car and inquire after the health of your victim.

A telephone subscriber who has been connected with the wrong number should immediately communicate with the operator and apologise.

If you are kept more than half-an-hour at the post-office waiting for a halfpenny stamp, it is a breach of the N.L.P. rules to stamp on the floor, clench your fists or roll your eyes. It is quite sufficient to attract the attention of the young lady, observe that it is a nice day, or that it isn't, and politely indicate that you would like to be attended to, as you have another appointment on Wednesday week.

Burglars visiting a house after dark should wear evening dress with white waistcoat, and enter their names in the visitors' book upon arrival.

People thrown out of a crowded train by an alien while the train is in motion should report themselves to the station-master at the nearest station, and request him to convey their regrets to the right quarter.

In order to show that good results have already been obtained we quote the following reports recently to hand:

At Slitherton Camp last week, upon being told by a subaltern that for the last fortnight he had not had a week-end pass, an Adjutant burst into tears.

A pedestrian having accidentally collided with a Covent Garden porter and scattered all over the road the baskets of strawberries which he was carrying on his head, the porter, being a member of the N.L.P., did not employ the usual form of language, but merely remarked, "Oh, 'Enery! Nah you 'ave bin and gorn and done it."

At Billingsgate the other day a fish-porter sent the following message to another fish-porter: "Mr. Abe Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Mike Jones and would esteem it a favour if Mr. Jones would refrain from throwing portions of haddock at him."

"**Bull among the Monuments.**

The dash of a mad cow in Ballymena caused damage in a monumental works estimated at £150. Five headstones and one statue were destroyed."—*Sunday Paper.*

A most unladylike proceeding, as the headline clearly indicates.

"Mr. G. K. Chesterton has appeared before the Aylesbury Medical Board for examination and placed in category Grade 3."

Daily Paper.

It is understood that Grade 3 has been specially enlarged.

"Elderly lady, been ruined, bought Organ, intending to travel country, wants company; suit invalid who cannot walk."—*Local Paper.*

The worst of riding on a barrel organ is that you may be mistaken for the monkey.



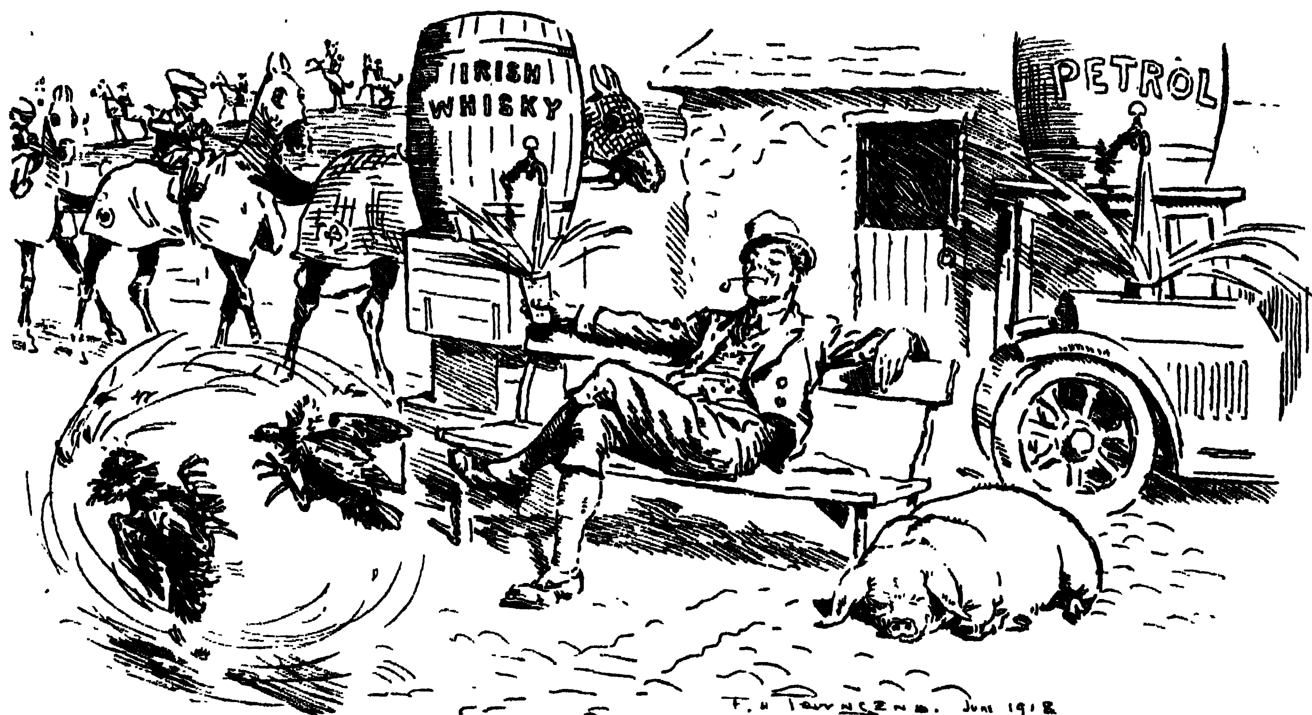
THE CELESTIAL DUD.

Kaiser. "HA! A NEW AND BRILLIANT STAR ADDED TO MY CONSTELLATION OF THE EAGLE!"

General Foch. "ON THE WANE, I THINK."

[It is anticipated in astronomical circles that the new Star, *Nova Aquilæ*, will shortly disappear.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. PUNCH'S WAR PICTURES.

"THE ONLY FIT PLACE REMAINING FOR A GENTLEMAN TO LIVE IN."

Monday, June 10th.—The moving history of GOLDSTEIN BEY was narrated by Mr. BALFOUR with much gusto. This Jewish gentleman, born in Alexandria of Hungarian parents, had been in the Egyptian Postal Department for thirty-two years when the War broke out. Being technically an enemy alien he was then dismissed from the Service, but three months later he had the happy thought of being naturalized as a Russian, and was immediately reinstated in his employment. As the FOREIGN SECRETARY appeared to see no objection to this arrangement I infer that, despite all his permutations of allegiance, GOLDSTEIN BEY, in his sympathies at any rate, "remains an Englishman."

The latest Irish grievance, as presented by Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, is that the railway companies refuse to convey fruit to Ireland. This may be intended as an additional incentive to Irishmen to enlist, for, according to Mr. TICKLER, the Government have played old gooseberry with the fruit-trade, and there will be no jam for anybody but sailors and soldiers.

Mr. MCCURDY complained that all the meat in cold storage at Northampton has been condemned as unfit for food, and that his constituents are faced with the prospect of permanently meatless days. In like circumstances Polar explorers have been known to eat their boots; but the citizens of Northampton, though notoriously of opinion that for most purposes there is nothing like leather, shrink from being reduced to such extremities.

Tuesday, June 11th.—The attendant Peers smacked their lips over Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE's picture of Ireland, where every form of sport, from horse-racing to cock-fighting, flourishes unrestricted; where the meat-card is unknown, and where, for Sinn Feiners at any rate, petrol flows as freely as whiskey; in short "the only fit place remaining for a gentleman to live in."

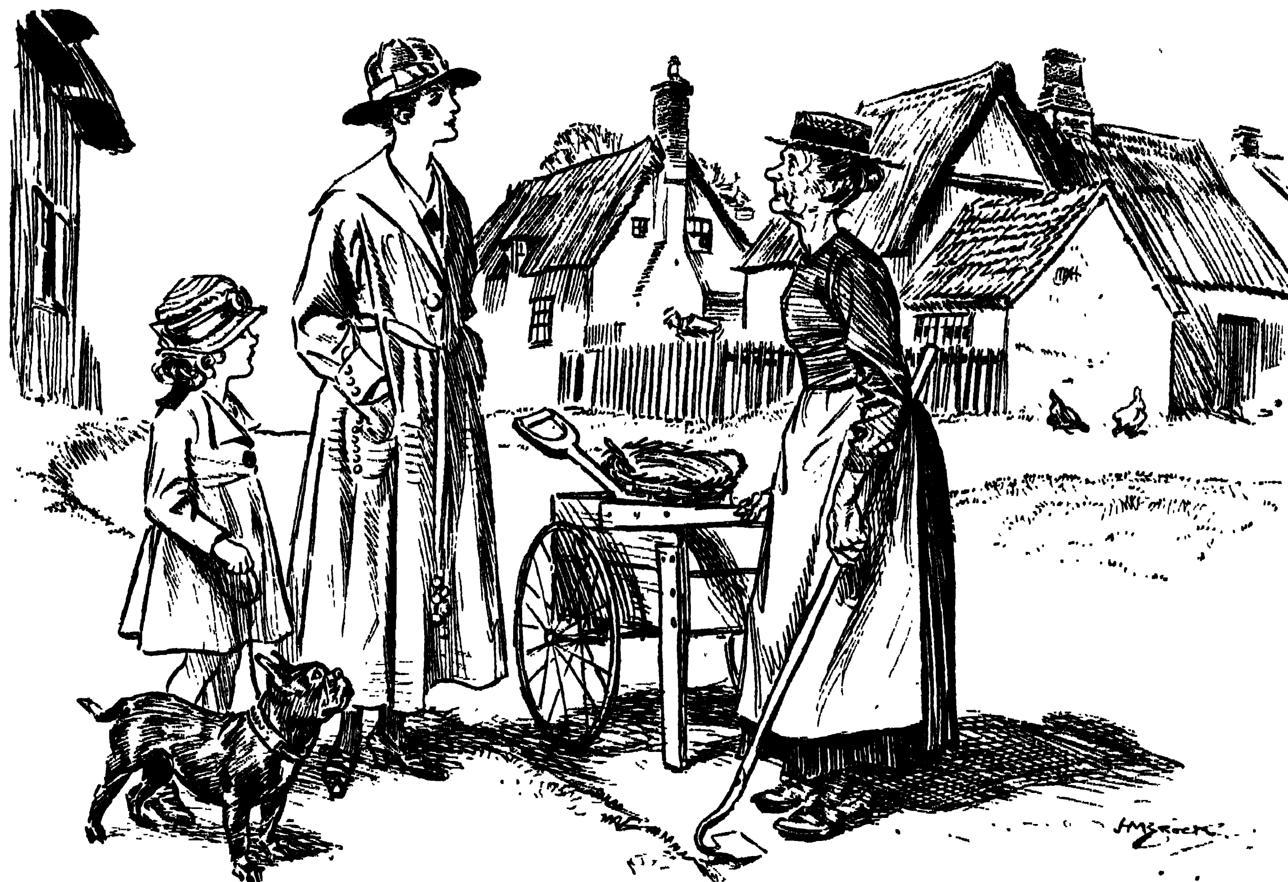
Lord CRAWFORD thought the picture overdrawn. Ireland was subject to exactly the same regulations (whether she observes them or not) as Great Britain, save as regards food; and to impose a rationing system upon her would not be worth the trouble. In fact the Government's attitude might be summed up as *Hoc volo, sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas*, or, as some would read it, *voluptas*. Lord SELBORNE attributed the Government's leniency to "the insane view of creating an atmosphere in which something incomprehensible was to occur," a phrase which might stand for a good deal of British policy towards Ireland since the Act of Union.

One may deplore, but cannot wonder, that the able-bodied denizens of this fortunate isle should require some more tangible inducement to leave it than the mere honour of fighting for freedom. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL partly filled in the outlines of Lord FRENCH's promise of land to Irish recruits, but failed to satisfy the curiosity of a host of questioners.

Mr. ALEXANDER RICHARDSON took the oath on his election for Gravesend, in succession to Sir GILBERT PARKER, who has, on the advice of his doctor, abandoned his political connection with "The Seats of the Mighty." The House could better have spared some of its other exponents of the art of fiction.

"I should have thought everybody knew where Bohemia is." Thus Lord ROBERT CECIL to Mr. OUTHWAITE, who had pleaded for more public enlightenment on this point. Lord ROBERT's confidence in the geographical knowledge of his countrymen may be justified, but I rather doubt it. Most of them only know of Bohemia as the place where the Bohemian Girl came from.

Wednesday, June 12th.—A refreshing innovation in Government procedure was announced by Mr. MONTAGU. The War Cabinet, being too busy just now with other matters to give proper consideration to his scheme of reform for India, have decided to publish it first and form an opinion about it after hear-



"What's your son in, Mrs. Green?"
"Well, I suppose it would be the 'Orse Guards if it wasn't mules 'e 'as to look after."

ing the criticisms. Of these there should be no lack. Our Anglo-Indians are looking forward to the time of their lives.

The multiplication of Departments makes it increasingly difficult to know to which of them any particular question should be addressed. Still I don't know by what mental process Colonel Burn decided that the Ministry of Food was the proper quarter in which to lodge a complaint about newspaper restrictions. Lord Rhondda's jurisdiction is ever widening, but up to the present it does not include our mental pabulum.

Time was when the Postmaster-General's annual review was invariably spiced with anecdotes about the number of people who posted five-pound notes in blank envelopes, and similar *facetiæ*. Possibly Mr. Illingworth, as the unwilling slayer of the Penny Post, thought it would be indecent to move the House to mirth. He resisted the temptation so successfully that several Members took exception to the dreariness of his speech. Mr. Spencer Hughes, on the contrary, was delighted with it. As a professional humourist I suppose he considers jocular Ministers to be very little better than blacklegs.

I am sure he did not approve of Mr. Herbert Samuel, who urged Mr. Illingworth to support the decimal system, nominally on the ground that by adding twenty-five per cent. to the value of the penny, it would largely increase the revenue of the Post Office, but really, I am sure, in order that he might drag in the old rhyme—

"'You owe me five farthings,'
Said the bells of St. Martin's."

Thursday, June 13th.—Mr. Balfour announced that Mrs. Pankhurst had been granted a permit to visit the United States because it was thought advisable in the interests of the Allies. Mr. King's nimble intellect at once leaped to the conclusion that she was being sent to repair the failure of previous missionaries, *e.g.*, his Grace of York. But Mr. Balfour said that Dr. Lang's visit had been a great success, and the Speaker remarked that it was "a great jump from Mrs. Pankhurst to the Archbishop." Not a greater jump, however, than from the Militant Suffragette of 1914 to the peaceful envoy of 1918.

Commercial Candour.

"Pad of 48 regimental brooches, all different, good proportion silver mounted, worth 3s. 6d., 35s. lot, admirable opportunity to collector or person desirous re-selling at profit."
The Bazaar.

THE GOBLIN TO THE FAIRY QUEEN.

What do you lack, queen, queen,
That is precious and fine and rare?
A jewelled snood that shall lie between
The delicate waves of your hair?
I will ride through the sky on the evening wind
With a golden needle and thread,
And string up the tiniest stars I can find,
To glitter about your head.

What can I do, queen, queen,
To hasten the hours along
When you grow weary of woodland green,
Weary of woodland song?
A cage of gossamer gold I will tie
On to a skylark's wing,
And there you shall hang in the midst of the sky,
And tremble to hear him sing.

Grant me a boon, queen, queen;
This is the boon that I ask—
Let me do service, mighty or mean,
Give me a task, a task.
Are there no jackanapes giants to slay?
Are there no dragons to fight?
Nothing shall daunt me by dark or by day;
Make me your goblin knight! R. F.



Sentry. "'ALT! STAND! ADVANCE! (*pause*). WELL, WHAT ABAUT IT?"

THE IDEA.

WHEN Corps demanded a return of officers "who have been successful or earned distinction in civil life," the name of Second-Lieut. Beadlebone was not forwarded. For one thing the column marked "Degrees or Diplomas" would have remained blank opposite his name. Second-Lieut. Beadlebone's pre-war calling demanded no such hall-marks; he had been a very subsidiary member of the Bright Ideas Department of one of London's all-hustle stores.

During his bewildering four months' training as an Artillery cadet Second-Lieut. Beadlebone did his best to acquire the correct "yours-not-to-reason-why" attitude of mind, thrust brain-waves into the past, and came to France apparently cured.

But the Canker of Ideas was only scotched, not killed.

One afternoon the Brigadier-General, C.R.A., dropped in to lunch with C Battery. He told with relish of a "Ref. my 039/120/0007" correspondence, gradually getting warmer, with an Infantry Brigade. It started with the Infantry Brigadier's complaint that the château he occupied was getting shelled because the artillery horses in the château grounds were not sufficiently concealed. "I told him the Bosch was shooting by the map, and that his château was shown on the map and my horse-lines were not," said the C.R.A. cheerfully. "Now their A.P.M. says that three water-troughs the batteries have put up must be camouflaged. How the deuce is one to camouflage water-troughs? I could fix up a raffia netting roof, sloped to simulate a bank, but it would have to be about as big as the Albert Hall. And there would still be the tracks. I might be rude and suggest that the red tabs and hat-bands which A.P.M.'s are no longer entitled to wear would do top-hole for making imitation scarlet-runners, and we might camouflage the tracks that way.

"But how the deuce is one to camouflage a water-trough," he repeated testily. "Should I suggest artificial ducks or water-cress or even a couple of mermaids?" And the C.R.A. knit his brows and surveyed the Mess, who looked thoughtful and distraught accordingly.

And, lo and behold, the Great Idea came to Beadlebone, who, remembering that subalterns "should be seen and not heard," had sat silent all through lunch. In the quietude of his dug-out and in a fair round hand he wrote out and despatched to the C.R.A. the following:

"ADD WHISKY TO THE WATER!"

Pointing the Moral.

"Printers can do strange things with astronomical terms."

Daily Chronicle, June 13th, 1918.

"I may add that I also noted the appearance of the temporary star Nora Persei seventeen years ago."—*Same paper, same date.*

"Major-General Cecil Lowther, M.P., who gets a K.C.M.G., has had an immense experience of soldering."—*Daily Express.*

It looks as if he'd been confused with General PLUMER.

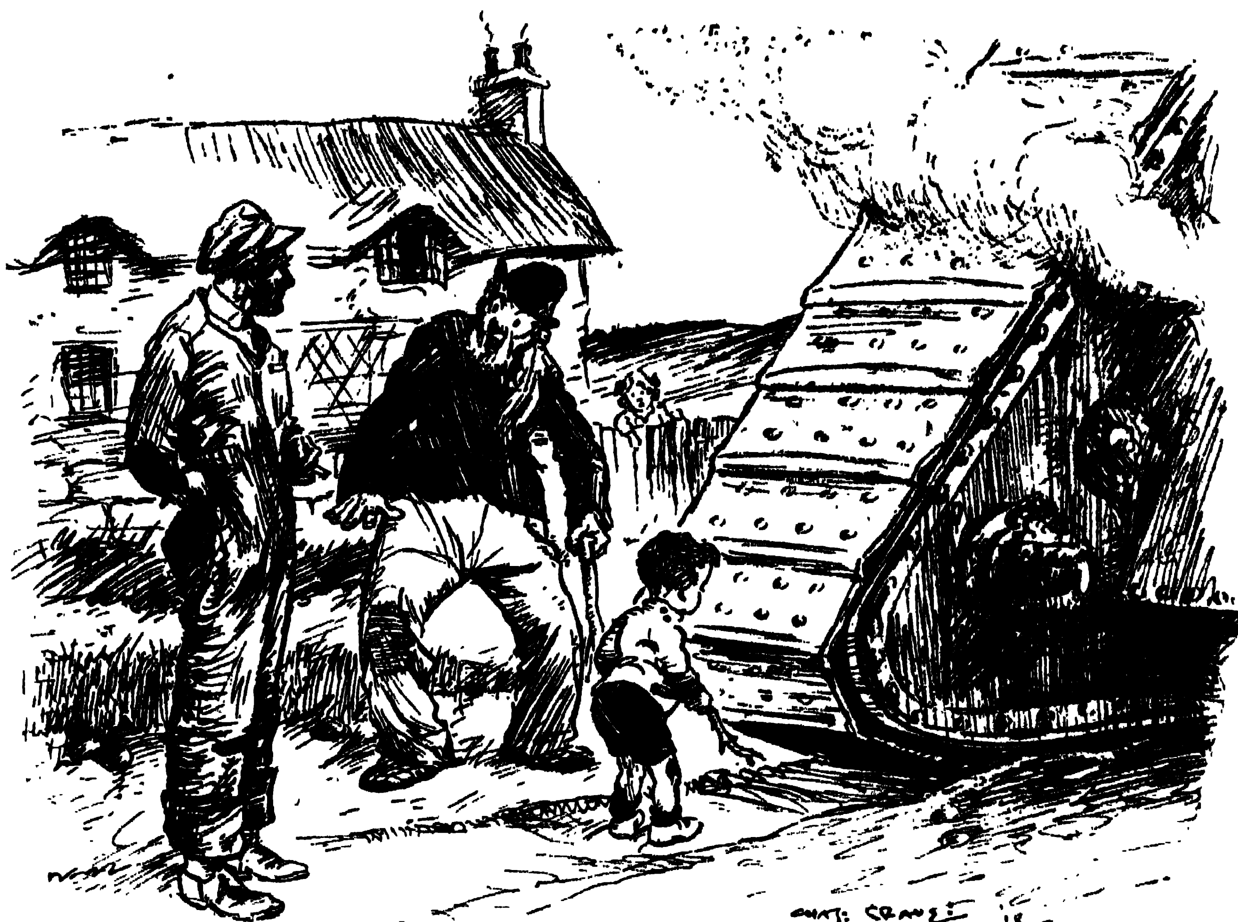
"A new star of the first magnitude was discovered at Thornton Heath, Surrey."

Scotsman.

Won't Walton Heath be jealous?

Another Impending Apology.

"Fortunately it made a clean wound, and though a doctor was called in no serious consequences are anticipated."—*Australian Paper.*



Tank Commander (to grandfather, who has told the boy not to touch it). "Oh, he'll take no harm."
Grandfather. "Ay, but you know what kids is, Mister. I don't want 'im to go breakin' anything."

JAKES.

How shall I fittingly bewail my loss,
My loss that is to be within a few
Short weeks—oh heavy, heavy loss that strikes
All of a heap myself and many more?
The fathers of the village mourn their friend,
And I too mourn him, and shall sing his praise;
For Jakes is not to shave us any more—
Jakes of the swift and energetic hand,
Who laid the lather on with right good-will,
Until in all the acreage of my face
No spot, however small that spot might be,
Remained unlathered when our Jakes had done
Fierce feats of skill and soapiness thereon.
But now the man has yielded to the call
And is about, they say, to follow far
With those who, being over age before,
Have now been graded and have volunteered
To go they know not where, they know not when,
But go they must, for they are volunteers.

We who remain, how shall it fare with us,
Unused through many years to shave ourselves?
We must resume our ancient shaving gear,
Long-stored in darkness, and must chop our cheeks,
Whether with ordinary blades we shave,
Or mow with safety razors up and down
The morning surface of our bleeding face,
Cutting our chins while he defends our lives,
A sad exchange not easy to be borne.
There shall be no more chats while we submit
Our bristles to his blade, no more discourse
Of how the times are changing for the worse
And razors are not now what once they were.
It may be, when the War is past and done
And he returns, that he will find us shaved.
Shaved, did I say?—not duly, truly shaved,
But pranked with whiskers and bedecked with beards.
Oh, then what pleasure will be his to set
Each old companion in the shaving chair,
And strop the trenchant razor, and begin
To sweep their hirsute faces, and restore
To youth and cleanliness our villagers!

A PUBLIC DEBT.

Mr. Punch invites the kind attention of his friends to the Theatrical Garden Party which will be held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on Tuesday, June 25th. The weather, he understands, has been guaranteed, and the programme includes a lavish assortment of most fascinating stunts, to be presided over by the very flower of the Stage. The Acting Profession has been so generous in the services it has given on behalf of other charities that it has every right to ask the help of the public for a cause of its very own—the Actors' Orphanage. Tickets at 3*s*., free of tax (on the day they will cost 5*s*. at the gate), may be obtained at the Box Offices of all London Theatres. Those who cannot go to the Theatrical Garden Party themselves will be glad to buy tickets for the admission of wounded men. These tickets should be sent to Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, at the Actors' Association, 32, Regent Street, W.1.

AT THE OPERA.

"PHŒBUS AND PAN."

THE late POET LAUREATE would have been much gratified if he could have assisted at the Drury Lane adaptation of BACH'S cantata, *Phœbus and Pan*. He might not have been greatly interested in the composer's personal attack upon his frivolous rivals, but he would have thoroughly appreciated the triumph of official poetry over its wanton critics and parodists.

I need hardly say that my own sympathies were with the beaten side. I don't pretend that the rather primitive and German humour of *Midas*, who adjudicated in favour of *Pan* (each competitor is naively permitted to appoint his own judge), belongs to the best type of refined badinage, but it was more effective than the dull academical effusion of *Phœbus*. The strangely arbitrary sentence by which *Midas* was condemned to wear a pair of asses' ears for his devotion to the losing cause reminds me of a case, recently reported from California, in which the counsel who defended two prisoners arrested for expressing pro-German views was rebuked by the Bench for his sympathies and awarded five years' hard labour in a penitentiary.

Even Sir THOMAS BEECHAM could not persuade me that BACH'S allegorical cantata lends itself very happily to operatic treatment, though a rather indifferent ballet was thrown in for relief. As a sporting production I commend it, but should have been well content with my evening's entertainment if it had been confined to the really admirable performance of *La Bohème*. Madame JEANNE BROLA as *Mimi*, and Mr. WEBSTER MILLAR as *Rudolph*, sang delightfully. They were not MELBA and CARUSO, but they made up for that defect by looking their parts and playing them with great sincerity. I beg leave to join a very enthusiastic audience in its appreciation of the fine work that Sir THOMAS BEECHAM is doing at Drury Lane. O. S.

Overcrowding.

"Mrs. Irving said that there were thousands of people living in two rooms 12ft. by 10ft. and 10ft. by 8ft."—*Daily Paper.*

"Ninety-four out of every hundred marriages in 1917 were widow marriages. Will the number become higher?"—*Ideas.*

This is the paragraph that made *Mr. Antony Weller* turn in his grave.

"Cook-General wanted, for two ladies.—Apply, by letter, or call any morning after 7 p.m."—*Sutton Herald.*

The time indicated is, we suppose, what the other Generals call "zero."

NEW BOOKS AND THEIR BACKERS.

CAWKER'S COLOSSAL LIST.

Ready Now.

MRS. SANDY HARRIS'S arresting book, *VITALITIES.*

Mrs. Harris touches on a number of momentous and controversial problems, such as Co-operative Cauliflower-growing, Baby Suffrage, Mumps, Platonic Love, Charity Raffles, Spillikins, How to Eat Macaroni, etc., and interlards her wisdom with an abundance of arch humour.

MR. MARCUS BLANDFORD'S GREATEST NOVEL, *THE MODULATIONS OF MEPHISTOPHELES.*

The basic idea of this gorgeous and Gargantuan romance is that all the perplexing dissonances of modern life can be resolved by the adoption of a system of Satanic polyphony, based on the Rosicrucian principle of macro-cosmic modulation.

First Review. "An abysmal work . . . profoundly perturbing . . . a boon to teachers who cannot teach and thinkers who will not think."

MR. MENANDER PAMPINGTON'S Most topical Book, *PATAGONIAN PERILS.*

At the present juncture this narrative of Mr. Pampington's adventures in Patagonia is of unique topical interest. No Englishman knows the country better, and, owing to his great height (six feet seven inches), he has been peculiarly at home among the Patagonian giants.

Miss BECKY EAST'S new incursion, *DRESSING THEM DOWN.*

In this exhilarating volume Miss East analyses and demolishes all writers of established reputations in her deliciously acid and mordant style. There is no doubt that her criticisms will be received with mixed feelings; but mixtures are often essential to the maintenance of health.

MR. JINGLE'S LIST.

THINKING ALOUD
(Second Series),
BY SOMEBODY.

Who is "Somebody"? This question has convulsed Camberwell and mystified Mayfair since the appearance of his or her first volume. The general verdict is summed up in the witty remark of a famous writer that there is "Some" body in Somebody's vintage. But the secret has been kept. Wild horses would not drag it from Mr. Jingle, though if the truth were known "imagination's widest stretch" would assuredly "in wonder die away."

THE BLEATINGS OF BUMBLEPUPPY.

The discovery of a new author, Mr. Benjamin Snelgrove. "We want such books as these," writes a well-known O.B.E. in a Foreword. "It exudes genius at every pore." The first review says:—

"I think the Minister of Entertainment ought to read this terrible book. I look forward to the first sermon of the Rev. H. G. WELLS upon it."

PONDER OF PONDER'S END.

A first novel by Messalina Trotter, of whom *The Caviller* remarks, "Her book is worthy of her name."

TO A NEW KNIGHT.

MOMENTOUS sage of Mona's Isle,
Pride of your fellow-Manx,
Renowned alike upon the Nile
And by the Tiber's banks—

What though the critics, whom it irks
To watch your widening reign,
And elders of illiberal kirks
Affect a harsh disdain;

What though fastidious souls declare
Your style distinction lacks,
Or, boldly sacrilegious, dare
To mimic it, like "Max";

So long as countless myriads hold
Your lucubrations dear,
And, side by side, the copies sold
Would circumvent the sphere?

Let pert reviewers carp and jibe,
Let jealous pens deride,
The interviewers, noble tribe,
Are solid on your side.

Have you not shown in all its bloom
Rome's grandeur to mankind,
And, culling copy at Khartoum,
Laid bare the Arab mind?

Did not your heroine, *Glory Quayle*,
Our views of life transform;
Did not all modern heroes pale
Beside the great *John Storm*?

As long as char-à-banc or 'bus
Brings trippers to your shrine,
Shall the new star *Cainiculus*
High in the welkin shine.

Loud booms the wave in Bradda's cave,
Yet with a muffled tone
Matched with the sound, immense, profound,
From your great trumpet blown.



OUR BLASÉ YOUTH.

Superior little Girl. "Well, fancy you looking up at an aeroplane, Auntie! Billie and I *never* do."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

It was apparent early in the War that one of Germany's industries which would have to be tackled very seriously was the manufacture of guide-books. As the traveller's mentor the late Herr Baedeker had established himself in a position of strength equalled only by his compatriot, the late Baron Tauchnitz, as the traveller's beguiler; and hard work would be necessary to displace both. I see signs of the most laudable enterprise and the most careful toil in the substitute for *Baedeker* which the English publishing firm of Macmillan and the French publishing firm of Hachette have united to issue under the general title of *The Blue Guides*, or *Les Guides Bleus—London and Its Environs*, by Findlay Muirhead. It is not quite so compact a handbook, using the word in its strict meaning, as the old red product of the Fatherland—the bulk is greater, the paper is not so thin, the cover is a shade less limp—but it is a wonderful compilation. One could wish, perhaps, that the German model had not been followed quite so closely, because, although that is a compliment to the enemy, it also offers him a handle for some rather pointed criticism of a kind which we in England prefer, as a rule, to deliver rather than to receive; but I suppose that when one is out to replace thoroughly one must be derivative root and branch. Stars are even given to hotels and restaurants "exactly in the ancient way," and I suppose that the proprietors, when their stars—like the new one above us—begin to disappear, will have just the same old heartburnings; and there is the detachable little pamphlet of coloured maps at the end and the survey of national art at the beginning. Turning over the leaves of this book and hunting (like a conscientious humane reviewer) for omissions, and finding none, I am filled with admiration equally for the Editor's thoroughness and for the indomitable spirit of a publishing man, who, amid all the obstacles set in his way by military requirements, can contemplate and carry through so vast and exacting a task. And now may the dogs of war speedily return to their kennels, so that travellers from all over the world (except two or three countries in Central Europe) may hasten to London and test Mr. Muirhead's quality!

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall has for some time been one of our literary specialists upon Eastern topics. His latest volume, *Oriental Encounters* (Collins), is really a fragment of autobiography that explains this happy choice. In his short preface, a piece of reminiscence naively self-revealing, Mr. Pickthall tells us how at eighteen, having already "failed in one or two adventures" (one reflects that he must have started rather early), he found himself through parental generosity launched upon a course of Oriental travel. With the natural result that he heard the East a-calling to what

luring effect one can imagine, given an impressionable and sensitive lad of the disposition that the author shows himself to have had. Indeed, apart from the obvious appeal of these picturesque scenes of Judean and Syrian wanderings, I myself found a special charm in the sense of youthful adventure that they most vividly convey. There is a holiday, even truant-playing, atmosphere about Mr. PICKTHALL'S recollections, wonderfully rejuvenating. Thus in each varied encounter you may draw your pleasure not only from the strange types, the dragoman, the soldier, judge, mountain-chief, and a score of others whom this adolescent critic sketches so brightly, but fully as much from the spectacle of the boy-errant watching with unstaled eyes all the colour and pageantry of a life that others of his age less fortunate know only in books or dreams. It is this unusual combination of traveller's tale and youthful memory that gives the book its unique appeal.

I have already pleasant knowledge of the skill of Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY as a short story writer; she has now proved it again with *Thumb Nails* (MILLS AND BOON), a collection of eight little sketches, chiefly war-time character studies, very well drawn, full of observation and handled with a delicacy characteristic of feminine fiction at its best. Reading them you will see for yourself directly why I thus emphasise the author's sex. It is illustrated on its weaker side when she tells one slight tale by means of unposted letters (a convention that I detest). But no man, I think, could have written the very tender and unexpected climax to the episode called "The Plum-Pudding Dog"—a climax that comes as a real gift to the reader expectant of the easy pathos that has seemed inevitable. Not, however, that Mrs. DUDENEY is without her sterner, even hauntingly grim moods; "Good Grape Wine" proves the contrary—a quite ugly yet compelling picture (tragedy on a Thumb Nail) of maternal devotion gone wrong, which you will not find it easy to forget. Throughout, the War is used by Mrs. DUDENEY in its only legitimately artistic way as a solvent of character. One sees that even in such lighter sketches as, for example, "The Invasion," which forms an interesting companion picture to certain almost exactly similar incidents in HARDY'S *Trumpet Major*. A coincidence of casual reading brought this comparison home to me, emphasising how almost exactly a century later our island history has thus repeated itself. It may well happen that posterity (already so greatly in our debt) will owe something to Mrs. DUDENEY for her Thumb Nail sketches of conditions happily by that time become only a half-credited legend.



Mr. ——, aged fifty, who becomes quite giddy if he looks out of a second-floor window, has a horrid nightmare.

The Officer. "NOW THEN! LOOK ALIVE! OFF YOU GO AND DROP THESE ON AS MANY GERMAN TOWNS AS YOU CAN MANAGE IN A SIX-HOUR FLIGHT!"

I am tempted to quote Mr. L. P. LEARY'S description of his book, *The New Zealanders in Samoa* (HEINEMANN), because it is the frankest criticism I have ever known an author to pass upon his own work. "A child of chance," he writes, "conceived at random of an ill-chosen parent, born prematurely and mis-shapen in its growth, it is sent out upon the world immature and apologetic." I hope I shall never think of being as rude as that to any book, and indeed I have no hard things to say of this one, except that I did not feel comfortable about its facetiousness. When however you grow accustomed to Mr. LEARY'S brand of humour you will be quick to admit that he has something very considerable to say. He makes us understand and appreciate the independent nature of the New Zealanders, and we can see them at Samoa developing from an undisciplined crowd of patriots into the real thing. Of course the question of saluting is discussed, and here we get to the root of the matter. For myself I am glad enough to salute this "mis-shapen" child of Mr. LEARY because it has in it the spirit which is going to beat the Hun. Naturally there is a chapter entitled "Echoes of R. L. S.," but it is not of any great value.

In *W. G. C. Gladstone, a Memoir* (NISBET) Lord GLADSTONE has performed a work of piety with conspicuous success and perfect good taste. The book takes a high place among those monographs which the affection of a survivor—father, brother or uncle—has dedicated to the memory of the noble and gallant young men whose achievements have given even to war an element of beauty. Lord GLADSTONE does not put his nephew before us as exceptionally brilliant; but he does describe to us a young man who took his life as Squire of Hawarden and Member of Parliament with sincerity and zeal, basing himself on an ideal of duty and love of country, for which, as it proved, he was ready to give up life and all that it brought with it of enjoyment and ease, of work and friendship, spreading out before his eyes in a prospect of many years.

Tumblefold (JENKINS) purports to be a record, by one who has climbed from the pit, of memories of childhood in a Wolverhampton alley. He tells of the friendship and adventures of five boys, four of the normal, rough-and-tumble, quarrelling kind, and the fifth, delicate and gentle, slipping out of the alliance before childhood was over, because there was something badly the matter with the drains. The writer, Mr. JOSEPH WHITTAKER, is at his best when he is simplest. When the more dramatic episodes are embroidered in retrospect, such as the murder in Irish Row, he produces an effect of unreality and strain after effect—easy enough faults where the subject-matter is full of tragic possibilities. But I must not give the impression that the book is overshadowed with gloom. It is chiefly concerned with the games, the tricks and the feuds of the five friends, who had in their own way quite a good time.

"Wanted a typewriter, good make, to write French."—*Malta Paper.*

Ours is a good make, but has never been out of England and is rotten at languages.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is understood that in, order to reassure the Dual Monarchy that it is still independent, the HOHENZOLLERNS have decided not to claim the credit for the Austrian offensive.

* * *

"More and cleaner coal is required for domestic use," says the COAL-CONTROLLER. Ours, we are glad to say, arrived tolerably clean, but soon began to show the housemaid's finger-marks.

* * *

Mr. MONTAGU'S statement that the operations on the North-West Frontier are to be treated as a part of the Great War has aroused considerable opposition in Peshawar, where they are asking resentfully, "Why drag in these European side-issues?"

* * *

"One notes with amazement," writes a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "the cornflowers—Germany's national flower—in many florists' windows." The fact is we like to see them looking so blue.

* * *

Leading economists are pressing for reform in various places, and among the suggestions put forward is that of paying the POET LAUREATE by piece-work.

* * *

The unnaturalised German who recently told a London magistrate that he had no friends in the Home Office is being detained pending an examination into his mental condition.

* * *

During its recent trials the Madsen gun was plunged into a mud bath. The omission to plunge the gunners in too arouses the suspicion that the Higher Command were only half-hearted in the matter.

* * *

A weekly paper has an article entitled "How to Cook a Haggis." At the risk of showing our ignorance in these matters we are bound to confess that we always thought the haggis was a thing that you played, like the bagpipes.

* * *

At last the march of civilisation is making itself felt in Mexico, where in consequence of the War they have decided to take up baseball as a substitute for revolutions.

* * *

"The struggle must be fought out," declared the KAISER on the recent anniversary of his accession to the throne. In the meanwhile no opportunities of talking it out will be overlooked by the enemy.

* * *

The remains of a woman supposed to have lived in the Neolithic period have been discovered in Scotland. This bears out our well-known contention that woman is a very old-established sex.



"AND HOW'S THE LEG THIS MORNING, JONES?"
"WELL, SIR, *IF ANYTHING*, SIR, ABOUT THE SAME."

* * *

A statistical writer tells us that, if a tank the size of a Dreadnought were filled with beer, London would empty such a tank every day. For that reason we understand that it will not be done.

TITLE AND HALF-TITLE PAGES.

With a view to economy of paper, the title and half-title pages of the Volume which is completed with the present issue are not being delivered with copies of *Punch* as formerly; they will however be sent free, by post, upon receipt of a request.

Those readers who have their Volumes bound at the *Punch* Office, or by other binders in the official binding-cases, will not need to apply for copies of the title and half-title pages, as these will be bound in by the *Punch* Office or supplied direct to other binders along with the cases.

* * *

It is remarkable how the British soldier will pick up languages. Only last week an American Corporal stopped a British Sergeant and said, "Say, Steve, can you put me wise where I can barge into a boiled shirt biscuit-juggler who could get me some eats?" And the Sergeant at once directed him to a café.

* * *

The game of bowls, we are told, is extremely popular at Plymouth. We are glad to observe this and to find that the old gentlemen there are overcoming their nervousness. After all it is quite exceptional nowadays for an Armada to pop up and interrupt the game.

* * *

What is said to be a new dog has been discovered in West Australia. It is about the size of a dog, shaped like a rat and very ugly in appearance. Once more we thank heaven that we don't see such things in this country, at least not on Government ale.

* * *

Crowds besieged a dairy near Smithfield Market last week owing to the arrival of a number of cheeses from Somersetshire. We understand that the cheeses set the crowd a fine example of orderliness.

* * *

In view of the fact that they have no horses to draw the Fire Brigade engine, Goole residents are asked to provide their own. Surely if the residents provide the fire the Council should find the horses.

* * *

A magistrate stated last week that he had not the remotest idea why he was awarded the C.B.E. We understand that several burglars who have appeared before his worship say that he richly deserved it.

* * *

A Spanish Futurist painter recently acted as an hotel hall-porter for a wager, and completely took in his friends. As a Futurist painter he was never quite so successful.

* * *

We understand that Japan has not yet decided on what action she shall take in Russia, so that complete details from London gossip-writers are still welcome.

* * *

"The best of summer-time," says an Irishman, "is that it keeps early so late."

"Old-fashioned lady's green silk sunshade, to fold, 16in.; exchange for man's flannel shirt and pants."—*The Bazaar.*

If this means that the old-fashioned lady proposes to go in for war work we congratulate her on doing the thing thoroughly.

"JUNE AND THE GENERAL STAFF."

AWAY went the representative of the Junior General Staff, over hill and dale, through ditch and hedge, climbing in and out of shell holes, heedless of barbed wire and oblivious of loose cables. Scarcely pausing to take a briar from his neck he pressed on and on, groping blindly for obstacles that were not and stumbling, kicking and squirming over obstacles that were. Soon, however, his distress became more acute, his footsteps began to flag and then suddenly, as a more violent paroxysm than usual overtook him, he sat down helplessly on a coil of wire and sneezed and sneezed—and SNEEZED!

Alas, poor Pink William! the cry of "Summer is here" brought no answering thrill in his bosom. Every year at 9 A.M. on the 1st of June (the very day when the sport of "clout-casting" begins) it started—the dreaded hay-fever—and then no longer did the brightest, gayest and pinkest of the Junior General Staff wend his way along the line with a cheery word for C.O.'s and a deprecating smile for Tommies eating things out of a tin. No longer was it a thing of joy to chase round historic localities to see if the infantry had put as much work on the ground as they had on paper. With streaming eyes and nose aglow he would wander on, maintaining some sort of direction only by an occasional opening of one saturated eye, and all the time blowing fearful blasts into his corduroy handkerchiefs, that being the only fabric capable of withstanding the terrible explosions. When Pink William threw back his head to sneeze strong men flung themselves on their faces.

So there he sat mopping his moist eyes and sniffing desperately at bottles of menthol and eucalyptus. It was a bad day, but the fault was more or less his own—he was the first to admit that. If you are careless enough to anoint a sensitive and tingling nostril with antiseptic toothpaste instead of the soothing "Nasarine," what can you expect? Yet, rolling in agony as he was, his sense of duty prevailed. Come what might he must get his reconnaissance done and be back at the Corps by 3 P.M., in order to mount guard at the telephone while his superior officer did his usual liaison work on the polo ground.

So, burying his face in his sixteenth handkerchief, he plunged boldly forward again, recklessly trampling down the double apron wire fences of reserve lines as he went. Behind him toiled Buzzy Harrison, a grim and perspiring Brigade orderly. "The offensive must be very near now," thought Buzzy, "when the Staff gets the wind up as much as this." "Soon, soon it will be over," was all that was in Pink William's mind as he retrieved his twentieth handkerchief from the hedge into which he had sneezed it. This comforting thought brought them to a company headquarters situated in a ruin close to the reserve line.

In a croaking voice he asked if things were all right.

"Yes," said the Company Commander; "but he's been shelling us all the morning. Sends them over regularly every hour——"

Whew-bang! Whew-bang! Whew-whop!

"That's the next lot coming; the hour is just about up. Into the trench, everybody!"

Whew-bang—whew-bang—c-crumph! Whew-whop! Whew-whop! Over their heads, as they bolted for the trench, went the covey.

"Gas!" shouted the Company Commander, dashing along the trench. "Get your helmets on, everybody!" And in thirty seconds everybody had disguised himself as a truffle-hunter.

But who was that? Who was that officer there, careless of all danger, standing up in the open like Ajax defying the gas-precautions?

It was Pink William. The acrid smoke and a whiff of gas had set him off again. Gone was his gas-mask, blown into the middle distance by one mighty crashing sneeze. Careless of the consequences he turned deliberately in the direction of the enemy's gas and sneezed and sneezed—and SNEEZED.

Whew-whop, whew-whop, whew-whop! came the shells thicker than before; but nobody noticed them, for, quicker than most thoughts, down came Pink William's counter-barrage of "Atishoo, Atishoo, ATISHOO-OO!"

The Hun demurred. What was the use of wasting good gas shell if it was going to be dispersed harmlessly?

Again he tried, a wicked little bunch of 77's, 4.2's, and 5.9's mixed. Pah! it seemed the merest zephyr by comparison with this human Boreas.

He stopped. With a few well-directed sneezes Pink William effectually disposed of the lingering fumes and then with the help of able and willing hands staggered into the trench, where he lay for so long without breathing that they became alarmed. Only his poor nose glowed; otherwise he showed no sign of life.

"Give him respiration drill," cried the Platoon Sergeant. "No, not 'respirator' drill, you fool."

But suddenly Pink William began to come to.

"I can't tell you how grateful we are to you, Sir, for your assistance," said the Company Commander fervently. "I do hope, Sir, you will come and see us again, and——"

"I want—want to——" began William, but, alas, he could not go on; he seemed to be sinking fast.

"Take his last words down, pore feller," groaned a little corporal, and the truffle-hunters nozzled and wagged their hideous heads sympathetically.

"I want——"

"Yes, Sir?"

"I want to—I must——"

"Yes, Sir, say it, and I'll get it down."

"I mus-er-ust——"

"Yes, Sir, what?"

"Sneeze—ATISHOO—OO!" shouted William and blew the Company Commander over.

And then he felt better. The irony came when he got back and they asked him what he had *seen*.

O FOR A BOOK!

"O for a book and a shady nook!"
You recollect the rhymes,
Written how many years ago
In placid happier times?
To-day no shady nooks are ours
With half the world at strife
And dark ambition laying waste
The pleasant things of life;
But still the cry for books is heard:
For solace of the magic word.

"O for a book," the cry goes forth,
"O for a book to read;
To soothe us in our weariness,
The laggard hours to speed!"
From countless hospitals it comes,
Where stricken soldiers lie,
Who gave their youth, who gave their strength,
Lest Liberty should die.
How small a favour to implore:
The books we've finished with—no more!

A book can have a thousand lives,
With each new reader, one;
A book *should* have a thousand lives
Before its course is run.
And we few kinder things can do,
Our gratitude to show,
Than give the freedom of our shelves
To those that need it so,
Nor let them ask without avail
The sweet beguilement of a tale.

E. V. L.

Every gift of books and magazines sent to the War Library of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John, at Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, is gratefully acknowledged and distributed among sick and wounded soldiers and sailors.



A PITIFUL POSE.

Teuton Crocodile. "I DO SO FEEL FOR THE POOR BRITISH WOUNDED. I ONLY WISH WE COULD DO MORE FOR THEM."

["We Germans will preserve our conception of Christian duty towards the sick and wounded."—*From recent remarks of the* Kaiser *reported by a German correspondent.*]



Company Officer (during a lull in a push). "We do look a ragged lot of scarecrows, don't we, Sergeant?"

Sergeant. "Yes, Sir. I often thinks to myself what a job we're going to have gettin' men trained up to peace pitch again after the War."

THE I.S.P.B.

"That was a near thing," said a voice from the opposite corner. "Another minute and I should have been done."

I looked about me with some surprise, for I was under the impression that I was alone in the railway-carriage. At the last station a fat rural lady had just got out and had left me, so far as I could see, in solitary occupation. One does not expect remarks from an empty compartment.

"Have you ever," continued the voice, "been sat upon by a lady of fourteen stone? I can't advise it; it really is a most distressing experience."

"But who—where—what—I can't see——"

"Do you mean to tell me," said the voice, "that you can't see a paper-bag when it offers to converse with you? Really the travelling public is a very stupid public. To be sure I *am* flat; ladies of fourteen stone do have that effect. I suppose I must inflate myself."

With that the paper-bag, which I now located, raised itself painfully on to its lower edge and began to screw itself here and puff itself there till it looked for all the world like an ordinary paper-bag ready for a child to pop.

"There, that's done," said my distended friend, "and now I can talk. I daresay you'd like to know where I am going. I am due in London this morning to defend myself against a most malicious prosecution. They allege that on Tuesday of last week I actually took a man and his wife and his family of three children to the banks of the river Thames and served them with food for a picnic in the shape of five buns and the same number of bananas."

"But there's nothing wrong in that. Even Dora——"

"No," he said, "there's nothing wrong in that, but they proceed to charge me with having left the whole family, children and all, lying about on the bank of the river, and thus destroying the amenity of the landscape and causing serious offence to certain of His Majesty's lieges."

"Upon my word," I said, "this is a most extraordinary thing! I have often noticed how violently unornamental and inappropriate are the wrappings of paper left about by picnic parties, but it had never occurred to me——"

"It hadn't occurred to you, of course, that you could find a remedy by approaching the paper-bags politely and getting them on your side. Everything else was tried and still our popular resorts continued to be littered with bun-bags. As soon as I was elected President of the Illustrious Society of Paper-Bags I set to work and established a working agreement with the inspectors of picnics. Every paper-bag was made responsible for the behaviour of his party of picnickers, and especially for preventing them not only from leaving paper about but also from leaving themselves about."

"A capital idea!" I said enthusiastically; "but how comes it that you of all bags in the world should be prosecuted for a breach of these regulations?"

"Pooh!" said my friend, "that is mere envy and malice on the part of rivals who aspired to the presidency of our illustrious society. Of course they haven't a leg to stand upon"—nor for the matter of that had he. "In point of fact, on the day I was supposed to be taking out this picnic party I was confined to a cupboard with a bad cold."

But at this moment a gust of wind blew through the compartment and caught the President, and before I could stretch a hand to save him had puffed him out through the open window. And so I lost him. But his new way with picnickers seems certainly to deserve a trial.

CAMOUFLAGED POETRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Some people speak disrespectfully of the Northcliffe Press, but surely we poets owe that institution a deep debt of gratitude for introducing the refreshing novelty of versified foreign correspondence. In a recent issue of *The Times* there was a most interesting account of the unveiling of a memorial to an old English worthy, WILL ADAMS of Yokosuka. This account, from the Tokyo correspondent of *The Times*, was *apparently* written in prose, but, with a few negligible variations which I have allowed myself, it turns out to be a remarkably fine specimen of a poem written from end to end in the extraordinarily difficult "Hiawatha" metre. I append the poem in full, as it is possible that some of the readers of *The Times* may have failed to recognise it as such:—

"In a grove hard by the busy Naval port of Yokosuka, Our ambassador, Sir William Conyngham [pray note the spelling] Greene, to-day unveiled a noble Monument to old Will Adams. There were present Baron Sufu, Sometime Governor of the province, Who was chiefly instrumental In procuring the erection Of this beautiful memorial, And a numerous assembly Of townspeople and school children. And the scene was much enlivened By a free display of bunting With the Union Jack to crown it. On the monument, of Sendai Stone, in height ten feet exactly, Is the following inscription:—'This memorial is for Anjin, Known in England as Will Adams, Who, in the third year of Keicho, Cruised the Oriental Ocean In a small Dutch sailing vessel. Meeting with a furious tempest Anjin went adrift, but landed Safely on the coast of Bungo. Iyeyasu Tokugawa, Then residing at Osaka, Graciously received the outcast, Sending him along to Yeddo, Where a property, at present Called Anjincho Nihombashi, Was conferred upon the stranger. Iyeyasu then appointed Anjin as his chief translator And his counsellor, and ordered Him to build a foreign vessel. Later on he pleased the Shogun, Who appointed him instructor In geography and ordnance And the higher mathematics. Anjin was engaged in foreign Trade and rendered his employers Useful and distinguished service, In return for which they granted Him estates upon the uplands Overlooking Yokosuka.' Adams' memory, or Anjin's, Still is green throughout the district, Which the humble Kentish sailor Held as fief in former ages From the mighty Iyeyasu. When the Ceremony ended, Baron Sufu (*vide supra*) And Sir Conyngham and others Of the company inspected All the relics of Will Adams Which are still preserved *in situ*."

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours faithfully,

H. W. LONGFELLOW (SHADE OF).



THE DODGERS.

First Alien Visitor. "HOW DID YOU GET YOUR THEASON TICKET, IKEY? YOU AIN'T A RETHIDENT."

Second ditto. "VELL, YOU SEE, FIRST OF ALL I ARRANGE WITH MY LANDLADY THAT *I* PAY THE RATETH, AND *SHE* KNOCKTH A BIT OFF THE WEEKLY BILLTH TO BALANTH IT. THEN I GET THE RATE RETHEIPT MADE OUT IN MY NAME, TAKE IT TO THE RAILWAY COMPANY ATH A PROOF THAT I'M A RETHIDENT, AND—THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY."

"THE CATERPILLAR'S OFFENSIVE.

As a result of collecting caterpillars as pets a number of Hitchin children have had to be medically treated for a peculiar irritating rash."—*Daily Mirror.*

It is thought that the Hitchin children may have been acting on the homœopathic principle.

A Wide Margin.

"Between 750,000,000 and 1 million 'standard suits' will be ready for sale in England this summer at prices ranging from 57/6 to 92/6."—*Balkan News.*

"The following is the observation ascribed to a Japanese among the party of 120 Japanese who left Irkoutsk on the 13th inst: 'All the business shops are closed at 3 p.m. and the inhabitants are living on hot bricks.'"

Manchuria Daily News.

It looks as if the Russians in Siberia were making a real effort to build up their constitution.

INSTRUMENTAL TRAGEDIES.

An amorous youth of Athlone
Told his love in a way all his own;
But the medium employed
Made his suit null and void,
For it happened to be the trombone.

There was once an Italian named Niccolo
Who played with great power on the piccolo;
But his tones were so shrill
That the neighbours fell ill,
And he had to migrate to Co. Wickelow.

There was a persistent old barionet
Who practised for years on the clarionet;
But at his decease
He had learned but one piece—
"The Funeral March of a Marionette."

There was a young lady named Lola
Who thought she could play the viola;
But the sounds of her Strad
Would have driven BACH mad
And demoralised SAVONAROLA.

There was a young native of Cuba
Who devoted himself to the tuba;
His tone was quite grand,
But when one of a band
He produced an orchestral Majuba.

There was an old Trinity Fellow
Who drew horrid groans from his 'cello;
But his friends, though distressed,
One and all acquiesced,
For his port was exceedingly mellow.

There was a renowned Senior Wrangler,
Of problems a great disentangler;
But in music his skill
Absolutely was *nil*
Except as a sort of triangler.

A rash Caledonian gent
Played the flute on two Sundays in Lent;
On the third coming round
To his sorrow he found
That the bore had been filled with cement.

"An English officer at my table was exchanging English slang for American. And was very pleased with a few 'got the blinkers off now,' and 'That's got the blinkers off me,' and 'Hhat's the stuff to give them.'"
Eastern Morning News.

American slang *is* so obscure.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARMADUKE."

Marmaduke was the unsatisfactory son of a very dear mother; and on the day that his millionaire and absentee stepfather, *Gregory*, a bushy-eyebrowed juggernaut of a man, is expected, and great hopes are entertained of his providing the scapegrace with a job—behold there is no *Marmaduke*. But his portrait is in *The Mirror*—a lost-memory case in a London hospital. Off posts little cousin *Patricia* to retrieve him. Arrival, just in time to appease the punctual juggernaut, of a handsome urbane young man with a perfectly blank memory but a quite ready wit, who, instead of abjectly feeding out of the millionaire's hand, is rather inclined to pull his leg. Consternation of all but *Gregory*, the unpleasant but fundamentally good sort, who seems rather impressed by this unusual treatment.



THE NEW GAME OF DUMMY DOUBLE.
"Marmaduke" . . MR. DENNIS EADIE.

Meanwhile *"Marmaduke"* is well content to let go his past for such a present, such a perfect dear of a mother (Miss MARY JERROLD at her most gracious and tender), such a charming cousin, such a comfortable bungalow. Yet the mother is puzzled by a quite different look in her boy's eyes, and housekeeper *Dawson* sniffs suspiciously. On the other hand *Aunt Susan* and the credulous and incompetent family doctor accept the newcomer uncritically, and only little rogue *Pat* really knows that it isn't their *Marmaduke*, but lets him stay on to save the situation till her cousin's reappearance. An excellent gambit, Mr. ERNEST DENNY!

So *"Marmaduke,"* unenlightened as to the real facts, snuggles down into a very pleasant home, makes love to a not unwilling *Patricia* and suspects nothing till he finds his double, who has made a furtive and unsteady entrance by the window, in his bed. A cleverly-contrived complication, and certainly a First and Second Act as neatly finished off as any of recent years. If the unravelling-processes of the Third Act were not quite so skilfully handled—well, that's a perennial difficulty, and there was nothing in the least ignominious in the author's partial failure. I think that some judicious cuts and some swifter playing might ease the situation a little.

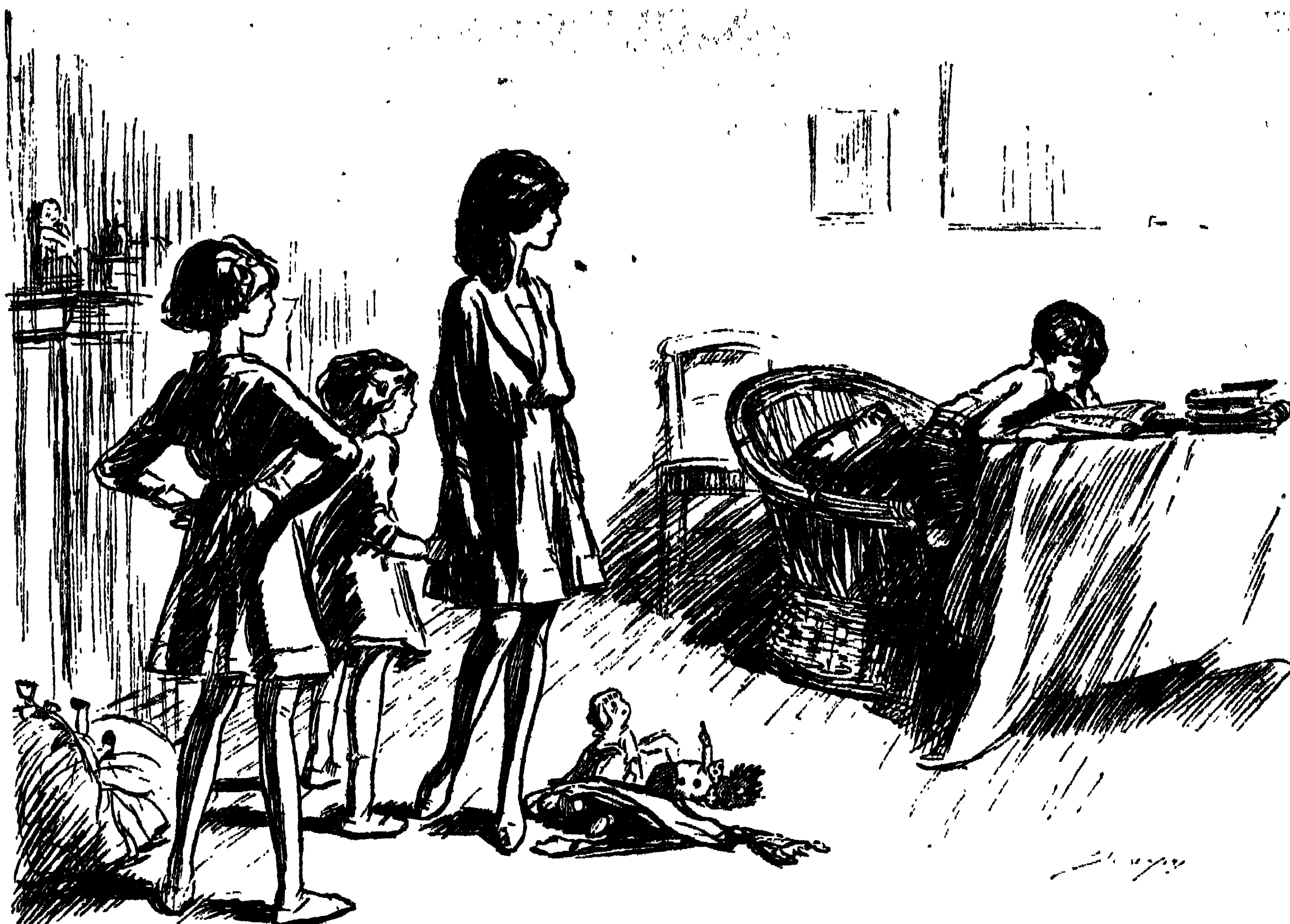
Did Miss MARY JERROLD as *Lady Althea Gregory* do, say or look anything but just the right thing? If so I did not notice it. A charming, delicate performance, enough to make any play. Mr. DENNIS EADIE'S *"Marmaduke"* was very attractive, and his little study of the unsatisfactory original cleverly contrasted. The ruthless millionaire was so obviously cut to Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE'S pattern that it would have been an impertinence for any other actor to have played it. Miss MARY O'FARRELL gave us a pretty study of a very charming Irish maid, and Miss HELEN ROUS as *Lady Susan* boomed explanations and protests in the background. Mr. RANDLE AYRTON put in a clever sketch of a family solicitor, and Miss MURIEL POPE most effectively disguised herself as that unpleasant basilisk, the secretary to the millionaire. An admirably cast play, received with enthusiasm. T.

MARBLE HEART-BURNINGS.

HAVING heard that the preferential protective treatment accorded by Sir ALFRED MOND to the statue of CHARLES I. at Charing Cross had caused jealousy and recrimination among certain other of London's stone and bronze adornments, a *Punch* man set forth to test the rumour. He found it painfully true: a distinct suggestion of grievance pervaded the sculptured world. All, or nearly all, the statues considered that either too much honour is being paid to the figure of a king who was found not fit to rule, or too little is being paid to them.

OLIVER CROMWELL, in the shadow of Westminster Hall, was merely saturnine.

"I offer no opinion," he said, "except that it is strange to save CHARLES STUART and be careless of me. But if I go," he added grimly, "Parliament will go too."



Barbara as the *Nurse*, Betty as the *Baby;* Eileen (a friend) as the *Mother*, are playing "House."

Eileen to Jack (immersed in a book). "COME AND BE FATHER." *Jack.* "I WON'T UNLESS I CAN BE A WIDOWER."

Lord PALMERSTON opposite was as indignant.

"I think it monstrous," he said, "that nothing is being done for me. Not on my own account so much as on my tailor's. If I am destroyed the finest frock-coat and the most perfectly fitting trousers in the world will be lost for ever."

ROBERT BURNS, in the Embankment Gardens, was really angry.

"Why dinna they protect me?" he asked. "I'm in a verra exposit spot and I'm more than life-size. But this blathering body, MOND, cares more for kings than poetry."

Lord HOLLAND at Kensington, whose park has been largely dug up, was piteous.

"I don't suggest that I'm worth saving," he said, "but I should like to be covered in like KING CHARLES, or taken right away, as I hear KING JAMES has been from the Admiralty, because I can't bear the sight of these allotments. The motor-'buses were a terrible shock and still make me tremble all over; but to be surrounded by allotments!"

Dr. JOHNSON, at the back of St. Clement Danes, was unique in his desire not only to be let alone by Sir ALFRED MOND but, if possible, to be annihilated.

"I have been," he said, "the recipient of such an accumulation of contumely and adverse criticism that I should extend a cordial welcome to any hostile missile which, while terminating my own bronze existence, left unimpaired the surrounding masonry, and in particular the sacred edifice in my dorsal vicinity and the Courts of Justice on my sinister hand."

KING CHARLES himself, who could still be communicated with, although the rampart of sand-bags about him was growing higher every minute, said that he entertained no illusions.

"This Parliament man, MOND," he said, "is not saving me because I am a King. That would be too ironical, too comic, considering all things. No, he is saving me because I am a work of art, and because that excellent carver, GRINLING GIBBONS, designed my pedestal. Unless, of course," he added as a passing newsboy called out the Newmarket winners, "it is for the sake of my steed."

"I don't think you're right, Sire," said Mr. Punch's representive, "because nothing is being done either with your successor, GEORGE III., on horseback in Pall Mall East, or with his son, GEORGE IV., on horseback (without stirrups), just behind you in Trafalgar Square."

"That proves verily," said KING CHARLES, "that monarchs *quâ* monarchs have little claim upon your sufferance. The moral is that if statues wish to be cared for and preserved they must be fashioned by better sculptors."

But where can we find them?

"Napoleon's maxim was *La carrière ouvert aux tous talents.*"—*Sunday Pictorial.*

All great men have their limitations. NELSON never overcame his liability to seasickness, and the Little Corsican, apparently, never succeeded in mastering the French language.

"There is in France a deadly resolution that there shall be no surrender while there is an army on its legs.

Happily these extremities are not in view."

Daily Chronicle.

That is one of the advantages of trench-warfare.



DIANA.

Matron (whose men folk have all gone to the War). "Now where was it my Bill used to get his rabbits from?"

TO A FRIEND IN NEED.

["People no longer come to the pawnbroker; they send for him."]

O Montagu (whose other name is Moses),
  Sovereign whose spheres of influence are three,
Never was sunshine welcome to the roses
  As thou art welcome to the likes of me;
Yes, even James (our butler), who supposes
That thou 'rt my stockbroker, his mien discloses
  No deference that is not due to thee.

The day has vanished when the hungry masses
  Brought thee flat-irons and father's Sunday suit;
When all the wild oats sown by wilder asses
  Crowded thy coffers with attractive loot;
And lo! the shadow of thine ægis passes
To the protection of the middle classes
  And keeps our countenance in good repute.

I do not know what art of divination
  Made thee aware that I had spent my all,
And bade thee pen that brief communication,
  Saying, "Our Mr. Montagu will call";
I only know with what profound elation
I sped thee to the local railway station
  With our épergne (a wedding gift) in thrall.

Where now the furtive mien, the stealthy speering,
  The haunting of thy watch-festoonéd pane,
The popping in, the sudden reappearing
  Minus the sleeve-links or the Albert chain;
The wondering—was it just a trick of hearing
Or had we really caught the newsboys' yelling,
  "Old bottlenose has soaked the clock again"?

All that is gone. Instead, our James with proper
  Decorum leads you to my private den;
You choose a weed while I remove the stopper,
  Murmur, "Yes, thanks," and (subsequently) "When;"
Then, nonchalantly burnishing a topper
Already brighter than the driven copper,
  "Ah, yes, the timepiece! Well, worth three pound ten!"

Of course we lie; to self-respect we owe it
  That truth in such a case shall not prevail;
Jones's wife's pearls are "lost," while Brown (a poet)
  Has sent his fish-knives "to the Red Cross Sale,"
And old McUsquebaugh, a man of slow wit,
Who had nice Sheffield plate and liked to show it,
  Has "left it at the Bank"—a likely tale!

For it is thou, O Montagu (or Moses),
  Whose kindly hand alleviates our ills;
Within whose strong-room temptingly reposes
  The wherewithal to pay our weekly bills;
And if my piano goes—why, where it goes is
Not the affair of folk with prying noses
  And excess profits bulging in their tills.

Perhaps they would not lie to save their faces;
  To us it seems the natural thing to do—
To carry on and not show any traces
  Of what it costs to see the business through;
So, while the Hun a troubled world disgraces,
Laburnum Road will pawn its very braces
  And bless the name of Mr. Montagu.

Algol.

"Amsterdam, Tuesday.—A Vienna telegram to the German Press, as quoted in the '*Telegraaf*,' states the Austrian authorities have pointed out to the people that in view of the congress of oppressed nationalities at Rome certain events might some day happen."
Irish Paper.

We do not as a rule attach much importance to news from Vienna, even when it comes *viâ* Amsterdam, but in this case we have the fullest confidence in its correctness.



CAPITAL ERRORS.

German Emperor. "GOT TO ROME YET, KARL?"

Austrian Emperor. "NOT YET, WILHELM. BY THE WAY, ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE SPEAKING FROM PARIS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 17th.—Mr. PROTHERO announced that out of three hundred soldier-applicants for small holdings no fewer than five had actually been "suited." This startling success, achieved in the space of two years, naturally stimulated inquiry as to the offer of land recently made to Irish recruits. Mr. SAMUELS, acting as understudy for the CHIEF SECRETARY, took refuge behind the time-honoured phrases, "I have nothing to add to my previous reply" and "I must ask for notice of that question." His demeanour hardly seemed to me to justify Sir EDWARD CARSON'S remark, delivered in his iciest tones, "This is not a joke, you know."

Social reform in this old country does not progress at precisely lightning speed, but still it moves. Not quite three-quarters of a century have elapsed since Mr. Punch published in a Christmas Number HOOD'S *Song of the Shirt*; and this afternoon Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS moved the Second Reading of the Trade Boards Bill, one of whose objects is to improve the condition of women engaged in the shirt-making trade, and save them from being the victims of the sweater.

It did not pass without some criticism. Mr. JAMES MASON, while friendly to its aims, feared that it would in practice encourage the growth of "the bureaucratic octopus"—*not* a bad description of an organism notoriously addicted to the emission of large quantities of inky fluid.

The Beans, Peas, and Pulse Bill is a measure designed to punish profiteers. The debate on it was chiefly remarkable for Mr. LOUGH'S confession that he had never dealt in those commodities.

Tuesday, June 18th.—Mr. BALFOUR discreetly excused himself from explaining why Miss BONDFIELD, "a fraternal delegate from the Trades Union Congress," had been refused a passport to the United States while Mrs. PANKHURST had been granted one. Past master as he is of the art of delicate distinction he declined to make comparisons between one lady-traveller and another.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in moving a Vote of Credit for five hundred million pounds, mentioned with pride that there had been a slight reduction in the daily rate of expenditure since the last Vote was taken. This unique phenomenon in War-finance had evidently raised his spirits, for his review of the situation was more cheerful than later speakers thought the facts warranted or than he, as he afterwards confessed, had intended to make it.

How Mr. ROCH has escaped so far



"We're saving money."
MR. BONAR LAW.

from being made an Under-Secretary I cannot imagine. His speech this evening, urging the Government to face the facts and tell them to the country, was admirable both in tone and substance, and earned the high approval of Mr. ASQUITH. The ex-PREMIER, though expressing perfect confidence in General FOCH, is still a little doubtful about the necessity of putting national armies under a single command, and reminded us that WELLINGTON and BLUECHER got on very well without it. Even though it was Waterloo Day I do not know that the House quite relished the allusion.

Wednesday, June 19th.—The Admiralty have decided not to publish the Zeebrugge despatches for fear of giving information to the enemy. All he knows at present is that a score and more of his torpedo-boats, submarines and other vessels have been securely locked up in the Bruges canal by British KEYES.

"Are you a Legitimist?" asked a Scottish Member when the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS declined to afford the same protection to the hero of Trafalgar that he has just given to the Martyr-King. On the contrary Sir ALFRED MOND is such a thorough-going democrat that he desires to go down to posterity as "the man who sand-bagged CHARLES THE FIRST."

Upon the Vote of Credit Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL delivered once more his now familiar lecture on administrative economy, with a few fresh illustrations. The War Office was, in his opinion, the pick of the Augean stable, and a distinguished officer who essayed the task of cleansing it was promptly despatched to Palestine. It is supposed that when he laid his recommendations before the Army Council they said, "Oh, go to Jericho!" and he went.

Even Mr. BONAR LAW admitted that he had sometimes wondered what all the people one met at the War Office were doing, but he was sure that if anything was wrong Lord MILNER would soon put it right.

A little story told by Mr. RUNCIMAN might furnish his Lordship with a useful hint. A branch-superintendent threatened to resign unless his staff was increased by fifty. His chief decided that it should be reduced by fifty instead; and the work is being ten times better done.

The Ministry of Munitions was cited as the chief offender in the matter of finance, its transactions being so large that an originally trifling error may easily run into millions. Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS admitted that mistakes might still happen "with young girls who do not know the difference between a debit and a credit."

The Peers were simultaneously engaged in examining a series of "lightning sketches" of the War Cabinet at work. Lord MIDLETON seemed to see them, in Lord CURZON'S phrase, as "half-a-dozen oligarchs, drunk with autocracy



THE RIPOSTE.
MR. MCKENNA. SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.



Lady from Town (taking up farm-work). "AND I'VE BROUGHT MY DOGS. I THOUGHT THEY'D BE SO GOOD FOR THE SHEEP."
Farmer. "MY WORD! BUT YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LARN. WE DON'T FEED SHEEP ON THEM THINGS."

and swamped with work," while Lord CURZON himself pictured them rather as a business-like Board of Directors, meeting every day, and steadily working through their *agenda*, with the assistance of the Heads of Departments.

Thursday, June 20th.—For several weeks it has been a popular pastime in the House of Commons to ask when the promised Home Rule Bill was to be introduced, and Mr. BONAR LAW has shown much good-humour and versatility in constructing suitably varied but invariably evasive replies. However, the game is now over, for in the House of Lords this afternoon Lord CURZON frankly admitted that the policy of running Home Rule and Conscription in double harness had been abandoned. Better things are expected from the new pair—Firm Government and Voluntary Recruiting.

In the Commons Mr. MORRELL once more raised the dingy standard of Peace-at-any-price, and Mr. SNOWDEN gave the most abject exhibition of "defeatist" tactics that the British Parliament has yet witnessed. In his view Germany is a badly-maligned country which cherishes no idea of world-domination, and whose military defeat is equally impossible and undesirable. The only merit of his speech was to stir Mr. BALFOUR to a righteous indignation which warmed and vivified an admirable restatement of our war-aims. The Pacifists did not venture to go to a division.

Later on Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES vigorously defended the National Service Department against the attacks of Mr. MCKENNA and Sir DONALD MACLEAN. If anything it was understaffed rather than over-staffed; and its responsibility was confined to seeing that men were up to the standard of fitness accordant with their age; it was the business of the War Office to take care that they were properly used. Once more we seem to be up against the lack of co-ordination—blessed word!—between two Departments of State.

"Forty matches, roughly, contain one cubic inch of timber, and assuming that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom (46,000,000) were each allotted the moderate number of three matches per day, each day's consumption would form a giant solid cube with sides measuring 2,000 feet (more than five times the height of St. Paul's)."—*Evening News.*

After endeavouring to verify this calculation the gloomy DEAN has become gloomier than ever.

A RATIONAL CONCLUSION.

NOT long ago I viewed with much misgiving
  My form once typical of manly grace,
And paler grew the smile born of good living
  As rose my weight at an alarming pace;
Now, as I draw my frugal war-time ration
  And view a figure once more trim and svelte,
I deem the foe—quite in the Teuton fashion—
  Once more has vainly struck below the belt.

The Social Revolution.

"Parlourmaid, where three ladies are kept."
Morning Post.

"A particularly brilliant exploit stands to the credit of one of their [the French] battalions. It was surrounded and summoned to surrender. Instead it changed its direction, going south and fighting its way through with the bayonet. As soon as it was free it half-turned to the right and, moving north, drove back the enemy."—*Morning Paper.*

Who, deceived by our Allies' clever handling of the points of the compass, was expecting them in the south-west.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

We most of us know by now, and have cause to respect, Mr. Stephen Graham's childlike openness, his unabated optimism and his generous pity for the under dog. These qualities he offers us again in another volume of self-revelation, *The Quest of the Face* (Macmillan). But I feel that we have a right of protest against his loose method and his quite appalling discursiveness. The study which gives the book its title is extraordinarily obscure in intention; it describes, I should suppose, the writer's quest of the Christ in his follow-man. Christ has the face of every man, and every man the face of Christ. It also is largely concerned with canvassing the opinion of the passers-by on the Christus of the Russian painter, Vasnetsof. Incidentally the author goes to a phrenologist and offers "a portrait of Christ which has no halo" for analysis. "A strong face but most unbalanced," says the phrenologist, and Mr. Graham builds his comment as if the portrait he had submitted had been an authentic photograph. This is quite characteristic. The ten other short pieces have little relation to each other or to any clearly discernible centre. Indeed I am afraid Mr. Graham is getting into a habit of printing all he writes and of writing rather than thinking. Is this wise? But perhaps no one but a mystic ought to read, still less pass judgment on, a mystic's work. It is testimony to the sincerity of the author that his most infuriating technique and splendid scorn of normal logic should not alienate the sympathy of even such a worldly person as myself.



Seeress. "Do you seek to probe the future or to learn of some absent dear one?"

Afflicted Domestic. "Lor no, Mum. I just wondered if you could put me on to a charm to cure the hiccups."

Mr. John L. Griffiths was one of those brilliant and high-principled men with regard to whom his fellow-countrymen make a mental reservation when, as sometimes happens, they abuse politics and politicians. After a useful career in his own country he was, in 1905, appointed Consul at Liverpool, which one of his predecessors—no other, indeed, than Hawthorne—once described as "a very pleasant place to get away from." Four years later he was made American Consul-General at London, and in 1914, before the outbreak of the War, he died deeply regretted by a body of friends numerous in America and scarcely less numerous in this country. *The Greater Patriotism* (John Lane) is a collection of the public addresses delivered by this most remarkable man in England and America. The cause to which he chiefly devoted himself was that of reconciliation and friendship between his own country and ours, and for this purpose he spent over and over again the magnificent gift of eloquence with which he had been so lavishly endowed. Twice did I who write these lines hear him, and on each occasion he left me amazed by the oratory he had displayed—not mere sounding brass, but a fine and elevated music with the substance of rare thought woven into it. The book contains a Memoir by his wife, who describes to us a most attractive and delightful personality.

How far into the dark backward and abysm of time those days are gone when to find in a novel or play the actual undisguised name of a Manchester street was to experience a thrill straight from the newest movement in literature. Lately, I fancy, Manchester as a setting has become slightly *démodé*; but here in *The Silver Lining* (Hodder and Stoughton) you may see Mr. Harold Brighouse playing the old topographical trick with apparently undiminished zest. As usual also poor Manchester, foster-mother of the Arts, comes in for nothing but blame; indeed the "Silver Lining" of the title is to be found in the fact that the War, dreadful as it is, enables the elderly hero to escape from a life blasted by overlong sojourn in that city. Before the Kaiser came to his rescue, this same *John Ross* had made a gallant effort to fling off commercialism and recapture his youth (we meet him as a man of forty) through the medium of art. The tale of how *Ross*, who was of the Beaux-Arts before he gave up Paris for Mosley Street, tried to get back over the years and paint something that would prove his ancient birthright, is the best thing in Mr. Brighouse's book. His pen-pictures of the queer little artist coterie who lived on a hill-side in Wales and called themselves The Cave Dwellers have a fine open-air vigour which seems to desert him in the very suburban atmosphere of *John Ross's* home life and its dull intrigue. Perhaps, however, this is an intended, and only too successful, contrast; in that case it is certainly one upon which the writer rather than the reader is to be felicitated.

Whatever Mr. John S. Margerison finds time to write about sailors I hope to find time to read, for he always delivers what are known as "the goods." *The Hungry Hundred* (Pearson) is as captivating a yarn as any lover of sailormen can want; it is full of humanity and a rough but real humour. At the end of it the author says, "This is no fanciful tale of the sea. It is a true and faithful account of the adventures of sixteen good, true, red-blooded men and of an officer who, himself human, possessed the knowledge of the correct way to handle his raw material. Hard cases, every soul." Hard cases indeed were these R.N.R. protégés of *Lieut. Murray*, and how he won their confidence is told here with a genuine knowledge of men and ships, though perhaps with too great a passion for emotional scenes. One little point puzzles me, namely, how *Lieut. Murray* managed to get Devonshire butter for his men when he landed them at Falmouth. But perhaps Mr. Margerison feels, as I do, that Cornwall has been too much in the public eye of late.



A RUNNING ACCOUNT WITH THE ENEMY.

"And what is a 'clean' Peace?" I asked. "Is it anything like a 'clean slate'?" Of course I knew it wasn't a bit like it, but when one is interviewing somebody one has to ask these easy questions.

"People talk rather loosely about a 'clean' Peace," replied Mr. Punch. "Those who object to a boycott of German trade after the War, as implying a reservation of malice and animosity, seem to forget that in the Peace of 1871, which they would call a 'clean' Peace, the Germans demanded an indemnity which was meant to cripple France for at least a generation. It is rare enough for a 'clean' Peace to be made even with a foe that has fought cleanly, as France had fought. But when you have been fighting a dishonourable enemy you cannot treat a war like a football match where teams that have fought with the utmost fury cheer one another at the finish and there's an end of it. That, of course, is in the spirit of British sport; but it assumes the same spirit in your opponents. How are you to make a 'clean' Peace with a dirty enemy?

"That great sportsman, Thomas Atkins, is a little too apt (all honour to him for it) to take his wars as if he were playing a friendly match. But that is not the way to win them, especially when your enemy is German and doesn't mind what rules he breaks. Some of us recognised this at a very early stage and tried to inspire in our troops a right abhorrence for such a foe. For this we were rebuked by certain good people who reminded us that we ought to love our enemies, and would have us make a distinction between the sinner, who deserved our affection, and his sin, which merited our strongest detestation. That is a distinction which is not very practicable on the battle-field. We are not simply fighting against the abstract principles of treachery and murder; we are fighting against actual traitors and murderers, and we have to see that they don't do it again. This must be the one thought in our minds on the battlefield and in the Peace conference.

"And killing is not the only way to reach this end, though it is a very good way, and though no security is possible unless the enemy has first been well beaten in the field. There is another and surer way—lots of quite average people have thought of it—by which you may bring things home to an autocracy that is not greatly concerned about the sacrifice of its cannon-fodder; and that is through its pocket.

"Perhaps it is one of those ideas which are so obvious that only simple people, like myself, apprehend them, but I have always marvelled why we don't take a leaf or two out of the books of the Sibyl; why we have not said to the enemy: 'Such and such are our irreducible terms, which include the expiation of your offences by full recompense to your victims and by the bringing to justice of those in high places who are responsible for your filthy crimes. Accept these terms and, though we cannot pretend to guarantee that any decent man will want to hold inter-

course with you for a few decades, we shall take no official action to prevent him if he has a morbid fancy that way. But decline our terms and for every month that you keep us waiting you shall have a year's boycott in the markets of the Allies.' That would touch the Teuton in his tenderest spot."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the peoples of the Allied nations will take matters into their own hands and make their own private arrangements for a graduated boycott. What about the Union of Sailors and Firemen?"

"A very hopeful instance," said Mr. Punch. "They have the right, if any men have, to choose their own way of dealing justice. These gallant fellows of the Mercantile Marine, of 'The Fleets behind the Fleet,' have had a more bitter experience of German savagery than any other body of men in these Islands. I had a talk with some of them the other day, and they struck me as a type that would not be likely to repudiate its debts. As you know, they have faithfully promised the enemy that for a term of years, capable of indefinite extension at the enemy's pleasure, they will not convey any German on their ships or any goods coming from Germany or consigned thereto. Their scheme, which has been openly advertised, announces a definite tariff for German crimes at sea—so much additional boycott for each fresh one.

"Our 'softies' may call it revenge if they like, but it is not that; it is not even reprisal in kind—an eye for an eye; it is just a salutary way of teaching an inhuman enemy, by the only method that he is capable of appreciating, that there are certain accounts which cannot be closed by the signing of any Peace; that it is impossible to have dealings with him or anything that is his until he has purged at least some of his offence. As for the duration of this lesson, that lies entirely within his own choice. He knows the tariff, and he can have as much lesson as he wants.

"It doesn't worry me in the least to be told that such action on the part of HAVELOCK WILSON and his Union, as being in the nature of a conspiracy against trade, may not be smiled upon by the authorities. I should be sorry for the Government that attempted to put down this sort of strike. Indeed, if we may judge by the quick response of French sailors to the appeal of their British comrades to join hands with them in this matter, it begins to look like being the first practical item in the programme of a League of Nations.

"I was greatly impressed by the quiet resolution of these men of our Merchant Service. Their purpose is irrevocably fixed; and their language on the subject was characterised by the extreme of candour. But they think more than they talk, as is the way with men who go down to the sea in ships; and these have faced worse perils than ever the cruellest sea devised.

"I hope, if they will let me, to visit them again, for it is a rare thing in these days to talk with men who know their minds. And next time I shall ask leave to present them with a small personal tribute of my unbounded respect and admiration. It will take the form of——"

"Stay, I can guess," I interrupted. "I have long suspected that you have been utilizing this interview for your own ends. You have, in fact, been rehearsing a *Punch* Epilogue; and now you have reached the hallowed climax where you present to a receptive audience your latest half-yearly volume."

"I congratulate you," replied the Sage, "on your penetrating observation of my methods. You have indeed rightly surmised that I propose to present these brave seamen with my

One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Volume."





Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued*.

Pictures and Sketches.

